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The New York look for 1951

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National Honeymoon

by Paul Horgan

SOMEWHERE an electric organ began to play the trumpet notes of the Mendelssohn Wedding March. The audience began to applaud, for at the same moment a sunburned, heavy man in a double-breasted suit came out of the darkness beyond the stage into a spotlight in front of the microphone. Footlights caught a sparkle in his eye, which flashed over the full studio with infectious hilarity. He stood for a long moment, creating suspense for the whole throng, mostly women. Behind him on the stage was an orchestra.

Out of sight backstage, standing in the darkness, a young man and a young woman faced each other, trembling.

"I don't know why you had to go and do it," the young man said.

"Please, darling, I didn't dare to tell you before."

"I don't know why not. We've always talked about everything."

"It means so much to us," she said urgently, "and you wouldn't have agreed if I had told you before."

It was his habit to try to be fair, and he thought this over. She studied his face, guessing at his thoughts. In the light that faded over him from the stage she saw that he was honestly troubled now, lost in a little struggle between authority and love. Finally he acknowledged with a grudging smile how well she knew him.

"No," he said, "I don't suppose I would have agreed."

She shook her head at him, and tears threatened to come to her eyes. "It was my surprise for you," she said.

He knew this was not an entirely sincere claim, and he whispered, "Here I get you to Hollywood for our honeymoon, and the first thing I know you drag me to a radio show, and the next thing I know we have to be in it. How did you get it all fixed up, anyway?"

"Get what fixed up? What, darling?"

"Now listen. They met us at the plane. They brought us here. They took our picture, and you kept telling me to be quiet and smile."

"Well, you hate to be conspicuous, you know that. It would all have been much more conspicuous if we'd refused and made a scene."

Gus seemed helpless on the stage, but Roberta soon settled into the spirit of things, and answered the announcer's questions brightly.

"You didn't answer me. How did you arrange it all?"

"Oh! Why . . . the radio station at home did everything. So when our plane landed here this afternoon they were ready for us."

"I wish I'd known it before this morning."

"You mean before we were married? Do you mean to stand there and suggest that if you'd known you'd have . . . Don't you love me that much? And us married just a few hours ago?"

He made a helpless gesture, conceding all that she wanted to know. She put her hand on his arm.

"Darling. Listen, oh, please be nice."

She motioned toward the stage, where the man at the microphone was changing his personality.

"This is your favorite father-in-law, Gail Burke himself, broadcasting National Honeymoon to you from Hollywood, California, the honeymooners' dream city, with another brand-new bride and groom, a fine young man and a beautiful young girl, who are going to tell us their story and share their happiness with everyone, and when they are through we have some surprises for them that will take their breath away—and yours, too."

Backstage, the bride smiled brightly at her husband to make him accept such promises of good fortune. "See, darling?" she whispered, and then she clung to him for safety as excitement, stagefright, and strangeness overwhelmed her.

The orchestra began to build up to their entrance with brassy chords and flying runs on violins. At the microphone, Gail Burke . . . "Ladies and gentlemen — our honeymoon couple!"

He pointed to the wings. Someone came up behind the bride and groom and sent them walking out into the glare.

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

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11 SEP 1950

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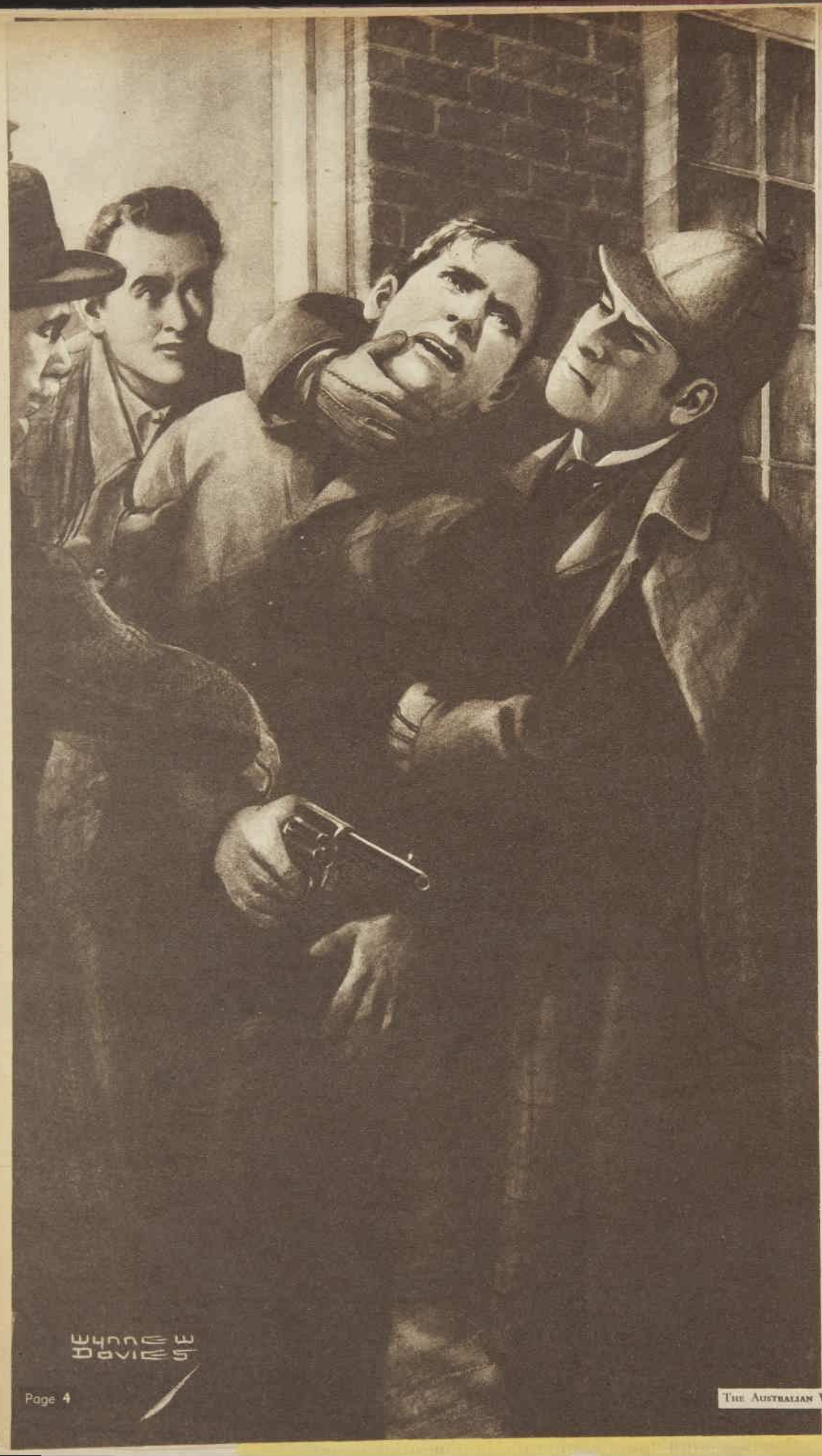

We present herewith a pastiche—that is a story written in exact imitation of another writer's style. Here a modern author gives a story written in the manner of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

IT was on a blustery afternoon late in April of the year '95, and I had just returned to our Baker Street lodgings to find Sherlock Holmes as I had left him at noon, stretched out on the sofa with his eyes half-closed, the fumes of his pipe rising to the ceiling.

Busy with my own thoughts, I removed the litter of chemical apparatus which had overflowed into the easy chair, and settled back with a perturbed sigh. Without realising it, I must have fallen into a brown study. Suddenly Holmes' voice brought me back to myself with a start.

"So you have decided, Watson," said he, "that not even this difference should be a real barrier to your future happiness?"

"Exactly," I retorted. "After all, we cannot—" I stopped short. "My dear fellow!" I cried, "this is not at all like you!"

"Come, come, Watson. You know my methods."

"I had not known," said I, stiffly, "that they embraced having your spies and eavesdroppers dog the footsteps of an old friend, simply because he chose a brisk afternoon for a walk with a certain lady."

"A thousand apologies! I had not realised that my little demonstration of mental exercise might cause you pain," murmured Holmes in a deprecating voice. He sat up, smiling. "Of course, my dear fellow, I should have allowed for the temporary mental lapse known as falling in love."

"Really, Holmes!" I retorted sharply. "You *should* be the last person to speak of psycho-pathology—a man who is practically a walking case history of manic-depressive tendencies—"

He bowed. "A touch, a distinct touch! But, Watson, in one respect you do me an injustice. I was aware of your plans to meet a lady only because of the excessive pains you took with your toilet before going out. The lovely Emilia, was it not? I shall always remember her courage in the affair of the Gorgiano murder in Mrs. Warren's otherwise respectable rooming-house. And, indeed, why not romance? There has been a very decent interval since the passing of your late wife, and the widow Lucca is a most captivating person."

"That is still beside the point. I do not see—"

"None so blind, Watson, none so blind," retorted Holmes, stuffing navy-cut into his cherrywood pipe, a sure sign that he was in one of his most argumentative moods. "It is really most simple, my dear fellow. It was not difficult for me to deduce that your appointment, on an afternoon as pleasantly gusty as this, was in the park. The remnants of peanut shell upon your best waistcoat speak all too plainly of the fact that you have been amusing yourself by feeding the monkeys. And your return at such an early hour, obviously having failed to ask the lady to dine

The door was opened suddenly, and just as suddenly our captive ceased his struggles.

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The Adventure OF THE MARKED MAN

By STUART PALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNNE W. DAVIES

with you, indicates most clearly that you have had some sort of disagreement while observing the antics of the hairy primates."

"Granted, Holmes, for the moment. But pray continue."

"With pleasure. As a good medical man, you cannot fail to have certain deep convictions as to the truth contained in the recent controversial publications of Mr. Charles Darwin. What is more likely than that in the warmth of Indian summer romance you were unwise enough to start a discussion of Darwin's theories with the Signora Lucca, who, like most of her countrywomen, is no doubt deeply religious? Of course, she prefers the Garden of Eden account of humanity's beginning. Hence your first quarrel and your hasty return home, where you threw yourself into a chair and permitted your pipe to go out while you threshed through the entire situation in your mind."

"That is simple enough, now that you explain it," I admitted grudgingly. "But how could you possibly know the conclusion which I had just reached?"

"Elementary, Watson, most elementary. You returned with your normally placid face contorted into a pout, the lower lip protruding most angrily. Your glance turned to the mantelpiece, where lies a copy of 'The Origin of Species,' and you looked even more belligerent than before.

"But then after a moment the flickering flames of the fireplace caught your eye, and I could not fail to see how that domestic symbol reminded you of the connubial felicity which you once enjoyed. You pictured yourself and the lovely Italian seated before such a fire, and your expression softened. A distinctly fatuous smile crossed your face, and I knew that you had decided that no theory should be permitted to come between you and the lady you plan to make the second Mrs. Watson."

He tapped out the cherrywood pipe into the grate. "Can you deny that my deductions are substantially correct?"

"Of course not," I retorted, somewhat abashed. "But, Holmes, in a less enlightened reign than this our Victoria's, you would be in grave danger of being burned as a witch."

"A wizard, pray," he corrected. "But enough of mental exercises. Unless I am mistaken, the persistent ringing of the doorbell presages a client. If so, it is a serious case, and one which may absorb all my faculties. Nothing trivial would bring out an Englishman during the hour sacred to afternoon tea."

There was barely time for Holmes to turn the reading lamp so that it fell upon the empty chair, and then there were quick steps on the stair and an impatient knocking at the door. "Come in!" cried Holmes.

The man who entered was still young, some eight and thirty at the outside, well groomed and neatly if not fashionably attired, with something of professorial dignity in his bearing. He put his bowler and his sturdy malacca stick on the table, and then turned toward us, looking questioningly from one to the other.

I could see that his normally ruddy complexion was of an unhealthy pallor. Obviously our caller was close to the breaking point.

"My name is Allen Pendarvis," he blurted forth, accepting the chair to which Holmes was pointing. "I must apologise for bursting in upon you like this."

"Not in the least," said Holmes. "Pray help yourself to tobacco, which is there in the Persian slipper. You have just come up from Cornwall, I see."

"Yes from Mousehole, near Penzance. But how——?"

"Apart from your name—'By the prefix Tre-, Pol-, Pen- ye shall know the Cornishmen'—you are wearing a raincoat, and angry storm clouds have filled the south-west sky most of the day. I see also that you are in great haste, as the Royal Cornishman pulled into Paddington but a few moments ago, and you have lost no time in coming here."

"You, then, are Mr. Holmes!" decided Pendarvis. "I appeal to you, sir. No other man can give me the help I require."

"Help is not easy to refuse, and not always easy to give," Holmes replied. "But pray continue. This is Dr. Watson. You may speak freely in his presence, as he has been my collaborator on some of my most difficult cases."

"No one of your cases," cried Pendarvis, "can be more difficult than mine! I am about to be murdered, Mr. Holmes. And yet—and yet I have not an enemy in the world. Not one person, living or dead, could have a reason to wish me in my coffin. All the same, my life has been thrice threatened, and once attempted, in the past fortnight!"

"Most interesting," said Holmes calmly. "And have you any idea of the identity of your enemy?"

"None whatever. I shall begin at the beginning, and hold nothing back. You see, gentlemen, my home is in a little fishing village which has not changed materially in hundreds of years.

"You see, Mr. Holmes, I live a very quiet life. A small income left to me by a deceased aunt makes it possible for me to devote my time to the avocation of bird photography." Pendarvis smiled with modest pride. "A few of my photographs of terns on the nest have been printed in ornithology magazines. Only the other day——"

"I don't suspect the terns," Holmes interrupted. "And yet someone seeks your life, or your death. By the way, Mr. Pendarvis, does your wife inherit your estate in the unhappy event of your demise?"

Pendarvis looked blank. "Sir? But I have never married. I live alone with my brother Donal. Bit of a gay dog, Donal. Romantic enough for us both. All of the scented missives in the morning mail are addressed to him."

"Ah," said Holmes. "We need not apply the old rule of cherchez la femme, then? That eliminates a great deal. You say that your brother is your heir?"

"I suppose so. There is not much to inherit, really. The income stops at my death, and who would want my ornithological specimens?"

"That puts a different light on it, most certainly. But let us set aside the problem of cui bono, at least for the moment. What was the first intimation that someone had designs upon your life?"

"The first threat was in the form of a note, roughly printed upon brown butcher's-paper and shoved beneath the door last Thursday week. It read: 'Mr. Allen Pendarvis, you have but a short while to live'."

"You have that note?"

"Unfortunately, no. I destroyed it, thinking it to be but the work of a stupid practical joker." Pendarvis sighed. "Three days later came the second."

"Which you kept, and brought with you?"

Pendarvis smiled wryly. "That would be impossible. It was chalked upon the garden wall, repeating the first warning. And the third was marked in the mud of the harbor outside my bedroom window, visible on last Sunday morning at low tide, but speedily erased. It said, 'Ready to die yet, Mr. Allen Pendarvis?' "

"These warnings were, of course, reported to the police?"

"Of course. But they did not take them seriously."

Holmes gave me a look, and nodded. "We understand that official attitude, do we not, Watson?"

"Then you can also understand, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, why I have come to you. I am not used to being pooh-poohed by a local sub-inspector! And so, when it finally happened last night——" Pendarvis shuddered.

"Now," interrupted Holmes, as he applied the flame of a wax vesta to his clay pipe, "we progress. Just what did happen?"

"It was late," the ornithologist began. "Almost midnight, as a matter of fact, when I was awakened by the persistent ringing of the doorbell. My housekeeper, poor soul, is hard of hearing, and so I arose and answered the door myself. Imagine my surprise to find no one there. Outside all was Stygian blackness, the intense gloomy stillness of a Cornish village at that late hour.

"I stood there for a moment, shivering, holding my candle and peering into the darkness. And then a bullet screamed past me, missing my heart by a narrow margin and extinguishing the candle in my hand!"

Holmes clasped his lean hands together, smiling. "Really! A pretty problem, eh, Watson? What do you make of it?"

"Mr. Pendarvis is lucky in that his assailant is such a poor shot," I replied. "He must have presented a very clear target, holding a light in the doorway."

"A clear target, indeed," Holmes agreed. "And why, Mr. Pendarvis, did not your brother answer the door?"

"Donal was in Penzance," Pendarvis answered. "For years it has been his invariable custom to attend the Friday night boxing matches there. Afterwards he usually joins some of his cronies at the Capstan and Anchor."

"Returning in the wee sma' hours? Of course, of course. And now, Mr. Pendarvis, I believe I have all that I need. Return to your home. You shall hear from us shortly." Holmes waved a languid hand at the door. "A very good evening to you, sir."

I searched the streets for the ruby lamp which would signify the residence of a medical man.

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PART SIX OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

By

NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH DALGLEISH

JEAN PAGET, who inherits the estate of her uncle, Douglas Macfalden, had been in Malaya at the outbreak of the war, and with a number of other women was made to wander from village to village because the Japanese had no prison camps for women.

The women were helped by Australian JOE HARMAN, who stole fowls for them from Japanese CAPTAIN SUGAMO. Sugamo discovered the theft and had the Australian crucified.

Later, the women arranged to work in the paddy fields at Kuala Telang, and they stayed there until the end of the war.

Jean decides to go back to Kuala Telang to have a well built. NOEL STRACHAN, in charge of her affairs, arranges finances for her.

From one of the well-diggers Jean learns that the crucified Australian did not die. "Captain Sugamo had him taken down that night," the man tells her. "He lived." Now read on.

IN Kuantan, in the evening of that day in July, 1942, a sergeant had come to Captain Sugamo in the district commissioner's house, and had reported that the Australian was still alive. Captain Sugamo found this curious and interesting, and as there was still half an hour before his evening rice, he strolled down to the recreation ground to have a look.

The body still hung by its hands, facing the tree. But the man undoubtedly was still alive; when Captain Sugamo approached the face the eyes opened, and looked at him with recognition.

It is doubtful if the West can ever fully understand the working of a Japanese mind. When Captain Sugamo saw that the Australian recognised him from the threshold of death, he bowed reverently to the torn body.

He said with complete sincerity, "Is there anything that I can get for you before you die?"

Joe Harman said distinctly: "I'll have one of your black chickens and a bottle of beer."

Captain Sugamo stood looking at the wreck of the man nailed to the tree, and his face was completely expressionless. Presently he turned upon his heel and went back to his house. He called for his orderly, and he told him to fetch a bottle of beer and a glass, but not to open the bottle.

The man protested that there was no beer. Captain Sugamo already knew that, but he sent his orderly to the town to visit all the Chinese eating houses to see if he could find a bottle of beer anywhere in Kuantan.

In an hour the man came back; Captain Sugamo was sitting in exactly the same attitude as when he had gone out to find the beer. With considerable apprehension he informed his officer that there was no beer in all Kuantan. He was dismissed, and went away gladly.

Death to Captain Sugamo was a ritual. There had been an element of holiness in his approach to the Australian, and having offered in the hearing of his men to implement the last wishes of his victim he was personally dedicated to see that those last wishes were provided.

If a bottle of beer had been available he would have sacrificed one of his remaining black Leghorns and sent the cooked meat and the beer down to the dying body on the tree; he might even have carried the tray down himself. By doing so he would have set an example of chivalry and Bushido to the troops under his command.

Unfortunately, it was impossible for him to provide the bottle of beer, and since the beer was missing and the soldier's dying wish could not be met in full, there was no point in sacrificing one of the remaining black Leghorns.

He could not carry out his own part in the ritual; he could not show Bushido by granting the man's dying wish. Therefore, the Australian could not be allowed to die, or he himself would be disgraced.

He called for his sergeant. When the man came, he ordered him to take a party with a stretcher to the recreation ground.

They were to pull the nails out and take the man down from the tree without injuring him any further, and put him face downwards on the stretcher, and take him to the hospital . . .

To Jean, the news that the Australian was still alive came like the opening of a door.

The Australian was smiling sheepishly. "I've been on the grog," he stated.

None of the well-diggers, unfortunately, could supply much further information. The Australian had been in the hospital at Kuantan for a long time, but how long they did not know.

Yacob said a year. Hussein said three months. Suleiman did not know how long, but said that he was sent down on a ship to Singapore to a prison camp, and he was then walking with two sticks. She could not find out when that was.

So she had to leave it, and she stayed on in Kuala Telang till the well and washhouse were completed.

Two days were spent in baling out the first muddy water from the well till it ran clean, and then they had an opening ceremony when Jean washed her own sarong and all the women crowded into the washhouse laughing, and the men stood round in a tolerant circle at a distance, wondering if they had been quite wise to allow anything that made the women laugh so much.

A few days later, Jean left in a flurry of shy good wishes with some moisture in her eyes. She got back to the Residency at Kota Bharu after dark that night, too tired to eat.

She lay on the bed in the cool, spacious room under the mosquito-net, rested and growing sleepy, and what she thought about was Joe Harman and the red country he had told her of round Alice Springs.

She walked with Wilson-Hays in the garden of the Residency next morning after breakfast, telling him what she had done in Kuala Telang.

Presently she told him about the Australian, because she could talk freely about that now.

"I would like to get in touch with him again," she ended. "Do you think I could find out anything about him in Singapore?"

He shook his head. "I shouldn't think so, not now. I shouldn't think there's any record of prisoners of war in Singapore now."

"How would one find out about him, then?"

"I think you'd have to write to Canberra," he said. "They ought to have a record of all prisoners there. I suppose you don't happen to know his unit?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"That might make it difficult, of course—there may be several Joe Harmans. I should start off by writing to the Minister for the Army—that's what they call him. Just address your letter to the Minister for the Army, Canberra, Australia. Something might come of that. What you want is an address where you could write to him, I suppose?"

Jean stared across the river at the rubber-trees and coconut palms. "I suppose so. As a matter of fact, I've got an address of a sort. He used to work before the war on a cattle station called Wollara, near a place called Alice Springs. He said that they were keeping his job open for him there."

"If you've got that address," he observed, "I should write there."

"I might do that," she said slowly.

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THE Party Spirit

WHEN mother was eighteen she ran away to Paris and had a perfume named after her and married a Frenchman called Raoul, only one year older than herself. The marriage, after two years, didn't work out, as one might have expected from two such youthful and impulsive participants. But while it lasted, mother said, it had been pure heaven. She didn't regret one minute of it.

Afterwards she married an Englishman, and he was the complete opposite of Raoul. He was precise, clever, and cautious. Of this marriage my mother had one daughter, Henrietta. Me.

I was fond of my father. He was always kind and generous. But incredibly sensible. I don't know at what age I first began watching mother and the effect father's heavy, sensible decisions had on her. I remember once thinking she was like a pretty little bird stretching her soft wings to flutter in the sunshine. Then father came in and said something in his so overwhelmingly practical manner, and then she was a little bird in the rain, folding her wings and sitting resigned and quiet.

I don't think she was unhappy. It was the repression of her natural, gay foolishness that seemed so tragic.

When I was eighteen I summed up what had happened. She had lost the spirit of abandon and recklessness that was usual in youth, and which, in a person like mother, should have stayed with her all her life, the spirit that had taken her gaily to Paris and led her into her impulsive marriage with her very young Frenchman. The party spirit, I called it. Some people had it and some hadn't. Some lost it early because that was their nature, but some, like mother, had it crushed out of them. That was tragedy.

Whether because of *mother's early* experience or because he was born that way, father was anti-French. He disliked their politics, their manners, their products, and their country, although he had scarcely met a Frenchman in his life and had never crossed the Channel. It was a foregone conclusion that I wouldn't be allowed to go to school in France, much as I begged to. I had never been to Paris, and it carried, in my mind, the shining halo of mother's first love and her youthful happiness. I longed to go there.

I went to a sensible and extremely dull girls' school in Surrey, then, when I was nineteen, I was allowed to come to London to take a secretarial course. I even shared a flat. But my co-flatter, fifteen years my senior, was a cousin of father's and almost as practical and sensible as he. She took me to theatres and looked over any male acquaintance I might make. There was no possibility of coming to any harm in Cousin Marion's care.

It was through her that I met Martin. He worked in the Bank of England and he looked just like that —I mean solid, dependable, quite unlikely ever to take liberties. Even the first passionless kiss he gave me was a matter of the gravest deliberation. But he was the first man I had had to take me out, and I was a little sentimental over that. I took a proprietary interest in his ties, and I listened for hours to his talks on economics, feeling that somewhere among all those statistics romance must lie.

Then one sunny Sunday morning, when I strolled over to Regent's Park, having promised Cousin Marion to be back punctually for lunch, I was followed.

There were crocuses out, clustered in bright intimate groups, and cherry trees were budding, and I had on the dress Cousin Marion had just finished making for me. It was blue, with trimmings of grey and red binding. Cousin Marion was clever at dressmaking, and in this dress she had been less cautious than usual, giving me a beautifully fitting waist and nice swinging skirt.

I felt good in that dress and I swung the skirt jauntily. What with the crocuses and the bright, mild day and my own feeling of lightness and pleasure, I didn't really mind being followed. Not when a surreptitious glance had shown me that my follower was tall, dark, very slim, and not too young.

I walked on for a little way, then decided to sit down. The man hesitated, gave a diffident smile.

In a rapid vision I saw father's heavy, serious face, his shocked eyes, and his lips forming the words "No, Henrietta! No!" Then it vanished and in its place was mother with the merriest twinkle in her eyes, a little secret tongue-in-cheek smile on her lips and her head nodding almost imperceptibly. She too vanished and reality replaced her, the tall, not too young man with his inquiring eyebrows and beyond him the mild blue sky, the warmth, the sunny air.

I gathered my skirts a little, making room for him to sit down.

"Thank you," he said gravely, "It is only because of the way you walk."

His voice was just sufficiently un-English to be exciting. I wasn't sure whether his remark was in the best of taste, but that, no doubt, was due to his un-Englishness. I looked at him questioningly.

"As if you have no weight," he explained, moving his hands. "As if you are a breeze among the flowers."

I flushed with pleasure. No one could possibly have had a nicer thing said to them. It was quite equal to having a perfume named after one.

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

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TO-DAY, THE SAME AS TWENTY YEARS AGO, PARIS HOLDS ENCHANTMENT FOR THE YOUNG AND NOT - SO - YOUNG

by Dorothy Eden

"Thank you," I said inadequately.

"And you have a very nice figure." (French, I thought, with mounting excitement. The way he pronounces his "i's" like "e's".) He was now studying me with critical interest. "And good features, the nose perhaps just a little—" He made an upward movement with his hand. "But that is charming. And the hair. And the waistline. Mademoiselle, you interest me greatly."

"Are you a sculptor?" I asked.

He laughed.

"No, no. I am a dress designer. I am interested in the figures of ladies, naturally. I could make a very charming dress for you, mademoiselle. Or an evening gown. Or a negligee—I see it." His face, sharply featured and alert, became rapt. He made sketching movements with his expressive hands. "Chiffon, in the color of a new mushroom, that ineffably tender pink. Flowing, of course, quantities of material. With that walk of yours you will float, a sunset cloud, a rose, a little ghost from Fontainebleau."

This was a little too much. Either he was what he said, or he overdid his naturally florid style.

"You really are a dress designer?" I said.

"But assuredly. I have a salon. I have my spring showing in two weeks. You will come to Paris with me, mademoiselle?"

Paris! Was I dreaming? I must be. Here I had this lovely spring day, my new dress, and Paris as well! It couldn't be true.

"You're joking," I said feebly.

"Joking?" He raised his brows. "Ah, you mean to deceive. Indeed not. I have been looking for weeks for the right model, and then this morning I take a walk in the park and there she is in front of me, walking on a cloud. But, mademoiselle, you must come!"

In his urgency he laid his hand on my arm. His sharp-featured face was very close. I was both afraid of him and flattered and madly excited. Paris!

"You have never been to Paris?" he inquired.

I shook my head.

"Then you must see it for the first time in the spring. The tulips, the little pointed trees in the Luxembourg Gardens, the chestnuts in blossom, the fountains, the old buildings that have grown from the earth, grown like trees, like people."

He was very fluent, very poetic. If his clothes were like his language . . . I twisted my hands together in an agony of excitement.

"But my parents—Cousin Marion—my job."

"Your job will be in my salon. Your parents will not dream of refusing you this opportunity."

"You don't know my father. He hates anything French."

"Then he must be an imbecile. Come first and write to him afterwards."

Should I? Was I mad? Mother, at the age of eighteen, had walked down the Champs Elysees with her Raoul. The party spirit . . .

Please turn to page 74

A stranger was following me and in my present mood I did not mind.

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COOMBE COTTAGE, VIC.

Coombe Cottage, at Coldstream, on the Healesville Road, Victoria, was the much-loved home of the late Dame Nellie Melba. To it she returned whenever freedom from her musical obligations made it possible.

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National Honeymoon

Continued from page 3

BURKE advanced to meet them, leading the applause. Low cries of pleasure arose amid the clapping when everyone saw how beautiful to-day's honeymooners were. The young man's hair shone like polished gold when he turned his head under the stage lights. He held his wife's arm, which was trembling. She kept close to him, looking up at him for safety and forgiveness. Her face, lifted so, was an imploring mask of sweetness.

Burke observed this. He sliced the audience noise into silent interest with a sharp cut of his hand, and said as though confidentially to the packed rows of seats, "She can't take her eyes off him for a minute!"

The audience roared.

"She hasn't had him long enough," added Burke, and they roared again. "Aren't they sweet?" he asked, pressing home the aching spectacle.

"Now let's see who they are, shall we, people?"

The crowd cried, "Yes!"

Burke turned.

"First, our groom. My, what a fine-looking young fellow, about six-feet-two, a hundred and eighty pounds—am I right?" The young man nodded. "All right, what's your name?"

"G. A. Earickson."

"Aha! What does the G. stand for, Mr. Earickson?"

"Gustavus."

"Gustavus!" cried Burke at the audience. "Get that? And what's the A. stand for?" he asked the bridegroom.

"Adolphus."

"No! Gustavus Adolphus, Gadolphus Astovus," chanted Burke in delight. "People, do you love it?" he cried to the audience, and his listeners responded with applause. When he could, he resumed. "What do people call you?"

"Gus."

"Mind if I call you Gus? Say, you must be a Swede. Are you a Swede?"

"No. My grandfather was."

"He was?"

"Yes."

"And what are you, Gus?"

"I'm an American."

"People, get that?" Burke said. "He's an American!"

The people cheered back at him.

"All right, Gus, what do you do for a living?"

"I travel in wholesale produce."

"Wholesale produce — you mean groceries?"

"That's right."

"How do you travel?"

"By car. I use a company truck."

"Aha! That's fine, simply fine," murmured Burke. "I suppose you have to be away overnight sometimes?"

"Yes."

Burke whirled on Roberta May and called over her head at the crowd. "She'll have to watch that, won't she, people? Hubby off by himself; who knows what he might get into, hey?"

This brought a kind of innocently cynical laughter.

Turning back to Gus, Burke said, "Wonderful, wonderful. Now tell us, Gus, how long have you been married?"

"To-day."

"To-day?" said Burke with sudden quietness. "You mean you have been married only a matter of hours?"

"That's right."

"Then just tell us, Mr. Earickson, how you have spent the day."

"In an airplane."

"Getting here?"

"Getting here."

"I see. And what did you do?"

"Nothing."

There was a dry edge to Gus' voice. Burke got it. He decided it was time to switch.

"Thank you very much, Mr. G. A. Earickson; we'll ask you some more questions later. But now, to this lovely, lovely girl standing before me, holding on so tightly to her new husband's arm . . . Let me ask you your name; will you tell us that?"

"Roberta May."

"Roberta May!" Burke pointed straight at the audience. "Isn't that wonderful? Let's give her a hand on that!" And they did, to her dismay. But they made her a heroine, and she felt her heart pound more easily, and she looked up at Gus as if to tell him, "You see? This isn't so bad . . . it's sort of fun."

"Now, Roberta May," continued Burke, "where did you two meet? Tell us that."

"At home. We grew up together."

"You did! Did Gus carry your school books back and forth for you?"

"No."

"Did he put your pigtails in the ink bottle of his desk in the schoolroom?"

"No. We didn't go to the same school, at first."

"Where did you see him then?"

"Down the street. His house and my house were only a couple of blocks apart."

"I see. And did he ride by on his bike and take you for a spin?"

"No. He just rode by."

"Didn't stop?"

"No, he didn't."

Burke faced the crowd with dismay.

"Say, how are we ever going to get these two together?" he asked, and then turned back to his work. The audience was touched by the simple pride and dignity of the bride and groom, who just stood up there and said what they knew.

> *"Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so."*
>
> —Lord Chesterfield.

"Did he have other girl-friends?"

"I guess so."

"Did you, Gus?"

There was a little pause, and then Gus decided to answer, and said, "Yes, when I got to high school."

"Now we're getting somewhere," said Burke. "And did Roberta May go to high school at the same time?"

"Yes, a class behind me."

"Did you fall in love with her then?"

Gus looked at him and kept silent. Burke shifted to her.

"Did you fall in love with him then? In high school, Roberta May? Want to tell us that?"

"Why, yes, I'll tell you. No, I didn't fall in love with him in high school."

"But you saw each other every day?"

"Oh, yes."

Burke turned in comic silence to the audience. They laughed in sudden friendliness; there was a sense that a silent, fleeting wing of life itself was brushing through the red-and-gold plaster room, and they stirred unconsciously in response to it.

"Well, when—did—you—fall—in love with him?" chanted Burke. "Can you remember that?"

"Yes, I can remember," said Roberta May. "It was when I heard he was reported missing in action, overseas."

The beat of the wing grew heavier. There was a second of absolute stillness. Presently Burke asked in quiet, masterly calm, "Would you consent to tell us a little more about that, Mrs. Earickson?"

She looked at Gus, who lifted his chin a trifle as though to say, "Go ahead and tell him." Her heart thumped at his loyal wish that she do well now that she was there.

"All right," she said. "Why, I was home from the office that day; it was a Saturday . . ."

"Pardon me, Roberta May," interrupted Burke, whose duty it was to bring out all possible facts in his interview, "did you have a job?"

"Oh, yes."

"What was it?"

"I worked as a secretary at the Building and Loan."

"And do you still?"

"Oh, no. I wanted to keep on, but Gus wouldn't let me."

"Wouldn't let you!"

"That's right," said Gus levelly.

"Why, Gus? Would you tell us why?"

"I can support both of us."

At Burke's gesture, applause exploded.

"Thank you. Now go ahead, Roberta May."

"Well, we didn't stay open on Saturday afternoon, and so I was home that afternoon, and the phone rang, and I thought mother would answer it, and it rang and rang, but she didn't answer, so I went, and it was Mrs. Earickson."

"Gus' mother?"

"Yes. Well, she wanted to talk to mother, so I said she wasn't home, and she didn't say anything for a while, and I said, 'Is there anything wrong, Mrs. Earickson?' And then she said, 'Oh, Roberta May,' and then I heard her voice sort of close up. So I said I would be right over. Well, I hung up, and I went right over, and she was waiting for me on the front porch, sort of hiding behind one of the fern baskets out front there and crying. She had this telegram in her hand and she just shoved it at me, and that was how I found out."

"What did you find out?"

"It said he was missing in action over Germany, and it said they would send more news as it was available."

"Then what did you do?"

"I kissed Mrs. Earickson and took her inside, and we sat down and we talked and we talked . . . she needed to have somebody to talk to. There was a picture of Gus in uniform on the piano, and she pointed at it and said she couldn't bear to look at it. I asked her if she wanted me to turn it around and she said, 'No, let it alone.' But I looked at it, and thought about things, and I knew I was in love with him. I thought it was too late. But I just couldn't get used to the idea of there not being any Gus anywhere, any more. It left a hole."

She paused. Burke kept quiet; the audience leaned forward, rapt. She resumed: "So then I decided Mrs. Earickson needed a daughter . . . she didn't have anybody else. I was there day and night, and we never gave up believing he was safe and would get back to us. But the funny thing . . . Mrs. Earickson was worried about me, too."

"Why, Roberta May?"

"Why, you see, she found out I was in love with him, and she tried to make me think what would happen if he got back and wasn't in love with me. We just knew each other as kids before, you see, and his mother didn't want me to be let down. So she worried and worried. But I didn't worry."

"You didn't?"

"No. I didn't."

"Why not?"

"Why, I said to myself, if he comes back, and he doesn't—you know—why, I'll just be sensible and look around elsewhere."

Please turn to page 20

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THE QUADS—

Bellingen babies are already little individuals

If the present nursery behaviour of the Sara Quadruplets is an indication of their personalities, first-born Alison, the team's lightweight, is certain to be the leader of the four.

Phillip, the heavyweight, will be an easy-going soul who might even let the other Quads push him around a bit. Judith, already a pretty creature with perfect skin, will be a temperamental lass, who will need some coaxing, particularly at meals. As for Mark, the little fellow, he will be happy just to tag along with the others.

By
GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN,
staff reporter

I FORMED these opinions of the Quads after watching from day-to-day their routine and progress in the nursery of the Bellinger River District Hospital.

I compared them with the opinions of their father, Percy Sara, and Matron Kathleen McGrath, who is looking after the Quads, and we found that our views tallied.

"Alison will be the level-headed one, Phillip won't care a bit, Judith is sure to be the beauty, and Mark will be the hanger-on," declared Percy Sara.

"Whatever happens, I know Alison will be the boss," said Matron McGrath.

"She will lay down the law, and while Judith may rebel a bit the two boys will obey."

Tiny Alison is "Grandma" to the doctors and nursing staff. They started calling her that three days after her birth.

She has a broad forehead, but her face narrows sharply to the jaw, and her features, although well defined, are incredibly small.

Alison is keen on her food, and keeps going until she has had enough.

She and brother Mark, who also has a fairly good appetite, make more noise together when they are hungry than the bigger Phillip and Judith.

Clear-skinned, snowy-haired Phillip doesn't make much noise at all. Sleep seems to be the most important thing in his life, and an occasional gurgle from a mouth very like his mother's seems to be the maximum noise he cares to make.

But pretty, darker-haired Judith can send up more than a merry cry when she wants to.

When the first few photographs of the Quads were taken by Ron Berg she yodelled her objections. Phillip contented himself with an occasional peek at what was going on. Alison and Mark were as interested as their sleepy little heads would allow them. But Judith objected violently.

Mark is tiny and curious and content to be around. When he is having his food his eyes rove round to see what is going on, and one little hand always seems to get a firm grip of the sleeve of his nightgown.

"Sometimes when I talk to Mark while I'm feeding him he looks up at me and you'd swear he's just lying there listening," said Mrs. Betty Sara.

"Mark and Alison are so tiny they make me feel specially protective."

Phillip, who has really long hands, is most like his father when a baby, according to grandmother Mrs. Ruby Sara. Judith greatly resembles her mother.

The first time I met Judith she put out her tongue at me, and apart from an occasional glance she has taken no further interest in me.

She has the smallest appetite of the four and shows signs of being finicky about food. She takes quite a bit of coaxing before she will have her bottle.

Judith and Phillip have long legs, which means that they will probably take after their tall father.

Except for Alison, who is so tiny that it is hard to predict exactly who she will be like, the children have their mother's generous mouth.

Betty Sara fed all four of the children for 20 minutes a day for a while.

"I hope I can keep on feeding them," she told me. "I had trouble feeding their brother, Geoffrey, when he was a baby. I don't know why, because I think I'm healthy enough—I must be to produce quads."

Percy Sara's eyes are blue and his wife's are hazel, but all the Quads still have the slate-colored eyes of infancy which will eventually change to a definite color. The temperature of the Quads' nursery at the hospital is kept at approximately 70 degrees. It may be perfect for the Quads, but after an hour in there I'm usually glad to get out into the air—it's a bit hot if you're dressed for the cooler temperature outside.

Apart from the fame which they have brought to the N.S.W. town of Bellingen, the Quads are popular with the nurses at the hospital because they are quiet at night.

This will suit their mother's belief that children should not be picked up once they are put down for the night.

"I was always strict about Geoffrey," said Mrs. Sara.

"He was put to bed at the normal time and I never picked him up, with the result that we have never had bad nights with him."

PARENTS of the Quads, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara.

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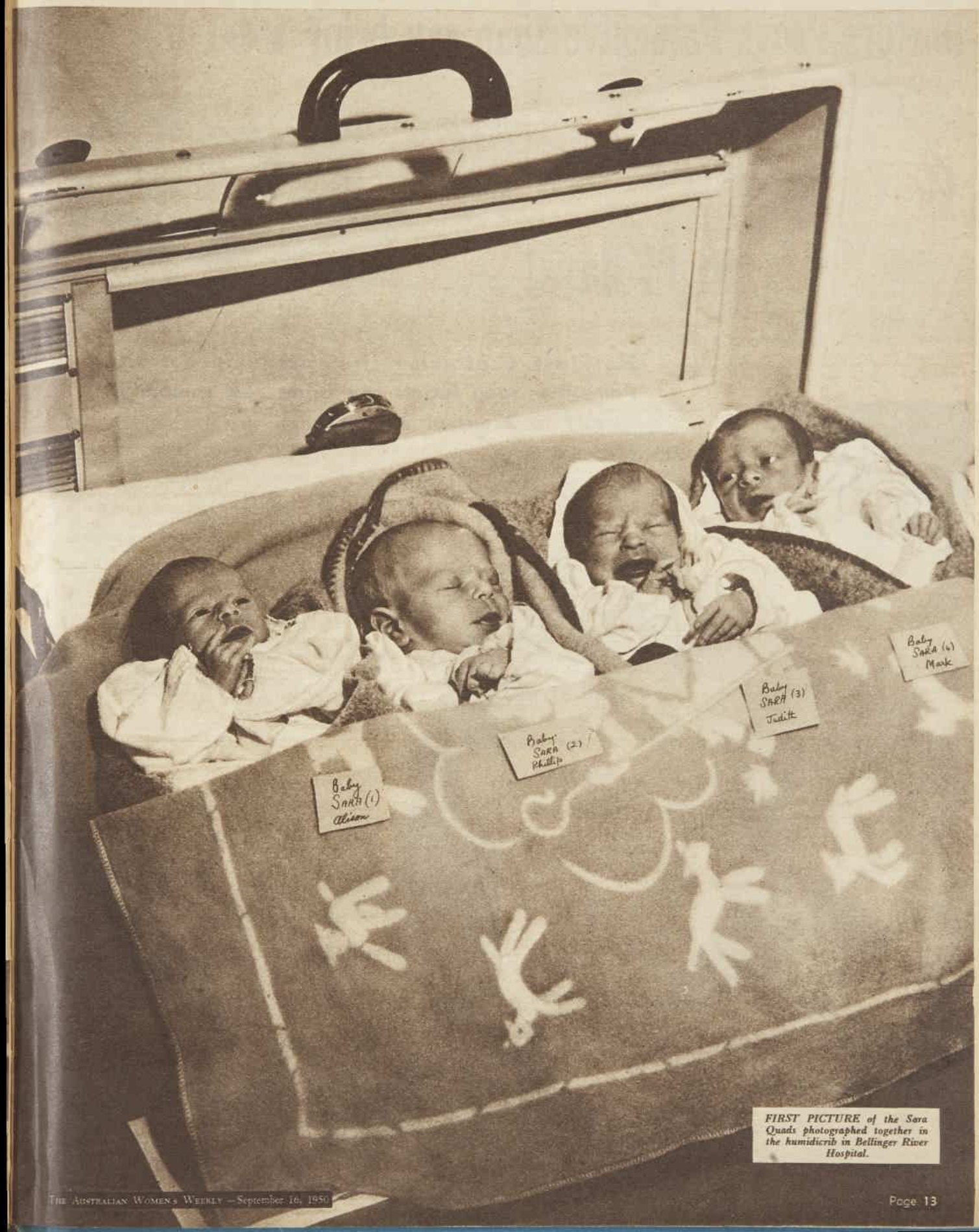
ALISON, PHILLIP, JUDITH, MARK



FIRST PICTURE of the Sara Quads photographed together in the humidicrib in Bellinger River Hospital.

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R.A.A.F. in fight against Malaya terrorists

NOT QUITE LIKE HOME. Because barracks at Tengah are not big enough to accommodate the R.A.A.F. Lincoln Squadron based there, air crew and ground staff have temporary quarters in tents (above, left). Conditions at Changi, where R.A.A.F. Dakotas are based, are much better (above, right). Flying-Officer T. D. McLeod (at right) with Flying-Officer W. H. J. Parker and Mrs. Parker and Flying-Officer J. F. Phillips.

Lincolns bomb bandits; Dakotas take Tommies to hospital

● Our columnist, Dorothy Drain, who is reporting events in South-east Asia, describes some of the work of the two R.A.A.F. squadrons in Malaya.

I WENT on an R.A.A.F. Dakota ambulance flight over the east coast of Malaya.

One of the crew had brought a pocket-sized book with him to read during the three-hour interval at one of the stops en route. It was Tolstoy's "War and Peace."

The title could not be more appropriate to Malaya at present.

Only a couple of hours' flight from Singapore, where life on the surface goes on much as usual—except when a bomb is thrown at a police van, as happened recently—planes pick up police and service casualties in the campaign against terrorists.

At Kuala Lumpur, where I boarded the ambulance plane, I had visited the night before a beautiful golf club where Europeans sat drinking on the lawn at twilight, looking the epitome of leisured peace.

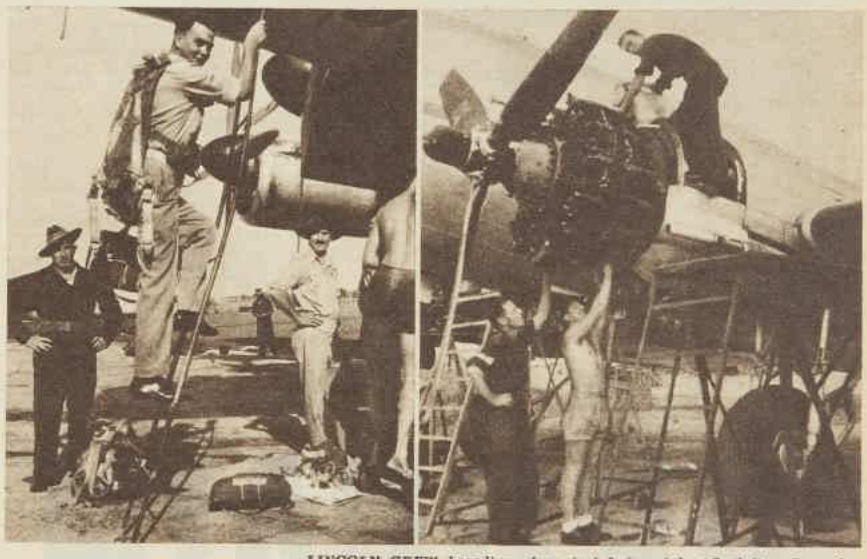
Yet I met there a planter who gave a picture of life on a plantation a few miles away, where ambush is a daily danger, where guards keep a 24-hour watch round the bungalow, where the police station rings every half-hour to be sure the lines are not cut, where the wife watches the clock in fear if her husband is half an hour late for lunch.

The Dakota in which I made the trip was one of the Australian squadron based in Changi, which shares with the R.A.F. transport jobs, courier flights, dropping of marker bombs, supply drops, and leaflet dropping.

The plane's route was Changi, Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh, Taiping, the last two in the State of Perak, and all stops back. Its job was to pick up British soldiers and transfer them to hospital in Kuala Lumpur or drop them in Ipoh, from where they go to a convalescent depot in the Cameron Highlands.

This day's batch were all convalescent or sitting cases, mostly illness and accident. Often the Dakotas carry stretcher cases, and sometimes they make special emergency trips.

The Dakota boys do not only transport their soldier passengers. They watch their comfort. The day I went Pilot 3 Kevin Harnetty, of Melbourne, usually second pilot of this crew, showed the British and Gurkha boys how to fasten their safety belts and kept an eye on some who showed signs of being airsick.



LINCOLN CREW boarding plane just before take-off (left). Ground staff examining a Dakota at Changi (right). The men are, from left to right: Sgt. Pat Casey, L.A.C. Ron Manson, and L.A.C. Bill Sanders.

The passengers were mostly young members of the regular Army. There was a 19-year-old from York who had contracted both typhus and typhoid fever after a jungle patrol. Then while in hospital at Ipoh when he was bound for the convalescent depot, he had jammed his hand in the door.

There was an older man who had lost an arm in a driving accident, and a young member of the Royal Marines who had been accidentally shot in the jungle.

We stayed only a few minutes at Ipoh on the outward journey to drop the first group of convalescents from Kuala Lumpur bound for Cameron Highlands. Then a 20-minute flight took us to Taiping, where curious mountains like great lumps of rock dropped on the landscape surround the little town.

We had a three hours' interval at Ipoh on the way back.

I had lunch in the hotel at Ipoh, where the midday quiet hung over the town, whose name often figures as the centre near which bandit incidents take place. I went scooting back along the two-mile road to the aerodrome in a taxi driven by a Sikh, its seats smartly covered with tartan, of all things, and two celluloid birds decorating the windscreen.

The interlude was a quaint tourist touch in a strange day that accented the war-and-peace mixture of the country.

Before I went on the ambulance trip I visited the Dakota squadron's base at Changi. From there I went on a 20-minute flight to Tengah, headquarters of the Lincoln bombers that comprise the R.A.A.F.'s other squadron in Malaya. We took off from Changi airstrip, which cost the lives of many British and Australian prisoners of war when the Japanese forced them to build it.

AUSTRALIAN ground crew hoisting a heavy bomb into a Lincoln.

Food complaint

AT Tengah I saw Lincolns, led by the C.O., Squadron-Leader L. H. Williamson, roar off across Tengah airfield, followed by R.A.F. Spitfires and Brigands. They returned some hours later after a successful job near Ipoh.

Almost every day Lincolns take off from Tengah to bomb hidden bandit camps found by the police and army.

Food supply gardens cultivated by bandits are also targets, and British fighter planes as well as bombers attack with machine gun fire and rockets.

The aircraft have no air or anti-aircraft opposition. Their chief enemy is jungle country, covered with trees 200 feet high, which is the bandits' chief ally.

Changi and Tengah air stations present a great contrast in quarters and amenities. Changi, surrounded by sea and the Straits of Johore, is the headquarters of the Far Eastern Air Force. It has large buildings and facilities for recreation.

Accommodation at Tengah is not sufficient to quarter the Australians in barracks, and air crews and ground staff live temporarily in tents.

Airmen at both stations have two main complaints—food and the high cost of living on Australian pay.

Group-Captain P. J. Heffernan, the officer commanding 90 Wing, which includes the Dakota and Lincoln squadrons, said, "Food is a justifiable complaint and a difficult problem. Our fellows are used to three good meals a day. Here they have to live on R.A.F. rations, which are much less.

"What I'm trying to get is another 5/- sterling per day locational allowance for all ranks, which will help men to buy additional food."

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Grandparents look forward to Quads' visit

Welcome planned at Mrs. Sara's family home in England

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes, grandparents of the Bellingen Quads, were delighted when I gave them the news that the Quads would come to see them, probably before they are a year old.

On a previous occasion when I saw Mr. and Mrs. Holmes they were worried at the prospect of having to travel to Australia to see their famous grandchildren.

BUT when I told them that The Australian Women's Weekly had undertaken to send Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara and the Quads to England, Mrs. Holmes said, "That's just wonderful.

"Dad and I didn't want to make the long journey to Australia," she said. "Not at our age.

"Of course they'll stay with us. There's plenty of room. A big family was brought up in our house. The Quads can have the spare room. It's quite big enough.

"Betty and Pip can have their old room. They lived with us when they were first married."

Mrs. Holmes then walked down the main street of Chiswick, the London suburb where the Holmes family have lived for years, to break the news.

Her first call was at the hairdresser's shop where Betty once worked.

Soon shoppers in High Road all heard that the Saras and the Quads would be home with them.

Mrs. Holmes said that she was under great strain during the birth of the Quads. "I told the newspapers that I wished they had never let me know the first baby had arrived, but had waited until all four were born," she said.

"We didn't get a wink of sleep for two nights. But now it's all over, of course, we wouldn't have had it any other way."

The Holmes' followed the arrival of the babies through newspapers which were delivered to the house edition by edition.

A few minutes after they learned that the last baby had arrived they received a telephone call from Percy Sara, who assured them that Betty was well.

"There are twins on both sides of the family," Mrs. Holmes said. "So I was expecting Betty to have twins—that's what she told me in a letter.

"Dad here couldn't understand what I was saying when I was talking to a reporter who told me that quads were expected."

Mrs. Holmes said she was not worried about Betty. "We know she's having a grand time with all the love, kindness, and congratulations being showered on her," she said. "In fact she's used to an audience because she's done quite a bit of amateur acting.

"The limelight never worried her, and if the Quads take after their mother the limelight won't worry them. They'll thrive on it."

Mrs. Holmes asked her husband to get a photograph of Betty in male impersonator's evening trousers and white mess jacket.

"She never minded what part she took," her mother said. "A real little comic actor she was. That's Betty in her 'Pennies from Heaven' number."

They turned to a sideboard drawer and brought out a programme of a concert for the ambulance at Bellingen.

"She was carrying the Quads when she did an impersonation of a Cockney girl in this show last Easter," Mrs. Holmes said proudly.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes had a 25-minute telephone talk with Betty a few days after the Quads were born.

"I think she has picked up that Australian accent," Mr. Holmes said.

"I don't think so," Mrs. Holmes argued.

They then talked about Betty's life in Australia.

She found it very hot when she went there, they said, and she sometimes gets a little homesick.

"And how we miss her," Mrs. Holmes said. "Betty was the baby. She arrived when the other four children were already grown up, and was just a little darling. Full of mischief—a real tomboy—not much for the dolls."

And then the Holmes' both laughed: "Now she has all those children!"

Betty Holmes was a real Chiswick girl. She was born in Chiswick, went to school in Chiswick, got a scholarship, was a bright youngster, and used to play in amateur theatricals in Chiswick.

Prams, clothes for babies

THE Australian Women's Weekly has received many offers of help for the Bellingen quadruplets.

On behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara we have accepted an offer from the Myer Emporium, of Melbourne, to supply £100 worth of clothing for the babies each year for six years.

London Baby Carriage Manufacturers, of Melbourne, have agreed to equip the Quads' nursery for six years.

They will provide prams suitable for one, two, or four babies, cots, bassinets, strollers, blankets, play-pens, toys, and nursery furnishings.

ENGLISH GRANDPARENTS of Australia's Quads, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes. At right: Wedding picture of Percy and Betty Sara taken at Chiswick, London.

"So you see the whole district knows Betty, and they have been round our house reading the papers and worrying about Betty's Quads," Mrs. Holmes said.

Mrs. Holmes' couch was piled high with copies of The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I get batches of them from Betty and pass them all round to neighbors," she said. "We love that magazine over here."

Mrs. Holmes was very pleased that the story of her grandchildren was to appear in The Australian Women's Weekly.

There is great excitement among Betty Sara's three brothers and her elder married sister and their children—numbering, altogether, 10.

"But with twins on both sides of the family they are just a bit nervous," Mrs. Holmes said. "None want quads."

"So long as Betty's Quads live, after all she has been through, we will be very happy."

Though they are both over 70, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes look young for their age. Mr. Holmes, with his own plumbing business, still goes to work, and one of their sons is his manager.

He was twice bombed during the war, and after that didn't take such an active part in the business.

"But I'm not the idle kind," he said. "I like to keep on working."

£4000 in Prizes

See next week's issue for details of fascinating contest

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BOOK REVIEW

BY AINSLIE BAKER

With a Feather On My Nose

Billie Burke

The screen's most notable nitwit, the red-haired daughter of a clown, has given the public an autobiography composed of giggles, tears, and an extraordinarily moving sort of tenderness and courage.

She is Billie Burke, who calls her book, "With A Feather On My Nose," in memory of one of her father's most famous pieces of clowning.

THE giggles are supplied by her bewitching, youthful self. A dozen or so photographs show that she must have been one of the most beguiling girls who ever stepped before footlights.

The tears, the tenderness, and the courage are all associated with the 18 years of her marriage to the fabulous and fantastic creator of the Ziegfeld Follies, the glorifier of the American girl, Florenz Ziegfeld.

Though the film "The Great Ziegfeld" purported to tell the inside story of the triangle formed by Anna Held, Billie Burke, and Ziegfeld, it is clear after reading "With A Feather On My Nose" how much was withheld.

After a marriage lasting 16 years, Ziegfeld had parted from the tempestuous European actress when Billie Burke was first introduced to him by Somerset Maugham.

At the time Billie was the pet of the New York theatre public. Manufacturers named their merchandise after her, stores displayed Billie Burke collars, dresses, and false curls.

Against the advice of every friend and theatre associate (Ziegfeld's reputation as a breaker of hearts was positively sinister) Billie decided that he was the man she loved.

As a fitting curtain-raiser to the following hectic, sometimes glorious, sometimes despairing years, the marriage was held in confusion between a matinee and evening performance.

It was solemnised in the back room of a New York suburban parsonage filled with discarded furniture, boxes, and household white elephants. Addressing Ziegfeld, the parson said, "Bill, you stand there." Turning to Billie he added: "And now, Flo, you here."

"I have read somewhere that marriage is the quickest way to get acquainted—but this is surely an aphorism coined by a hopeful spinster," she observes wryly.

"Marriage, I should say, is a relationship beginning with love and passion, which, if persisted in, may eventually ripen into understanding and even into enduring friendship."

Billie Burke suffered the humiliation of Ziegfeld's affairs with silent film star Olive Thomas and Follies dancer Marilyn Miller.

Ziegfeld had the dancer's dressing-room done out—in lace over satin—by the same decorator whom he had employed to do his and Billie Burke's own home.

In the stockmarket crash at the end of the glittering '20's, Ziegfeld's losses were as spectacular as his most garish Follies production. His wife, who had merged her own career in her husband's, made a stage comeback in an attempt to get him on his financial feet.

After Ziegfeld's death in 1932, Billie Burke found herself the penniless widow of a man who had become a legend in his own lifetime, and had left behind him—staggering debts.

To pay them and support herself and schoolgirl daughter, she began a Hollywood career. It gave us the Billie Burke of to-day, the scatter-brained, plaintive matron.

Between the Hollywood period and the days of the pampered young actress who played with such famous actors as Charles Hawtrey, the great John Drew (uncle of the Barrymores), C. Aubrey Smith, and Ivor Novello lay the happy, heartbreaking, now unbelievable years of her marriage to Ziegfeld.

If most of Miss Burke's beaux in her early New York days were somewhat elderly, they were certainly distinguished. Charles Frohman, the all-powerful impresario who had her under contract, purposely surrounded her with this sort of admirer. They were safer, he felt, than the young sprigs of Harvard or Yale.

Billie Burke in 1905

Among the flattered and presumably honorably-intentioned men of distinction who surrounded the red-haired American Flapper was Mark Twain, then a saddened old man.

On a photograph he gave her he wrote, "Truth is the most valuable thing we have, Billie. Let us always economise it."

Billie's courtship by the great Italian tenor Caruso was carried on on a scale that wouldn't have shamed the Metropolitan Opera itself. "He not only played in opera, he lived it," the object of his ardor writes. "He made love and ate spaghetti with equal skill and no inhibitions."

It was, she writes, his habit to make several proposals of marriage to her each time they met, invariably clearing his throat and trying out his "mi-mi" before each one.

To-day Billie Burke lives in a small, compact bungalow in West Los Angeles, now aged 64, again a career woman.

A garden gate is all that separates her from her daughter and architect son-in-law and three grandchildren.

"It has been a good life," she writes, "a happy, generous, happy life."

Miss Burke has written a very human and heart-warming book.

"With a Feather On My Nose," by Billie Burke, is published by Peter Davies, London. Our copy from Craftsman Bookshop, Sydney.

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 16, 1950

THE QUADS

IN ensuring the future of the quadruplets born to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara, of Bellingen, N.S.W., The Australian Women's Weekly is taking a course in accord with the paper's policy as a family journal.

We feel that the family life of these children, their brother, and their parents should proceed as normally as possible, with their parents free from financial worries.

Our offer gives them this freedom.

This young couple, faced with enormous problems of adjustment, were the focal point for scores of commercial proposals when their children were safely born.

When the time came they tried to consider the offers calmly. They realised the tremendous news interest there was in their family. They knew they could not bring them up entirely as other children are brought up, unnoticed by any but their own circle.

Every time the babies have a simple outing they are sure to be the centre of attention.

After due consideration the Saras accepted our offer, which assures the children's future, and which will give them a first-class education.

As well, all money earned by the children will be held in trust for their benefit.

Mrs. Sara is an enthusiastic reader of The Australian Women's Weekly, and so she chose this paper to tell the story of her children as they grow up.

We believe, with the parents, that the hundreds of thousands throughout the country who wish the babies well will enjoy the story, knowing it will always be told in the babies' own interest.

OUR COVER

OUR cover this week shows an advance model by U.S. designer Pauline Trigere, who this month received one of the coveted Neiman-Marcus fashion "Oscars."

The short evening dress is worn in New York for even the most formal evening occasions. This one, designed for 1951 release, is draped at the neck, has short sleeves, and is cut low at the back. The russet-red coat is lined with the same grey-lilac satin.

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PHOTO FROM AMERICA. Martin Brown and his pretty young Australian bride, formerly Pamela Trimnell-Ritchard, who were married recently in Washington, D.C. Pam is daughter of Mr. Bernard Trimnell-Ritchard, of Hornsby, and of Mrs. T. S. Pettit, of Cleveland, U.S.A.

TO MARRY THIS MONTH. Sandra Baillieu and her fiance, Alexander (Bill) Stewart, who will marry at the Presbyterian Church, Toorak, Melbourne, on September 26. Sandra and Bill will make their home in Sydney.

HOME AGAIN. Mrs. Ernest Turnbull returns to Sydney with her daughter, Rosemary, in the Orontes after seven months' holiday overseas. While away Rosemary continued studies in interior decorating.

Intimate Gettings

DECEMBER wedding planned by Sydney lass Barbara Blomfield and her fiance, Surgeon-Lieutenant-Commander (D) John Glaskin Richards, Royal Navy.

Barbara, who is an analytical chemist, has been in England for the past two years. She is the daughter of Mrs. M. I. Blomfield, of Edgecliff, and of Dr. B. B. Blomfield. Mrs. Blomfield, who has been living in Eltham, out of London, since last December, will return to Australia early next year after the wedding. Surgeon-Lieutenant-Commander Richards, who is stationed near Portsmouth, has followed in his dentist father's footsteps. He is the elder son of Surgeon-Commander (D) P. G. Richards, R.N. (retired), and of Mrs. Richards, of Sidcup, Kent.

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SPORTING Honolulu suntans are the M. L. Baillieus, who stop one night in Sydney en route to home in Melbourne after three months' world tour. Travellers are met on arrival by Mrs. Baillieu's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Willsallen. They fly to Melbourne next day, where their three children, Jacqueline, Lawrence, and Marshall, are waiting to welcome them.

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RETURNED to her Lindfield home from St. Luke's is Mrs. Donald Tier and her baby daughter, Anne. Holding the fort while she had been in hospital, and looking after Don and Joyce's other child, Mark, have been the babies' proud grandmothers, Lady Copland and Mrs. Athol Tier.

YOUNG folk Noel Lowe, Theresa Matlick, and Ken Hacker have cooking bee before Flag Ball to test Swedish dishes for ball menu. Plates of anjovislada, which we Australians call anchovy omelette, quickly disappear at ball supper, likewise silbullar (herring croquette) and kraftor (decorative lobster). Chief enthusiasts are members of Swedish Consulate, who attend in official party. Cocktails from Portugal, America, and Yugoslavia give international flavor, as ball aids United Nations Children's Emergency Fund.

TEENAGE PARADE. Diane Greaves, secretary of S.C.E.G.G.S. Old Girls' Blue and White Ball committee, arranges Jackie Bull's flower-sprigged organdie frock at fashion parade of teenage frocks at Prince's. Parade will swell funds for ball at Trocadero on September 25.

LOTS of good wishes from patients and staff of Concord Repatriation Hospital for senior physiotherapist at the hospital, Nyree Little, and John Counsel, who is a patient there, when they announce their engagement. Nyree is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Little, of Campsie, and John is younger son of Mr. N. J. Counsel, of Toorak, and the late Mrs. Counsel. Couple plan marriage next year, "when we can find a house," Nyree says.

DINNER DANCE. President of The Smith Family Joyspreaders, Averil McLeod (centre), with assistant-secretary, Pam Chauncey (left), and vice-president, Valerie Flett, at Joyspreaders' dinner dance and fashion parade at the Pickwick Club.

LAVENDER FAIR. Mrs. Arthur Sibley (left), Mrs. F. Bax, and Mrs. J. Adamson examine old china which they exhibit at Lavender Fair at the Feminist Club. Party aids Crippled Children and Children's Library Movement.

VERY much an artists' gathering is the opening of exhibition of the late Frank Medworth's paintings by sculptor Lyndon Dadswell at Macquarie Galleries. Chatting with Mrs. Medworth and daughter Diana are Joshua Smith, Roland Wakelin, and Sali Herman. The Weaver Hawkins come up from Mona Vale, the Oscar Edwards, sculptor Paul Beadle, Italian artist Bissietta, and Justin O'Brien form interesting group. Also see director of Edgecliff Design School, Mrs. Harold Sweetapple, and wife of American Consul, Mrs. Harold Hall, who manages to find some time for painting between official engagements.

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BRIEFLY: Highlights of the 30th Battalion Regimental Ball, New South Wales Scottish Regiment, will be counter marching by pipers of the regiment's pipe band, and an exhibition of Scottish square dancing. Ball will be held at Trocadero this Tuesday . . . Mr. and Mrs. John Hegarty are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Attwood at "Graywood," Dunedoo . . . Future home at Narrabri for newlyweds Elsa and Donald Taylor. Before marriage bride was Elsa Longley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Longley . . . The Harry F. Haynes, of Burwood, choose names Christine Anne for their second child, who is christened at St. Andrew's, Burwood.

NOVELTY musical fruit dishes and cigarette boxes will be in luggage brought back from two years' world tour by Madeleine Donnelly, of Bellevue Hill, when she arrives here in December. Madeleine is now in Los Angeles as guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. McCarthy, formerly of Sydney. On the Continent she visited Holland, Belgium, France, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, as well as having a peek at Spain and England with Melbourne girls Lorna O'Brien and Nan Kelly.

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NEWLY engaged Gwynneth Hamilton, of Elizabeth Bay, has taken a typing job in London, but longs to get back to Paris. While spending eight weeks there, staying at a Montmartre hotel, she announced her engagement to New Zealand woolbuyer Marcel Piat, of Christchurch. She describes her lovely ring—yellow gold with one diamond — as typically French. Ginny plans to return to Sydney in November.

Anne

ENGAGED. Scottish engineer John Anson Crawford, younger son of Mrs. C. I. Crawford, of Wayside, St. Andrews, Scotland, and the late Mr. Crawford, and his fiancee, Miss Audrey King, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King, of Gordon.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Jack Norton, of Wombalano, Walcha, and his bride, formerly Joan Leah, of Scone, leave St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney, after marriage. Bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E Leah, of Glenmore, Scone.

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National Honeymoon

Continued from page 10

IT was a relief to crash with laughter and applause at the innocent realism and strength of this statement, which now struck Roberta May as so faithless that she rode above the applause, saying loudly: "But the real reason I didn't worry is because I just knew he would feel the way I did when he got back."

"How did you know that?"

"I don't know. I just did."

"And did he?"

"Even before he got back."

"He did? Tell us."

"Why, when he escaped back through France and got back to his outfit, he wrote to Mrs. Earickson, and at the end of the letter he said, 'Give my love to everybody, and especially Roberta May when you see her.' So I knew then."

"So what did you do?"

"So I began writing to him regularly, and he began answering, and that was all that there was to it."

"Isn't that wonderful! Come on, everybody!" The audience obliged with deafening applause. Burke added, "And when he got home, what did he do?"

"Oh," she said. "Why, he shook hands."

A short laugh.

"Didn't he kiss you?"

"Not right away."

"He didn't? When did he?"

"About two weeks later."

"Two weeks to make up your mind to kiss her. What are we coming to?"

"Oh, no," said Roberta May with reproof. "He was serious. He wanted to be sure."

"Serious . . . wanted to be sure. People, do you love it?" demanded Burke, and they did. "Wonderful, wonderful," he continued. "And then did he pop the question?"

"Oh, no, not then. We went together, but we got engaged just last year."

"You waited all that time. Why'd you wait?"

She looked down as though in utmost modesty over something which she should confess, if at all, in the most refined way.

"Why," she finally said, "we couldn't afford to get married at first."

Oddly, there was an instant of fixed silence, and everyone seemed to feel ashamed. Burke was equal to this failure, and said reassuringly: "But you finally made it, didn't you, and got engaged? Will you tell us how you announced it?"

She brightened at once, happy and proud of what she could remember and tell.

"Oh, why, yes . . . we had a party at my house for all my girl-friends. It was cute."

"What did you do?"

"Why, Mother helped me fix it up, and we had all the drapes drawn, and candles, and refreshments, and . . . this was the cutest part . . . we had the mantelpiece in the living-room fixed up with a wide white satin ribbon painted with gold paint, and it said, Gus and Roberta May, June twenty-second. And on the mantelpiece there was a toy white kitten. We had a brown paper bag tipped over and that was our idea to tell the news."

Burke clutched his brow. "You mean the cat was out of the bag? Is that what you meant?"

"Yes."

Burke whirled on the audience.

"D'you get it people?" They did. "Isn't it wonderful? Thank you, Roberta May, thank you. And now . . ." He turned to Gus. "Now, Gus, can you tell us a little something about how you courted this lovely, lovely bride of yours? Could you tell us a little about that, h'm?"

"We just had dates, I guess."

"Aha, dates. And what did you do on your dates? Go to the movies?"

"Yes."

"Fine. Fine. Tell me, Gus, did you ever have a fight over anything? You know, little lovers' quarrels, disagreements?"

How hungry the listeners were to taste the experiences of this pair of lives.

"Well, sure, I guess so, yes."

"Oh, you did, eh? What about?"

"Oh, little things . . . they didn't mean anything."

"Like what, though, son? Tell us."

"I told you they didn't mean anything," said Gus.

"Oh, so you won't talk, eh?" snarled Burke in a burlesque of severity, because what he and his national instrument feared most was a moment's silence.

He was saved by a flushed inspiration from another quarter. Roberta May, swept along by the contagion of the moment, broke in saying. "We had a row over that job question. I was really worried for a while."

"Sweetheart!" cried Burke, "tell us."

She felt lightheaded, but even so she knew now that she was betraying her husband in public. Trembling for what she did, she could not under the lights, the power, the applause, the national hook-up help doing it.

SO, unable to stop, she said, "Why, he sprang it on me without warning that when we got married I would have to quit my job. So I said I didn't want to, he'd be gone all day, what would I do all day, and I said I could help with payments on the house, and our things, and besides I liked my job, it brings you in touch with lots of people and everything. So I said no."

"What did he do?"

"Nothing. He just didn't come around or call up or anything."

"Why, Gus! Gus, you old meanie," said Burke, trying to make him laugh. Sick for her betrayal, Gus decided to share in it for her sake. He laughed.

"Go on, go on; I can hardly stand it," Burke said to her.

Smiling, she went on, enjoying the occasion now to the fullest.

"So I went and I asked Mrs. Earickson what to do. She said to wait a few days, and if he didn't really mean it he would get over it by then. But if he did mean it, and he wouldn't get over it, then I would have to make up my mind which meant more to me—keeping my job or getting married to him."

The outcome was already known, and Burke turned out front with his familiar, "People, do you love it?"

But Roberta May could not quit. She said, bright and charming, as though talking on the telephone to on intimate friend instead of over a microphone to the whole nation:

"So I finally said, all right, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll give up my job, but I hope we have a lot of babies right away, I said, just to give me something to do, I said."

There was a shock of silence, and then the crowd took a meaning that she had not meant. They shrilled hysterically.

Burke began to sweat. The thing could get out of hand. They could get put off the air. He yelled above the storm.

"Wonderful! Wonderful! A wonderful little girl, here, all right, and a fine boy. We wish them all happiness and success, and in a minute we will prove just how much we mean it," and for a few minutes another announcer gave a message from the sponsor.

"And now," cried Gail Burke himself, "we want to do our part to make to-day's National Honeymoon the greatest one ever yet, and I feel humbly grateful that it falls to me to speak for all America's families and families-to-be in presenting to-day's wedding presents to our guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Adolphus Earickson — got it that time, eh, boy—so let's move on to the wedding presents and see what we've got for you.

"First, placed at the free disposal of the bride and groom during their entire stay in Hollywood, a superde luxe convertible sports coupe, with all expenses maintained by the proprietors, the Wil-Bev Motoria."

Each item, heralded by a blast from the stage band, was exhibited in fact or effigy by the uniformed pages.

"Next, for the groom," chanted Burke, "two complete changes of sports clothes, presented by the Male, Incorporated, of Hollywood."

THE garments made their appearance while the audience avidly imagined Gus as he would look in his new clothes.

"And now for our lovely bride. Wait till we put her eyes out with this, a lovely, lovely half-carat solitaire diamond ring from Lydia Lennox, Ltd., Fine Jewels, of New York, Miami, and Hollywood." And as the black velvet box was thrust into Roberta May's hands, sighs arose like a prayer.

They rose higher and higher, sometimes with applause, as the catalogue continued: fresh corsages, for day and evening, every day, for the bride; a honeymoon suite at the Beverley-Westwood Hotel for two weeks; a conducted tour of the motion-picture studios, with autographs guaranteed, and lunch with favorite stars; a canteen of cutlery specially monogrammed; one dozen silk sheets with embroidered initials; and more; and more.

"And now, Roberta May, you must have something in your heart you want more than anything else. What is it? Tell us on National Honeymoon, and if we can possibly give it to you, we will! Can you tell us?"

She licked her lips. She looked at Gus where he stood beside her with his head bent, his legs spread, as though to be strong under assault. They were beaten and stunned with munificence. He shook his head to tell her that he was out of this.

"Why, yes," she said. "Someday, when we can afford it, I want a special kind of room in my house —we have the room, I mean, but there's a certain way I want it done. There's this extra room, and I want two sides of it panelled in knotty pine, and the other two sides of it papered in something bright, and the ceiling the same way. I want a fireplace in it, and a mid-color carpet all over, and drapes just like the wallpaper so the wall where the windows are would all look alike."

"What would you do in this room, Roberta May, tell us that."

"Oh, why, everything. I . . . play cards, and have buffet suppers, and read, and just talk."

Please turn to page 22

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3. Complete the sentence about Lifebuoy using no more than an additional 12 words.

DO NOT SEND IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT, but use the official entry form obtainable from your chemist or store and post to "Rinso/Lifebuoy Spring Double Contest," Box 4984, G.P.O., Sydney.

CORRECT ORDER OF PLACING AND MAJOR PRIZE-WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED ON "AUSTRALIA'S AMATEUR HOUR" NOVEMBER 16.

THE RINSO FORM GUIDE

- ☐ Rinso saves work in the kitchen as well as in the laundry.
- ☐ Rinso has magic in its thicker, richer suds.
- ☐ Rinso is used by more women than any other washday soap in the world.
- ☐ Rinso gets greasy dishes sparkling in a jiffy.
- ☐ Rinso washes whiter and brighter than brand-new.
- ☐ Rinso is best for everything.

THE LIFEBUOY FORM GUIDE

- ☐ Lifebuoy's rich, creamy lather contains a special health ingredient.
- ☐ Lifebuoy protects kiddies from the dangers in dirt.
- ☐ Lifebuoy has a new, refreshing fragrance.
- ☐ Lifebuoy stops "B.O." before it starts.
- ☐ Lifebuoy helps you make friends.
- ☐ Lifebuoy gives all-over protection that lasts all day.

I always use New Refined Lifebuoy because .....
(complete this sentence in no more than 12 words)

GET FREE ENTRY FORM FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE

Contest closes October 19th 1950

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WORTH Reporting

OPPORTUNITIES for women to make a full-time career of flying will be thoroughly investigated by the proposed Australian Association of Women Pilots.

The Association will hold its inaugural meeting at Bankstown Aerodrome, N.S.W., on September 16, the first Saturday in Air Week.

Experienced women pilots believe that the best opportunities for women are flying light aircraft in outback areas.

This would be mainly charter work, and might include spraying crops, spotting bush fires, inspecting stock, as well as flights for medical and dental schemes.

The Association will have a social aim, too. It will help women pilots to get to know one another and exchange news of their work.

Patron will be Mrs. R. G. Casey, wife of the Federal Minister for Works, Development, and Housing. She will fly to Bankstown from Victoria in her own Fairchild for the first meeting.

Promoter of the Association is Mrs. Charles Walton. As Nancy Bird she was a well-known flier, and she believes she was the first woman to earn her living flying.

She flew 70,000 miles for the Far West Children's Health Scheme before her marriage.

The Association has invited about 100 women to attend its first meeting.

Among these will be Miss Jennie Broad, who flew with the Air Transport Auxiliary in Britain during the last war; Miss Nancy Ellis, a flying-instructor at Truscott Flying School, Bankstown; Mrs. H. Bonney, of Queensland; the President of the Victorian Aero Club, Miss Freda Thompson; Mrs. Polly Ross, of Holbrook, N.S.W., and Mrs. Helen Kurkett, of Katunda, S.A.

Australian flowers appeal to American woman

YOU may not be able to afford to repaint a home or change its furniture, but you can always alter its personality with flowers, contends Mrs. Wilfred Terrell.

Mrs. Terrell is visiting Australia with her husband, who is a member of the American Dental Congress.

Mrs. Terrell explained that she began flower decoration as a hobby, but the hobby grew into a full-time lecturing job.

Mrs. Terrell was horrified when a new-found Australian friend said that arum lilies reminded her of funerals.

"We call them calla lilies," Mrs. Terrell said, "and their texture, leaves, and line lend themselves exquisitely to formal arrangements."

Mrs. Terrell hasn't a favorite flower, but says the Geraldton wax she has seen in Sydney gardens is much finer than she manages to grow in California. She has decided to take back some pink heather, which she saw for the first time here.

Both Mrs. Terrell and her husband have flown their own planes for 17 years.

"The trouble with life is there's no background music."

Brilliant economist visits her homeland

WE were taken back to our schooldays when we paid a fleeting visit to Fort Street Girls' High to meet Dr. Persia Campbell.

Even after all these years, we instinctively tiptoed past the Head's study to where Dr. Campbell was talking to present pupils.

Dr. Campbell went to Sydney University on a scholarship from Fort Street High.

Graduating with a Master of Arts degree, she gained her Master of Economics at the London School of Economics and her Doctorate of Philosophy at Columbia University, U.S.A.

She is now Professor of Economics at Queen's University, New York.

Small and greying, Dr. Campbell gives the immediate impression of terrifying energy combined with a mellowness brought about by scholastic achievement.

* * *

HOUSEHUNTING these days is likely to lead up many strange paths to disappointing dead-ends.

A homeless colleague tells us of her most disheartening experience.

A friend, living at Wallsend, N.S.W., sent her a clipping from the local newspaper, which read: "Now vacant, all-electric bungalow, Double Bay. Front main road, at bus stop. Fully furnished. Accept £2350."

Delighted at the chance of a harborside home, our colleague rang the agent at Wallsend, who was mystified by her inquiries.

Finally light dawned.

"Oh," he said, "you mean the house at Wallsend. I didn't think anyone would imagine it meant Sydney. 'Double Bay' stands for double bay window, of course."

Here's something for you carpet golfers

SLOW-MOTION golf in the living-room is possible with the latest practice golf ball, now on sale.

The ball looks like an ordinary golf ball but it is only a shell, perforated to retard flight.

Even the most powerful drive sends one of these balls only a few yards. It lands as lightly as a feather without damage to even the finest crystal in a room.

It is accurate, however, in showing a golfer his shortcomings.

Correctly addressed and hit, the ball will lift straight ahead.

If a player hooks the ball it curves to the left and if he slices his shot it veers to the right — only too like a real ball on a full-scale links.

"If all your dog can say is 'baaa' . . . then you've been sold a pup!"

New comfort for Queensland travellers

QUEENSLAND'S new air-conditioned "Sunshine Express" should make travel very comfortable for passengers from Brisbane to Cairns.

The train, being built at Ipswich railway workshops, will have a lounge car, and a car with facilities for preparing meals and attending to the wants of small children.

The first-class sleeping cars will be of the two-berth cabin type. The top berth may be folded against the wall and the bottom berth converted to a travelling seat in the day-time.

The Queensland Railways Department is building eight other air-conditioned trains.

Mother goes to college for a week

ABOUT 1200 women recently spent five days as "students" at the University of Maryland, attending a special course for homemakers sponsored by the University and the United States Department of Agriculture.

Most of the women, who ranged in age from 18 to 85, lived on the campus. The only charge was a small amount to cover food and lodging.

This was the 24th year that the course had been held at the University. One woman has attended every year.

The course is designed primarily for country women, although some city housewives attend.

Classes cover such subjects as nutrition, cooking, clothing, home management, child development, and family living.

Other courses offered are music and art appreciation, public speaking, journalism, landscape gardening, and handcrafts.

Students may select two courses each year. Those who complete eight courses in four years receive certificates of graduation.

In addition, this year members of Congress, Government officials, club leaders, and newspaper editors spoke to the women on the international situation and the part women can play in creating world goodwill.

* * *

BUYING Continental cars is a new way of learning languages, although rather too expensive for us.

A woman we know, after struggling for a year or so with the Italian book of directions for her Italian-made car, bought a French car and now copes with motoring emergencies in French.

A French friend of hers, who knows little English, bought the same make of French car, and was given a book of instructions in English.

Australian Y.W.C.A. workers in England

LEADING members of the Australian Y.W.C.A. now in England are attending a training college there.

Miss Marion Sinclair, former membership secretary in Melbourne, has attended the "Y" School of Music and Drama at Runton School, Norfolk, and the Edinburgh Festival since her arrival last June.

Holder of a bursary from the Australian Y.W.C.A., Miss Sinclair hopes on her return to introduce a music section into Australian activities.

This month she is attending the Y.W.C.A. training college at Selly Oak, Birmingham, with Misses Jean White, of Geelong, Vic., and Jean Haigh, of Manly, N.S.W.

Miss Haigh will return to Sydney in the Strathaird next January.

She has been away for nearly four years, and was a social worker in Japan and the British zone of Germany.

What fun is a party—for the girl other guests ignore? If only she didn't risk offending. If someone could whisper: *"Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum."* Mum gives safe, long-lasting protection against underarm odour. Its unique modern formula contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get Mum cream deodorant today!

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. . . . No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolour fine fabrics. Always quick and pleasant to use. Economical, too—no shrinkage, no waste.

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National Honeymoon

Continued from page 20

ROBERTA May confessed so much in this, so quietly, that for a moment the snickering in the big hall hushed. When the thought and its meaning came home to everyone, a wave of applause began with some sensible woman's hard, virtuous single handclap, and spread in a roar through the house. Burke, after a glance at the clock, let it ride for a few seconds, and then he stopped it with his hands.

"Well, Roberta May, I'll tell you what National Honeymoon is going to do for you. We are going to see that that room is decorated and furnished just the way you have described and just the way you want it done. Would you like that?"

She brought her hands together and seemed to pray. Her eyes misted. Her voice quivered.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Burke—"

"And now, Gus and Roberta May, and ladies and gentlemen of National Honeymoon, I see that our time on to-day's Honeymoon is just about over. But we have one more little remembrance for our happy couple here to-day, and here it is . . ."

Burke pointed to the last page, who, to the sound of tiny tinkling musical bells playing a nursery tune, wheeled a baby carriage out on the stage and over to the group in the centre while, in climax, a storm of cries and laughs and beating of palms arose.

". . . a brand-new Storkmaster Baby Coach, big enough for twins, if our happy couple should have occasion to use it, God bless them. How about it, people, do you love it? Good-bye, good-bye, and until to-morrow's National Honeymoon, this is Gail Burke himself saying good-bye now."

The music rolled up with organ and orchestra, and the crowd whistled and called and clapped in exhaustion and fulfillment, and at thirty seconds before four o'clock National Honeymoon went off the air.

. . . . . .

Late that night, Gus and Roberta May lay sleeping in a patch of light from the waning moon which shone through the window of the hotel suite, whose daily rate was equal to a week's pay at home.

The moonlight moved slowly and came to rest on their faces. In his sleep, Gus passed his hand across his eyes against the quiet brightness and awakened. He found that he was gazing at Roberta May, who was sleeping with her cheek on her hand, with tears going slowly down her face in the moonlight.

He wanted to touch her tears with his fingers, softly so as not to awaken her. But he was clumsier than he knew, as his touch awoke her. She threw her arm upon him and fell to his shoulder sobbing like a child whose heart would break.

She pressed her face against his breast and shook her head. He knew that in a few minutes she would try to tell him; and she did.

She said she was sorry with all her heart for what they had given away that day.

It was theirs alone, and smilingly they had let it be given to everybody else—their very own love story.

"I want it to belong just to ourselves," she sobbed. "And it's too late now."

"Hush. Hush."

"It was all my fault. I started it all. And I told out loud all the things that meant so much to us, just us. Talk, talk, talk. I just kept on talking. And some of the things I said!" She choked with grief and pity for what was gone. "The way everyone laughed at them!"

"Ro, honey."

"Why did you let me?"

He would have thought that this would make him angry; but not at all; a wave of choking tenderness went through him.

"Never mind," he said softly.

"If we could only get it back!" she sobbed.

He thought for a moment.

"Do you want me to?" he asked against her cheek.

"You can't."

"Yes, I can. Most of it. The important part of it."

She stopped crying and rose to look at him in the moonlight.

"Will you leave it all to me? No matter what?"

She leaned down to him again and rested her head on his heart in aching humility.

"Forever and ever," she said, "in everything."

She fell asleep again before he did. He now knew that things could happen to two people together which nobody else would understand, and that yesterday's experience was one of them, for if to marry each other did not mean to marry the very world, in its terms as well as theirs, what did it mean? Now everything took its proper place in the good knowledge that among the great things that had come to them were the power and desire to forgive each other and be forgiven, for all of their lives.

The next afternoon at four o'clock Gus and Roberta May were waiting at the stage door. Presently the musicians, the attendants, and the star of National Honeymoon came through the stage door after their day's work, talking it over.

"How was I?" asked Burke.

"But wonderful, Gail," one of the attendants assured him wearily.

"I don't know . . . yesterday was tougher, but it was somehow better. Say, look who's here!"

Gus came forward.

Roberta May, proud of what he had made her understand, nodded yes, yes, yes.

GUS said simply, "We've come to return all the things. Here." Gus put the jewellers' velvet box into Burke's hand.

"Return—the boy is but mad!" cried Burke, consulting his fellow showmen with a comic look. They stared back at him impassively. Something in them began to rejoice.

"Yes," said Gus, "we left all the other presents at the hotel when we checked out, and the car is back at the garage, and you needn't send the things to us at home. If you do, we'll send them back."

"You can't do this to me!" snapped Burke. "In all my years on National Honeymoon a thing like this has never happened to me. Think if it ever got round. You people here . . ." he swept the other members of the show with a fierce look ". . . you people just keep this quiet; hear?"

But someone laughed. "Ha!" and one or two in the little throng whistled approval at Gus.

"And the room," insisted Burke, "and the furniture. You said you wanted all that!" He was almost pleading.

"Well, if we do," said Gus, "I'll buy what we need, and if we can't afford it yet we'll wait till we can."

Burke stared at everyone, his heavy, tanned face sagging tragically.

Roberta May felt a pang for him. "Never mind, Mr. Burke," she said with real sweetness. And at that final punishment, everyone else laughed out loud.

"All right, Ro," said Gus. "Come on." He took her away.

They kept in touch with everybody back home by postcard every few days, and had a glorious time on their own for the rest of their honeymoon.

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HAZEL

"Defrosting the refrigerator?"

"I remember saying: 'I know babies mean a lot of extra work, but wait until they're grown up, they'll be a big help around the house'."

It seems to me . . .

By

Dorothy Drain

WHEN, in my old age, I need to turn a dishonest penny I hope to enter one of those essay competitions for children entitled "My most unusual birthday."

I spent it flying in a Dakota ambulance over the east coast of Malaya, though naturally the R.A.A.F. was not aware that the date had any significance for me.

At Ipoh I had to go into the town to make a phone call, so I had a glass of ginger beer to celebrate the occasion, followed by some rather peculiar curried fish. It was, all in all, quite an odd birthday.

* * *

ON a drive round Singapore on my last day there I saw three marked contrasts in a community full of contrasts.

We drove first round Tanglin, the beautiful residential area, where the big houses, set in the green flowerless gardens, look as if nothing had ever disturbed them or ever would, to Pasa Pajang. There in an atap house is one of the child-feeding centres which are part of Singapore's Government-sponsored Social Welfare Programme. Voluntary workers headed by the Governor's wife, Lady Gimson, go to the centres, where poor children get a meal every day—and Asia is full of children who grow up not knowing a square meal.

Mrs. I. R. Ambrose, wife of Qantas' Singapore manager, for instance, spends two days a week at this centre, and she and other European women help teach the kids English, take them on excursions, and give them first-aid for minor injuries—cuts and scratches that might otherwise go unattended in the crowded, poverty-stricken life of the kampongs they come from.

* * *

WE saw, too, the famous Aw Boon Haw mansion, now fallen into disrepair.

It's one of those sights of Singapore that you'd feel was a grave omission if you missed it. Though watchmen keep an eye on it, its owner, Aw Boon Haw, who made a fortune out of Tiger Balm, mostly lives in Hongkong, and has two other extraordinary houses in Singapore anyhow.

Windows are broken in the fantastic house of circular rooms, which boasted among its lavish surroundings one small bathroom. I think the architect must have wakened up at night, given a roar of delighted amusement as he thought up some fresh eccentricity, such as the ceiling covered with a grapevine pattern where every grape used to be lit by an electric bulb.

Real grass is beginning to peep out of the crevices of the artificial rocks, and the leaves on the once realistic artificial trees and creepers are getting rusty. Why anyone wanted artificial greenery in this country is one of the mysteries of the East.

Meanwhile the swimming-pool is empty, small Malay boys play on the still mowed lawn, and the pagodas, dragons, and stones of the borders that the grounds abound in are being gradually weathered and broken.

* * *

THIS column is customarily written in what, looking back on it, seems the comparative peace and quiet of the office.

Nothing except typewriters, telephones, and the nagging knowledge that it's been left too late as usual disturbs its progress.

It's now produced in hotel rooms and on aeroplanes flying over the Far East, in the intervals between filling in papers for the Customs. For writing conditions I'd nominate the plane as the better in good weather. It's cooler, and there isn't a telephone.

THE world outside the plane window on a fine day is so beautiful with its expanse of blue and white sky, sea, and cloud that it seems to bear no relation to the state of affairs in countries I've been flying over—Malaya, Indo-China, Formosa, to Japan.

Flying is always a reminder of the terrible impersonality of air warfare.

The countries and the towns below are viewed from another dimension. Indo-China was the prettiest map of a country I'd ever seen. Red and yellow of earth and sand, brown paddy fields ruled into squares, dark grey of vegetation, and edged with brilliant blue-and-green sea.

* * *

I'VE adapted an old travelling rule to suit the needs of this trip. As a child I was told:

"Better order the taxi early. You may as well chew your fingernails at the station as at home."

I've revised it to run: "You might as well paint your fingernails in the airport as in the hotel room."

* * *

AT Hongkong I visited a house on the shores of Repulse Bay, surely one of the most gloriously peaceful-looking bays in the world.

In the distance you can see the outline of an island that is Communist held, and residents from time to time hear the sound of gunfire as guns on this island fire on naval vessels.

British troops were leaving Hongkong for Korea when I was there, but the face that Hongkong presents to a visitor for a day is still the tourist's picture of it—the green islands by day, the glittering lights of the Peak by night, the lighted ships in the harbor, and the rainbows of neon signs as you look across from the Peak to Kowloon.

Hongkong is packed with goods. You could spend a small fortune there. But, so I was told, business is falling off, foreign firms are pulling out or drawing in their horns, property has depreciated sharply.

* * *

I WAS taken to one of the floating Chinese restaurants anchored off the fishing port of Aberdeen.

Aberdeen is one of the biggest fishing industry harbors in the world. From it the junks go out to trawl in the China seas to supply Hongkong, and the dried fish market as far afield as Java and Malaya. The floating restaurants, lit with neon signs, are one of the sidelines of the neon-lit village.

Judging by an item in the newspapers, some of the floating establishments are dubious in character.

Our restaurant, however—like a two-decker ferry—was full of Chinese family parties having dinner, and the click and clatter of mah jong players.

We were rowed out in a sampan by a mother and daughter, the mother with the youngest baby on her back. The fish are kept alive in great baskets over the side in the water, shown to the customers, and cooked in a galley floating alongside.

* * *

THE route from Hongkong to Tokio took us over the southern tip of Formosa to Okinawa. To land at Naha Air Base at Okinawa is to wonder whether it is indeed 1950 or whether time has stood still.

It's the old familiar scene of a wartime airstrip, the warplanes around, the Americans inside the quonset huts, lounging, sleeping, playing cards, waiting for planes to move them on.

In the shallow waters surrounding the inhospitable island the sunk ships are still there, the last war's debris not yet cleared away.

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The Adventure of the Marked Man

Continued from page 5

PENDARVIS caught up his hat and stick and stood dubiously in the doorway. "I must confess, Mr. Holmes, that I had been led to expect more of you."

"More?" said Holmes. "Oh, yes. My little bill. It shall be mailed to you on the first of the month. Good-night, sir."

The door closed upon our dissatisfied client, and Holmes, who had been leaning back on the sofa in what appeared to be the depths of dejection, abruptly rose and turned toward me. "Well, Watson, the solution seems disappointingly easy, does it not?"

"Perhaps so," said I stiffly. "But you are skating upon rather thin ice, are you not? You may have sent that poor man to his death."

"To his death? No, my dear Watson. I give you my word on that. Excuse me, I must write a note to our friend Gregson, of the Yard. It is most important that an arrest be made at once."

"An arrest? But of whom?"

"Who else but Mr. Donal Pendarvis? A telegram to the authorities of Penzance should suffice."

"The brother!" I cried. "Then you believe that he was not actually attending the boxing matches at the time of the attempted murder of our client?"

"I am positive," said Sherlock Holmes, "that he was engaged in quite other activities." I waited, but evidently he preferred not to take me further into his confidence. Holmes took quill and paper, and did not look up again until he had finished his note, and despatched it by messenger. "That," he said, "should take care of the situation for the time being." Whereupon he rang for Mrs. Hudson, requesting a copious dinner.

My friend maintained his uncommunicative silence during the meal, and devoted the rest of the evening to his violin. It was not until we were at the breakfast table next morning that there was any reference whatever to the case of the Cornish ornithologist.

The doorbell rang sharply, and Holmes brightened. "Ah, at last!" he cried. "An answer from Gregson. No, it is the man himself, and in a hurry, too." The steps on the stairs came to our door, and in a moment Tobias Gregson, tall, pale, flaxen-haired as ever, entered.

Smartest and sharpest of the Scotland Yard inspectors, Holmes had always called him. But Gregson was in a bad frame of mind at the moment.

"You have had us for fair, Mr. Holmes," he began. "I felt in my bones that I should not have obeyed your unusual request, but, remembering the assistance you have given us in the past, I followed out your suggestion. Bad business, Mr. Holmes, bad business!"

"Really?" said Holmes.

"Quite. It's this man Pendarvis, Donal Pendarvis, that you wanted arrested."

"No confession?"

"Certainly not. And, moreover, the fellow is no doubt instituting a suit at law this very minute, for false arrest."

Holmes almost dropped his cup. "You mean he is no longer in custody?"

"I mean exactly that. He was arrested last night and held in Penzance gaol, but he made such a fuss about it that Owens, the sub-inspector there, was forced to let him go free."

Sherlock Holmes drew himself up to his full height, throwing aside his napkin. "I agree, sir. Bad business it is." He stood in deep thought for a moment. "And the other request I made? Have they located a man of that description?"

"No, Mr. Holmes. Sub-inspector Owens has lived in Penzance all his life, and he swears that no such person exists."

"Impossible, quite impossible," said Holmes. "He must be mistaken!"

Gregson rose. "We all have our successes and our failures," he said comfortingly. "Good morning, Mr. Holmes. Good morning, doctor."

As the door closed behind him, Holmes turned suddenly to me. "And why, Watson, are you not already packing? Do you not choose to accompany me to Cornwall?"

"To Cornwall? But I understood . . ."

"You have heard everything and understood nothing. I shall have to demonstrate to you, and to the sub-inspector, on the scene. But enough of this. The game is afoot. You had best bring your Service revolver and a stout ash, for there may be rough work before this little problem is solved." He consulted his watch. "Ah, we have just half an hour to catch the ten o'clock train from Paddington."

We boarded it with but a moment or two to spare, and when we were rolling south-west through the outskirts of London my friend began a dissertation upon hereditary tendencies in fingerprint groupings, a subject upon which he was planning a monograph. I kept my impatience to myself as long as I could, and finally interrupted him: "I have but one question, Holmes. Why are we going to Cornwall?"

HOLMES acknowledged the change of subject and replied, "The spring flowers, Watson, are at the height of their season. The perfume will be pleasant after the fogs of London. Meanwhile, I intend to have a nap. You might occupy yourself with considering the unusual nature of the warning notes received by Mr. Allen Pendarvis."

"Unusual? But they seemed clear enough to me. They were definitely intended to let Mr. Pendarvis know that he was a marked man."

"Brilliantly put, Watson!" said Sherlock Holmes, and placidly settled down to sleep.

He did not awaken until we were past Plymouth and the expanse of Mount's Bay was outside our window. There were whitecaps rolling in from the sea, and a gusty wind. "I fancy there will be more rain by dusk," said Holmes pleasantly. "An excellent night for the type of hunting we expect to engage in."

We had hardly alighted at Penzance when a broad man in a heavy tweed ulster approached us. He must have stood fifteen stone of solid brawn and muscle, and his face was grave. An apple-cheeked young police constable followed him.

"Mr. Holmes?" said the elder man. "I am Sub-inspector Owens. We were advised that you might be coming down. And high time it is. A sorry muddle you have got us into."

"Indeed?" said Holmes coolly. "It has happened, then?"

"It has," replied Sub-inspector Owens seriously. "At two o'clock this afternoon." The constable nodded in affirmation, very grave.

"I trust," Holmes said, "that you have not moved the body?"

"The body?" The two local policemen looked at each other. "I was referring," Owens went on, "to the suit for false arrest. A writ was served upon me in my office."

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The Adventure of the Marked Man

FOR just a moment my companion hesitated. "I should not, if I were you, lose any sleep over the forthcoming trial of the case. And now before going any further, Dr. Watson and I have just had a long train journey and are in need of sustenance. Can you direct us to the Capstan and Anchor, inspector?"

Owens scowled, then turned to his assistant. "Tredennis, will you be good enough to show these gentlemen to the place?" He turned back to Holmes. "I shall expect you at the police station in an hour, sir. This affair is not yet settled to my satisfaction."

"Nor to mine, sir," said Holmes, and we set off after the constable. That strapping young man led us at a fast pace to the sign of the Capstan and Anchor.

"Into the saloon bar with you, Watson," my companion said to me in a low voice. He lingered a moment at the door, and then turned and joined me. "Just as I thought. Constable Tredennis has taken up his post in a doorway across the street. We are not trusted by the local authorities."

He ordered a plate of kidneys and bacon, but left them to cool while he chatted with the barmaid, a singularly ordinary young woman from all that was apparent to me. But Holmes returned to the table smiling.

"She confesses to knowing Mr. Donal Pendarvis, at least to the point of giggling when his name is mentioned. But she says that he has not been frequenting the public house in recent weeks. By the way, Watson, suppose I asked you for a description of our antagonist? What sort of game are we hunting, should you say?"

"Mr. Donal Pendarvis?"

Holmes frowned. "That gentleman resembles his extraordinarily dull brother, from best accounts. No, Watson, dig deeper than that. Look back upon the history of the case, the warning messages——"

"Very well," said I. "The intended murderer is a poor shot with a rifle. He is a person who holds a grudge a long time—even a fancied grudge, for Mr. Allen Pendarvis does not even have an idea of the identity of his assailant. He is a man of primitive mentality, or else he would not have stooped to the savagery of torturing his intended victim with warning messages. He is a newcomer to the town, a stranger . . ."

"Hold, Watson!" interrupted Holmes, with an odd smile. "You have reasoned amazingly. Yet I hear the patter of rain against the panes, and we must not keep our constable waiting in the doorway."

A brisk walk uphill, with the rain in our faces, brought us at last to the steps of the police station, but there I found that the way was barred, at least to me. Sub-Inspector Owens, it appeared, wished to speak to Mr. Holmes alone.

"And so it shall be," replied Holmes pleasantly, to the burly constable in the door. He turned to me. "Watson, I stand in need of your help. Would you be good enough to occupy the next hour or so in a call on one or two of your local colleagues? You might represent yourself as in search of a casual patient whose name has escaped you. But you have, of course, some important reason for locating him. A wrong prescription, I fancy . . ."

"Really, Holmes!"

"Be as vague as you can about age and appearance, Watson, but specify that the man you seek is a crack shot, he is very conversant with the locality, of unimpeachable respectability and—most important of all—he has a young and beautiful wife."

"But Holmes! You imply that is the description of our murderer? It is the exact opposite of what I had imagined."

"The reverse of the coin, Watson. But you must excuse me. Be good enough to meet me here in—shall we say—two hours? Off with you now, I must not keep the sub-inspector cooling his heels."

He passed on inside and I turned away into the rain-swept street, shaking my head dubiously. How I wished, at that moment, for the warmth and comfort of my fireside, any fireside! But well I knew that Holmes had some method in his madness. With difficulty I managed to secure a hansom cab, and for a long time rattled about the steep streets of the ancient town of Penzance, in search of the ruby lamp outside the door, which would signify the residence of a medical man.

My heart was not in the task, and it was no surprise to me that, in spite of the professional courtesy with which I was greeted by my medical colleagues, they were unable to help me by so much as one iota. Owens, for all his pomposity, had been correct when he reported that of all the citizenry of Penzance, no such person as Holmes sought had ever existed. Or if he had, he was not among their patients.

I returned to the police station to find Holmes waiting for me. "Aha, Watson!" he cried genially. "What luck? Very little, I suppose, else you should not wear the hangdog

"He has a strong resemblance to his grandfather, don't you think?"

look of a retriever who has failed to locate the fallen bird. No matter. If we cannot go to our man, he shall come to us. I have to some extent regained the confidence of the sub-inspector, Watson. You see, I have given my word that before noon tomorrow Mr. Donal Pendarvis shall have withdrawn his suit for false arrest. In return we are to have the support of a stalwart P.C. for this night's work."

In a few moments there appeared down the street the figure of a uniformed man astride a bicycle. It turned out to be our friend Tredennis, who apologised for his delay. This was to have been his evening off duty, and it had been necessary to hurry home and explain matters to his better half.

"Maudie she worries if I'm not reporting in by nine o'clock," he said, his pink cheeks pinker than ever with the exertion of his ride. "But I told her that any man would be glad to volunteer for a tour of duty with Mr. Holmes, the celebrated detective from England."

"From England?" I put in wonderingly. "And where are we now?"

"In Cornwall," said Holmes, nudging me gently with his elbow. "Ah, Watson, I see that your hansom has been kept waiting. Any moment now and we shall be setting our trap, somewhere near the home of Mr. Pendarvis."

"It's a good three miles, sir," said Constable Tredennis. "By the road, that is. Along the shore it's a good

Continued from page 24

bit less, but it's coming high tide and no easy going at any season."

"We shall take the road," Holmes decided. Soon we were rattling along a cobbled street that wound up and down dale, past looming ranks of fishermen's houses, with the wind blowing ever wet and fresh against our cheeks. "A land to make a man cherish his hearth, eh, Watson?"

We rode on in silence for some time, and then the constable stopped the cab at the head of a steep sloping street that wound down toward the shore.

There was a strong odor of herring about the place, mingled with that of tar and salt seaweed. I observed that as we went down the sloping street Holmes gave a most searching glance to right and left, and that at every subsequent street corner he took the utmost pains to see that we were not followed.

Frankly, I knew not what near-human game we were hoping to entrap in this rain-swept, forgotten corner of a forgotten seaside town, but I was well assured, from the manner in which Holmes held himself, that the adventure was a grave one, and nearing its climax. I felt the reassuring weight of the revolver in my coat pocket, and then suddenly the constable caught my arm.

"In here," he whispered. We turned into a narrow passage near the foot of the street, passed through what appeared to be in the dimness a network of mews and stables, and came at last to a narrow door in the wall, which Holmes unlocked with a key affixed to a block of wood.

We entered it together, and closed it behind us.

The place was black as ink, but I felt that it was an empty house. The planking beneath my feet was old and bare, and my outstretched hand touched a stone wall wet with slime. Then we came to an empty window with a broken shutter, through which the dank night air came chilly.

"We are in what was once the Grey Mouse Inn," whispered the young constable. "Yonder, Mr. Holmes, is the house."

We peered across a narrow street and through the open, unshaded window panes of a library, brilliantly lighted by two oil lamps. I could see a line of bookcases, a table, and a mantelpiece in the background. For a long while there was nothing more to see except the dark street, the darker doorway of the house, and that one lighted window.

"There is no other entrance?" demanded Holmes in a whisper.

"None," said the constable. "The other windows gives out on to the harbor, and at this hour the tide is passing high."

"Good," said Holmes. "If our man comes, he must come this way. And we shall be ready for him."

"More than ready," said young Tredennis, stoutly. He hesitated. "Mr. Holmes, I wonder if you would be willing to give a younger man a word of advice. What, do you think, are the opportunities for an ambitious policeman up London way? I have often thought of trying to better myself . . ."

"Listen!" cried Holmes sharply. There had come a sharp, screaming sound, like the shriek of a rusty gate. It came again, and I recognised it as the cry of a gull.

The silence crept back again. From far away came the barking of a dog, suddenly silenced. Then suddenly there appeared in the room across the way a man in a wine-colored dressing-gown who entered the library, turned down the lamps, and blew them out. It could be none other than our client, Mr. Allen Pendarvis.

Please turn to page 26

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The Adventure of the Marked Man

Continued from page 25

WE waited until one might have counted a hundred, and then another light showed in the room. The man returned, bearing a lamp—but, mysteriously, in the few minutes that had passed, he had changed his apparel. Mr. Pendarvis now wore a dinner coat with the collar and tie askew. He crossed to the bookcase, removed a volume, and from the recess took out a small flask, which he placed in his pocket. Then he put back the book and left the room.

"A lightning-change artist!" I cried.

Holmes, gripping my arm, said, "Not quite, Watson. That is the brother. They are very alike, from this distance."

We waited in silence, for what seemed an interminable length of time. But no light reappeared. Finally Holmes turned to me. "Watson," he said, "we have drawn another blank. I should have sworn that the murderer would have struck to-night. I dislike to turn back . . ."

"My orders, sir, are to remain here until sunrise," put in the constable. "If you wish to return to the town, rest assured that I shall keep my eyes open."

"I am sure of it," said Holmes. "Come, Watson. The game is too wary. We have no more to do here."

He led me back across the sagging floor, through the door into the mews, and finally brought me out into the street again. But once there, instead of heading up the slope toward where our hansom was waiting, he suddenly drew me into the shadows of an alleyway. I would have spoken, but I felt his bony fingers across my lips. "Shh, Watson. Wait here—and never take your eyes off that doorway."

We waited, for what seemed an eternity. I stared with all my might at the doorway of the Pendarvis house. But I saw nothing, not even when Holmes gripped my arm.

"Now, Watson!" he whispered, and started out in that direction, I tardily at his heels.

As we came closer I saw that a man was standing with his finger pressed against the Pendarvis doorbell. Holmes and I flung ourselves upon him him, but he was a wiry customer, and we for all our superior strength and numbers were flung back and forth like hounds attacking a bear.

And then the door was opened suddenly from within, and we all tumbled into a hallway lighted only by a candle held aloft in the hand of the surprised householder.

Our captive suddenly ceased his struggles, and Holmes and I drew back to see that we had succeeded in overcoming none other than Constable Tredennis himself. He held in his right hand an extremely businesslike revolver, which fell to the carpet with a dull thump.

"Mr. Pendarvis," said Holmes, "Mr. Donal Pendarvis, permit me to introduce you to your intended murderer."

No one spoke. But the apple-cheeked constable now had a face the color of the under side of a flounder. All thought of resistance was gone. "You are uncanny, Mr. Holmes," the young man muttered. "How could you know?"

"How could I fail to know?" said Holmes, arranging his dishevelled clothing. "It was fairly evident that since there was no citizen in Penzance who possessed both an ability as a marksman, a knowledge of the tides, and an attractive young wife, our man must be a member of the profession where marksmanship is encouraged."

He turned toward the man who still held the candle, though with trembling fingers. "It was also evident that your brother, who still sleeps soundly upstairs, was never intended as a victim at all. Else the murderer would hardly have bothered with warning messages. It was you, Mr. Donal Pendarvis, who was the bull's-eye of the target."

"I—I do not understand," said the *man* with the candle, backing away. I kept a close grip upon the unresisting form of the prisoner, and watched Holmes as he quietly produced his cherrywood pipe and lighted it.

"There was an excellent motive for Constable Tredennis to murder you, sir," said Holmes to our unwilling host. "No man cares to have his garden plucked by a stranger. Your death would have begun an inquiry which would have led straight to the husband of the lady you see on Friday nights . . ."

"That is a black lie!" shouted Tredennis, and then subsided.

"Unless," Holmes continued quietly, "it was obvious to all the world that Donal Pendarvis was killed by accident; that he met his death at the hands of a madman with an unexplained grudge against his brother Allen. That is why the warning notes so unnecessarily stressed the name of Allen Pendarvis. That is why the murderer-to-be carefully missed his supposed victim and shot out the candle. I did my best, Mr. Pendarvis, to assure your safety by having you taken into custody. That subterfuge failed, and so I was forced to this extreme means."

Tredennis twisted out of my grasp. "Very well, make an end of it," he cried. "I admit it all, Mr. Holmes, and shall gladly leave it to a jury of my peers——"

"You had best leave it to me, at the moment," advised Holmes. "Mr. Pendarvis, you do not know me, but I have saved your life. May I ask a favor in return?"

Donal Pendarvis hesitated. "I am listening," he said. "You understand, I admit nothing . . ."

"Of course. I venture to suggest that instead of remaining here in the household of your brother and amusing yourself with dangerous dalliance you betake yourself to fields which offer greater opportunity for the use of your time and energy. The wheatfields of Canada, perhaps, or the veldt of South Africa . . ."

"And if I refuse?"

"The alternative," said Holmes, "is an exceedingly unpleasant scandal, involving a lady's name. Your lawsuit for false arrest will present the yellow Press with unusual opportunities, will it not, when they learn that it all arose from an honest attempt upon my part to save your neck from a just punishment?"

He lowered the candle, and a slow smile spread across his handsome face. "I give you my word, Mr. Holmes. I shall leave by the first packet."

DONAL PENDARVIS extended his hand, and Holmes grasped it. And then we returned back into the night, our prisoner between us. We went up the cobbled street in silence, the young constable striding forward as to the gallows.

We found the hansom still waiting, and set off at once for Penzance. But it was Holmes who called on the driver to stop as we pulled into the outskirts of the town.

"Can we drop you off at your dwelling, constable?" he asked.

The young man looked up, his eyes haunted. "Do not make sport of me, Mr. Holmes. You copped me for fair and I am ready to——"

Holmes half-shoved him out of the hansom. "Be off with you, my young friend. You must leave it to me to satisfy your sub-inspector with a story which Doctor Watson and I shall contrive out of moonbeams. For your part, you must make up your own mind as to your tactics in dealing with your Maudie. After all, the immediate problem is removed, and if you wish to transfer to some other duty with less night work, here is my card. I shall be glad to say a word in your behalf to the powers at Scotland Yard."

The hansom, at Holmes' signal, rolled onward again, cutting short the incoherent thanks of the chastened young constable.

"I am quite aware of what is in your mind," said Holmes to me as we approached our destination. "But you are wrong. The ends of justice will be better served by sending our young culprit back to his Maudie instead of by publicly disgracing him . . ."

"It is of no use, Holmes," said I firmly. "Nothing that you can say will change my decision. Upon our return to London I shall ask Emilia to become my wife."

Sherlock Holmes let his hand fall on my shoulder, in a comradely gesture. "So be it. Marry her and keep her. One of these days I shall return to the country and the keeping of bees. We shall see who suffers the sharpest stings."

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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

★★ *The Gunfighter*

"THE GUNFIGHTER," a period melodrama from Twentieth Century-Fox, is a breakaway from conventional Westerns in that interest centres on character study rather than run-and-hunt aspects.

Starting out with a minute story and a first-rate cast and introducing suspense elements, Fox offers a slow-moving but absorbing film about a big-gun of the old West, showing how his peculiar talents affected his own life as well as those of others.

As a repentant gunman with an implied history of killings, Gregory Peck has not his most rewarding role, but he does an earnest and thoughtful job of acting as Jimmy Ringo, the tired outlaw.

Trying to make a new life, he ends up inevitably with a bullet in the back from the gun of a show-off who seeks a reputation by downing the lightning-draw veteran.

The story proper begins when Jimmy limps into the small town of Cayenne for a glimpse of his estranged wife and son.

From that moment all sorts of conflicts develop within the town, and he spends the remaining few hours of his life side-stepping gun clashes and working against the clock to reconcile his family.

Apart from the star, who steals audience sympathy, the chief performers in a large cast of players are Helen Westcott, a disappointing Peggy Ringo; Jean Parker, a fleeting friend; and Millard Mitchell, a rugged friend of Peck's, who has become the town marshal.

Karl Malden plays a nervous barman, and Skip Homeier and Richard Jaeckel are a couple of budding toughs who are intent on provoking the gunman.

In Sydney—the Plaza.

AUSTRALIAN radio artist Bill Kerr achieved an old wish when he visited the Savoy Theatre to see "Castle in the Air," and found himself talking to his favorite actress, Coral Browne, who hails from Melbourne.

★ *The Reformer and the Redhead*

AFTER a bright and promising beginning M.G.M.'s romantic comedy, starring husband-and-wife team Dick Powell and June Allyson, just scrapes home as mediocre.

The material from which the Norman Panama-Melvin Frank team have fashioned their entertainment is not exactly novel, but it is usually giddy enough to appeal to the cash customers.

June Allyson, as the fast-talking, uninhibited redhead daughter of zoo-keeper Cecil Kellaway, catches the attention of the town's reform candidate, Powell, who sets out to become mayor on a clean-up ticket.

Father Kellaway is threatened with the loss of his job, the reformer uncovers evidence of political significance, and, for a while, it looks as though he is to become a heel by using the information for his own advantage.

The redhead registers disapproval, and in an animal-farce finale the reformer clinches romantic success, mayoral victory, and heroic status by telling the truth in his final campaign speech.

Two bright minor spots are filled by David (Adam's Rib) Wayne as Powell's associate and Marvin Kaplan as the myopic law clerk.

In Sydney—the St. James.

★ *Stars In My Crown*

LIFE in a small town following the Civil War is temporarily enlivened by the appearance of a pistol packin' parson in the opening scenes of M.G.M.'s "Stars In My Crown."

The parson is also a very nice fellow as portrayed by Joel McCrea, and succeeds in his determination to become the town's man-of-God by the judicious use of a text or a fist when the occasion seems to suggest it.

Reverent townsfolk flock to his congregation and build a fine church, but the placid meeting-house atmosphere is disturbed by the town's resistance to James Mitchell's young Doc., by the village laid waste during a typhoid epidemic, and by a masked mob trying to oust gentle old Juano Hernandez from his homestead.

More soothing to eye and ear are Tom Sawyer-like episodes involving Dean Stockwell, the parson's ward, and a bunch of village youngsters, and the pleasant sentiment dispensed by Ellen Drew as McCrea's wife.

The title of the film comes from an old hymn, which is repeated at intervals.

In Sydney—the St. James.

HAPPILY MARRIED Betsy Drake and Cary Grant chat with producer Harry M. Popkin on the set of "Ellen," in which Betsy, whose film career is now rolling along nicely, co-stars with Robert Young.

ON OTHER PAGES:

Stars of new films, in color. Page 53
"Night And The City." Page 54
Farrar for America. Page 56
Indian Film Star. Page 57

News from the studios

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

WHEN Shelley Winters had to hitch-hike from the corner of Hollywood and Vine to the Universal lot for a publicity stunt, she really stopped the traffic at the world's most glamorous crossroads. An eager motorist stopped his car so suddenly to offer her a ride that the car behind him bashed in his fender. But Shelley got her ride anyway.

* * *

LOVELY June Haver stepped out and cute little Doris Day stepped into the starring role in Warner's "Lullaby of Broadway." June's recent illness prevented her from dancing for some time to come, on doctor's orders. Director David Butler was all set to launch the musical, but had to postpone the production date since Doris was still working in the studio's "The West Point Story," in which she plays opposite Jimmy Cagney.

Good news for sufferers from

IRREGULARITY

Kellogg's nut-sweet All-Bran is a natural
Laxative, Health Food and Blood Tonic

Your health depends on what you eat every day. This natural, nut-sweet breakfast food stimulates and maintains daily regularity — as it builds you up! No medicines needed.

★ ★ ★

Kellogg's All-Bran is not a purgative, but a natural health food. That is good, because your health depends on what you eat . . . not on medicines.

For natural elimination there is nothing else like All-Bran. It supplies the BULK your system needs every day — the vital bulk that is so often cooked out of our modern foods. The smooth-acting bulk in Kellogg's All-Bran helps prepare internal waste for quick, easy and daily elimination.

Builds you UP

Kellogg's All-Bran is different from ordinary laxatives or purgatives in another way, too. It is an important source of Vitamins B, for the nerves, B_2 for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, and Niacin for the skin. That is why it helps to build you UP day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All-Bran . . . effective, gentle, pleasant and safe.

Delicious This Way . . .

Just sprinkle Kellogg's All-Bran over your breakfast cereal. It has a tasty, toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Or you can make it up into delicious cooked dishes (recipes on every packet). Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran to-day. Sold at all grocers.

THE NATURAL LAXATIVE, HEALTH FOOD and BLOOD TONIC

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN*

* Registered Trade Mark

"Tired Blood" and Blemishes

Kellogg's All-Bran is a tonic for your blood — rich in iron. Richer than spinach. It helps keep your blood at its proper iron level. Does away with "tired blood" . . . cleanses away blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. The iron in Kellogg's All-Bran protects your skin from ugly pimples and blemishes.

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"Creating a sensation" is putting it mildly. This season's new Speedo beachwear for men is a complete "knockout" from coast-to-coast. Styled in California on the latest Honolulu trends, precision-tailored by Speedo in the newest colours, and all VELANISED*. . . they virtually never get wet! See them now at your favourite men's store.

BEACHWEAR AND SPORTSWEAR BY Speedo

LEFT: The new "Yankee Clipper," cut boxer style from the smoothest satin-finish fabric you ever stepped into and featuring the new concealed pocket. Colours: Tile blue, maroon, nude, bottle green, lime green.

CENTRE: Beach-mates . . . Speedo's new matching boxer shorts and "light-as-a-breeze" beach shirt. Both "velanised"—both superbly cut from matt-finish fabric in popular colours of grey, blond beige, sage green, blue, maize, cream. Buy them separately or together, as you wish.

RIGHT: The new Speedo walk-shorts worn with the famous Speedo sports shirt brings a new lightness, a new comfort to leisure wear. Sports shirt in colours of fawn, grey, maize, blue, taffy; long or short sleeves. Walk-shorts grey, green or fawn.

*** VELANISED!**
Speedo beachwear is velanised specially treated so that the water just rolls off and the garment dries in a jiffy, without clinging!

THE BEACHPACK
Your Speedo shorts now come in a new plastic pack . . . handy for after use to protect your towel, cigarettes and personal items on the beach.

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Catherine Spence: *Pioneer journalist*

FAMOUS WOMEN

● One of the finest pioneers Australia ever had was a woman journalist, Catherine Spence, yet she lived and did her work one hundred years ago, when women journalists were regarded with suspicion and as a race to be discouraged.

TO be sure, for 30 years Catherine Spence used her brother's name to sign her articles, but she had a message, and she was determined to deliver it without being side-tracked by any irrelevant nonsense about what sex one ought to belong to.

Her message was a strange one for a woman of that day; she believed passionately in democracy, and she believed even more passionately that democracy could not exist without proportional representation, or "effective voting," as she preferred to call it.

It was to the campaign for proportional or preferential voting, which nowadays we take so much for granted, that she devoted the whole of her long life, sparing neither time, energy, money, nor health to bring it about.

Catherine Helen Spence is identified with Australia as a whole by the cause to which she dedicated her life; she is identified with South Australia and the city of Adelaide in many ways besides.

In a sense, she grew up with South Australia, for the colony was only three years old when she arrived there with her family in 1839 at the age of 14.

She was born at Melrose, on the Tweed, in Scotland, in the romantic neighborhood of Abbotsford and Sir Walter Scott. One of her earliest memories was of the funeral procession of the great novelist winding its way to Dryburgh Abbey, where so many of her own family were buried.

"I account myself well born," she says in a memorable sentence, "for my father and mother loved each other. I account myself well descended, going back for many generations on both sides of intelligent and respectable people. I think I was well brought up, for my father and mother were of one mind regarding the care of the family."

A better description of gentle birth could hardly be devised.

Her father was David Spence, a lawyer, and her mother, Helen Brodie, daughter of one of the most enterprising farmers in Britain.

Young Catherine, who was fifth among eight children, had a happy childhood, and for those days an exceedingly good education.

Languages were well taught, and a love and a discriminating taste for good books were stimulated and encouraged along with the more "womanly" pursuit of fine needlework.

Catherine, indeed, was set fair for an academic career, with Edinburgh as her goal, when her gentle, incurably trusting father was ruined by wheat speculations. With recovery impossible, David Spence, fortified by a gift of £500 from his wife's people, took his family to Adelaide.

Their early years in this hard, raw, new colony were extremely difficult, and David Spence lived only six years longer.

For some months after they landed, the family lived in a tent on Brownhill Creek, and sold milk from their small herd of cows.

During this period they lived chiefly on rice—it was the only cheap food, and Spence bought a ton of it. Later he got the job of Town Clerk of Adelaide at £150 a year, but lost it again with the break-up of the municipality.

In 1843, to help the family finances, Catherine went out as a governess at sixpence an hour, and the knowledge that she had 5/- a week to put into the common fund restored her sense of independence and dissipated her shyness.

Meanwhile, she was writing for the Press, a modest beginning with stray verses and an occasional letter to the "South Australian," anonymous, of course.

Later she ran a small school, with the help of her mother and sisters, but in 1850, when she was 25, she gave up teaching and turned to novel-writing.

In all she wrote seven novels, and though fiction was never more than a by-product of her intensely busy existence, her writing is competent and professional, and she has her own distinct and not unimportant place in the development of Australian literature.

Her first two books, "Clara Morison" and "Tender and True," were published in England, and though well reviewed netted their author only £50 between them. The third, "Mr. Hogarth's Will," into which she wove her ideas about voting, yielded £85, but this included serial rights in the Melbourne "Telegraph."

Her best novel, and her last, "Handfasted," was never published at all; it was submitted for a prize of £100 offered by the "Sydney Mail," but the judge "feared it was calculated to loosen the marriage tie—it was too socialistic, and consequently dangerous!"

In 1859 Catherine received the inspiration for what was to be her life's work. The English philosopher John Stuart Mill had written a pamphlet advocating Thomas Hare's scheme for proportional voting, and, fired with enthusiasm after reading it, Catherine lost no time in getting her own views on the subject into print.

At that time she was Adelaide correspondent for the Melbourne "Argus" (under her brother's name), but the "Argus" showed no enthusiasm for their employee's new ideas; it recognised them as ingenious, but said it was definitely committed to block voting and that was that.

Two years later, when telegraphed news services made Catherine's work as correspondent unnecessary, she began to write a series of letters to the Adelaide "Register" on her pet theme, signed with her initials.

Her brother John encouraged her to write a pamphlet, and got it printed under the title of "A Plea for Pure Democracy." It was described by John Stuart Mill, Thomas Hare, and other authorities as the best argument from the popular side that had been presented.

Through the kindness of friends, Catherine was enabled to visit England and Scotland in 1865. During her visit she met Thomas Hare himself, and Rowland Hill, then better known as a post-office reformer than as a pioneer of effective voting, and the great Mill also, as well as George Eliot and many less dazzling celebrities.

CATHERINE SPENCE, pioneer Australian woman journalist, who made her life's work the campaign for preferential voting.

She and Mill enjoyed each other's society very much, but her meeting with George Eliot was something of a fiasco, and Catherine gives an amusing account of it in her autobiography. George Eliot apologised handsomely years later for her brusqueness, which was caused by ill-health, and Catherine never ceased to regard her, together with Jane Austen, as one of her favorite English novelists.

By this time, of course, Catherine Spence was a well-known public figure, and her services were in demand in Adelaide for all sorts of reform projects.

Books to read are Catherine Helen Spence: An Autobiography, and The Life of Catherine Spence, by Jeanne Young.

She was a pioneer in the fight to provide destitute children with normal home lives instead of allowing them to be herded together in institutions; and for 14 years she worked hard to help make the foster-parents scheme under the Boarding-Out Society the success it undoubtedly became.

The movement spread to other States and to New Zealand, while a little book Catherine wrote on the subject, "State Children in Australia," reached the desk of the Under-Secretary of State in the British Government and greatly influenced the preparation of the Children's Bill that came before the House of Commons in 1908.

Public speaking was another activity for women pioneered by Catherine Spence. She began in a modest way with travel and literary talks, but later on branched out into preaching and political speaking. She had abandoned the gloomy Calvinism of her forefathers, with its doctrine of predestination, and had joined the Unitarian Church, whose pulpits were open to women ministers.

Catherine was frequently in demand as a preacher, not only in Adelaide, but in Melbourne and Sydney, and later in America.

An address given at the Unitarian Church in Sydney on the subject of International Peace gave her the opportunity to express her disapproval of the South African War, and she was described (by the Sydney "Bulletin") as "the gallant little old lady who has more moral courage in her little finger than all the Sydney ministers have in their combined anatomies."

As one might imagine, Catherine had little time in her life for romance; she had two offers of marriage in her whole life, both of which she declined. She said in later years that though she had often envied her friends the love of their children, she had never envied any of them their husbands!

Books, pamphlets, and articles on all sorts of subjects poured from her tireless pen. She was a pioneer of educational reform in South Australia, and wrote a notable little book on civics called "The Laws We Live Under" for use in State schools.

She was a foundation member of the Adelaide Hospital Commission and gave help to women's suffrage movements.

She was guardian time and again throughout her long life to the orphan children of friends or relations; she kept up her literary studies and taught herself Latin; and all the while "carried her flag" for proportional representation up and down the continent, speaking at meetings, and travelling under all sorts of discomfort and hardships.

In 1893, at the age of 68, she left for a lecture tour of America as a Government Commissioner and a delegate to the World's Fair Congress in Chicago. Her visit was an enormous success, and her passport to the hearts of progressive Americans was the fact that she came "from Australia, the home of the secret ballot!"

This incredible woman, nearly 70 years old, travelled up and down the United States, addressing meetings, preaching from pulpits, and giving interviews to the Press. She met many famous people, including Henry George and Oliver Wendell Holmes, as well as the young Helen Keller, about to take her university degree.

One homely little touch is the way Catherine was impressed by the superiority of American domestic arrangements, even 56 years ago. She speaks of a terrace of 40 houses in Brooklyn, all warmed by central heating from one furnace, with hot water laid on, lifts, and "cupboards everywhere, ensuring the maximum of comfort with the minimum of labor."

On her return to Australia she had the satisfaction of seeing women in South Australia given the vote, and she herself was the first woman to seek election in a political contest, standing unsuccessfully as a candidate for the Federal Convention in 1897.

Her candidature aroused great interest and gave the cause of proportional representation further impetus, especially with the example of Tasmania, South Africa, and Belgium before the world.

By 1902 effective voting had taken shape at least in the form of a Bill introduced into the South Australian Legislative Council, and by 1909, the year before her death, her goal was in sight, though she was not to witness the final victory.

Catherine's mother had died in 1884 at the age of 97, and though Catherine remained cheerful and active, she never really recovered from the blow. At the age of 84, still young in heart and forward-looking, she sat down to write her autobiography, but left it unfinished at the point at which her mother had died. She herself died at Norwood, in South Australia, in April, 1910, and her autobiography was finished by her friend and colleague, Mrs. Jeanne Young, and published by the Adelaide "Register," for which she had written so long.

Mrs. Young's words are her most fitting monument: "No truer friend, no better helper, no more sympathetic worker on behalf of the distressed, the deserted, and the destitute ever lived than the 'Grand Old Woman of Australia.'"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

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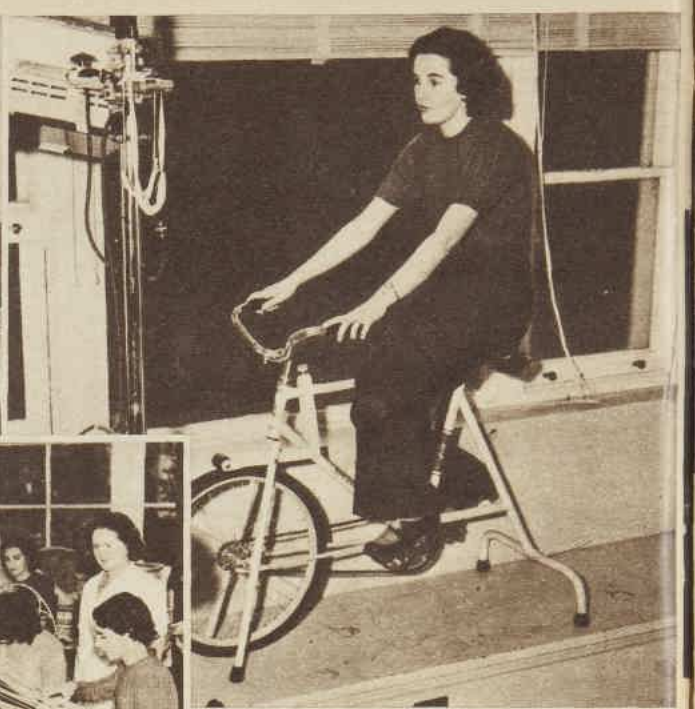
You are insured against loss of livelihood

BRIGHTLY FURNISHED bedroom at Kooyong Rehabilitation Centre, Warrawee, Sydney. Maximum number of beds in one room is five.



OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY at Kooyong. Left: Basketwork is one means of restoring facility of fingers to people who have been injured or ill. Above: Miss Fay Pusell, 17, of Wollongong, in the physiotherapy room.

Taxation makes social services the right of every Australian

By NORMAN BARTLETT

Do you know what you are entitled to for the social services you pay? Possibly you've never had time or reason to think about it.

I hadn't thought about it, either, until I met a girl at the bus stop with her right arm in a sling.

SHE wore a well-cut blue suit and a smart red beret and smiled gratefully when I steadied her against a jerky start. I could see it was a bad break. There was plaster from finger-tips to elbow. We sat together and I asked how it happened.

"Horse riding," she said. "I went out one Saturday afternoon, fell off, and this is the result."

"Bad?" I asked sympathetically.

"Pretty bad," she admitted seriously. "You see, I'm an artist—a commercial artist—and if I lose the use of my right arm . . ."

"What are you doing about it?" I asked.

"Physiotherapy at Kooyong Rehabilitation Centre," she told me. "It's at Warrawee (Sydney). That's where I'm going now. There's one thing . . . if they can't restore full use of my arm they'll teach me another profession."

With a little prompting she told me she had to stand down from her job without compensation. After a week or two she applied for unemployment and sickness benefits through her local Social Services office. She drew 25/- a week, paid regularly by cheque to her home address.

"At first I felt a bit self-conscious about accepting what I had been brought up to regard as charity," she said. "But then I thought—why shouldn't I collect it? After all, that is what I'd been paying taxes for.

"The officers at the centre certainly didn't make me feel uncomfortable or as if I were collecting something that wasn't my due."

Meanwhile, she had been attending a Macquarie Street specialist, having X-rays at £1/1/- a time. Then one day, after she had been collecting relief payments for about three months, she received a notice to report for examination before a medical panel at the Rehabilitation Office in the Grace Building, York Street, Sydney.

"To my amazement, the doctor said the Social Services Department would pay any further medical expenses," she said. "That's all I had to do with it. The Department got into touch with the specialist and fixed everything up.

"Then the doctor told me I needed physiotherapy. So now I'm going three times a week to Kooyong.

"Anything less like an institution than Kooyong would be hard to imagine. It is a fine old house set in large grounds. The front hall is panelled in Italian maple wood and paved with Tasmanian blackwood.

"The dining-room looks like a first-class restaurant. The bedrooms are bright, well-furnished, and the biggest only has five beds in it. Each bed has a separate reading light.

"The idea is to restore the use of injured limbs or weak bodies by planned exercises and stimulating activities like basketwork, leatherwork, weaving, and similar handicrafts.

"If therapy fails to restore the use of my arm, then the Department will teach me another occupation. But I'm quite confident, with the attention I get at Kooyong, that I'll soon be able to hold a brush and paint again."

What puzzled me was how in the first place she knew about the Social Service Centre, through which she got her unemployment and sickness benefits.

"I wouldn't have known," she told me, "if I hadn't met Mrs. Dorothy Marsh, of the Social Services Council. Unfortunately, unlike me, many people don't learn about these things soon enough. Anyway, I met Mrs. Marsh at a friend's house soon after my accident. She soon told me what to do."

Feeling that everybody should know where to go and what to do in a family emergency, I called to see Mrs. Marsh. I found her in a small office on the third floor of Endeavour House, 33 Macquarie Place, Sydney.

She is a professional Social Worker and Public Relations Officer for the N.S.W. Council of Social Service. Doctors, clergymen, Government officers, hospital almoners, and many others regularly consult her and officers of the Council for guidance.

The New South Wales Council of Social Service co-ordinates Federal, State, and voluntary social services. There are similar co-ordinating councils in Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide. Through the Council you can find the answer to your particular social service problem.

"Rehabilitation is only one of the hundreds of social services we keep up to date with here," Mrs. Marsh told me.

"Kooyong opened only in January this year. The house is Judge Markell's old home. It is one of several similar rehabilitation centres in Australia."

This was all news to me. Like most taxpayers I was lamentably ignorant about the way the Federal Government uses our social services tax.

Mrs. Marsh pointed to a large colored poster hanging on the wall of her office. It gave all the basic information. Last financial year (1948-49) the Federal Government paid out £80,777,000 in social service benefits. This year it plans to spend more than £100,000,000.

The money comes from a National Welfare Fund. We, the Australian taxpayers, provide that fund. We do so through our social services tax at the rate of 3d in the £ on lower incomes and rising to 1/6 in the £. Employers are required to contribute a special payroll tax.

Here is a summary of Australian social service benefits:

Maternity Allowance of £15 if no other children; £16 if one or two other children; £17/10/- if three or more other children. An extra £5 for each additional child born at the one birth. Expectant mothers may apply four weeks before expected date of birth for advance of £5. No means test.

Endowment 5/- a week for the first child under 16, and 10/- for each child after the first. Payment made for children not born in Australia if department is satisfied that family is likely to remain permanently. No means test.

MISS TESS STAER at a pottery wheel at Perry Park Centre, Brisbane (left). Miss Maureen Clark (right below) at a woodwork bench with Miss Patricia Kenny. Tray has 2000 matches in base.

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ARM EXERCISES for Melva Wilkins, of Hillside, South Australia, at Mt. Breckan (S.A.). Miss Wilkins contracted poliomyelitis last January. She will have the full use of her muscles early next year. "I was an outdoor girl," Melva says, "and I will be one again."

CLASS in the grounds of Mt. Breckan. The centre accommodates 45 men and women. Occupational therapy includes animal husbandry.

Hospitals As an Australian citizen you are entitled to free treatment in public wards of public hospitals. The Federal Government pays the State Government 8/- a day for each patient.

The Government also provides a credit of 8/- a day against the hospital fees of patients occupying beds in non-public wards of public hospitals or in approved private hospitals.

The hospital should deduct this from your bill. Mothers are entitled to these benefits during confinement.

Medicine You can obtain free a number of expensive drugs, including the sulpha group, penicillin, streptomycin, insulin, and several vaccines and sera.

Your doctor writes a prescription, which you present to your chemist.

If your doctor has prescribed one or more of the expensive listed free drugs you pay no money. The chemist collects from the Federal Government. If your doctor has prescribed a compounded mixture you pay the chemist in the ordinary manner.

Tuberculosis The Government has increased the allowance to £3/12/6 a week for a sufferer without dependents. If the sufferer is receiving treatment in an approved free institution the allowance is £2/12/6 a week. A sufferer with a wife and family receives £6/10/- a week, plus 9/- a week for each dependent child. There is a means test for income, but the sufferer can own property without losing any of the allowance.

Unemployment You are entitled to 25/- a week if you fall out of your job through sickness, accident, or any other cause except a strike. You can draw 25/- a week even if you have other income of up to £1 a week. If you are the wife of a temporarily unemployed man you are entitled to an allowance of £1 a week in addition to his 25/-, with 5/- a week for one child. If you are single and under 21 weekly payments vary from 15/- to £1.

Nowadays, with plenty of jobs offering, sickness or off work accidents are the chief causes of temporary unemployment. (Workers' compensation covers accidents at work.) All you do is report to the nearest Social Services centre. If disablement continues for more than six months you may be entitled to an invalid pension as well.

Invalid Permanent or semi-permanent invalids and blind persons may draw a Federal pension of up to £2/2/6 a week. The resident wife of an invalid or blind pensioner can claim £1/4/- a week for herself and 9/- for one child. Invalid pensioners may earn up to £78 a year (30/- a week) and still receive full pension. If income from other sources exceeds £78 a year the pension is reduced by the amount of the excess.

Blind pensioners, however, are permitted an income of £305/10/- a year (£5/17/6 a week) and receive full pension. Property qualifications same as for aged pensioners (see below).

Rehabilitation Invalid pensioners and sickness benefit cases who have been incapacitated for 13 weeks first go to a service centre. An eligibility panel consisting of an administrative officer and a doctor examines each individual.

Cases accepted for rehabilitation are referred to a consultative panel, consisting of men and women experienced in social work and training for employment.

They advise whether the patient should be sent to a residential centre or to a day centre or trained in some other way.

Commonwealth Rehabilitation centres throughout Australia have enabled 1100 people to resume work or take on new occupations after injury or prolonged sickness.

The Commonwealth Government began rehabilitation centres for ex-service men and women, but extended them to civilians in 1948 to bring Australia into line with national health services in Britain and America.

Some people whom the centres have helped were invalids for many years. In South Australia a 44-year-old invalid pensioner, who had not worked since she injured a leg and an arm at the age of 16, was able to take on a job as a switchboard attendant after treatment at a centre.

Centres are staffed by a manager and a medical team, which included two nurses, physiotherapist, occupational therapist, education officer, physical training instructors, handcraft workers, and trades instructors.

Centres are situated at:

N.S.W.: Jervis Bay, residential for men; Kooyong, at Warrawee, residential for women; Cliffbrook, at Clovelly, day attendance for men and women.

VICTORIA: Maryport, near Mt. Martha, residential for men and women; Coonac, at Toorak, day attendance for men and women.

QUEENSLAND: Toowoomba Centre, residential for men and women; Perry Park, Brisbane, day attendance for men and women.

SOUTH AUST: Mt. Breckan, Victor Harbor, residential for men and women; Gawler Place, Adelaide, day attendance for men and women.

WESTERN AUST: Melville, near Fremantle, combined residential and day attendance centre for men and women.

Age Pension Women of 60 or over with an income of under £3/12/6 a week are entitled to an age pension. The pension age for men is 65.

You receive the full pension of £2/2/6 a week if your other income does not exceed 30/- a week and if you do not own property worth more than £109, excluding your home and furniture, which does not count.

If you have a separate income of between 30/- and £3/12/6 an adjustment is made in the rate of pension. If you have an income of £3/12/6 a week you are not eligible.

The annual rate of pension is reduced by £1 for every complete £10 of the net value of property between £100 and £450. The deduction is £2 for every £10 between £450 and £750.

To obtain an age pension write to the Commonwealth Director of Social Services in State capitals or apply to the nearest Commonwealth Registrar of Social Services.

Widows The rate varies according to age and domestic circumstances. The maximum of £2/7/6 a week goes to widows who have the care of one or more children under 16. A widow over 50 with no children receives £1/17/- a week. A widow under 50 with no children can draw £2/2/6 a week for 26 weeks after the death of her husband.

Divorcees, deserted wives, and women whose husbands are in a hospital for the insane are entitled to similar payments. If you have other sources of income adjustments are made in the pension rate.

How to apply for widows' pensions: If you live in a city write to the Commonwealth Director of Social Services, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, Hobart, as the case may be. If you live in the country write to the nearest Commonwealth Registrar of Social Services or call at the Social Services Centre.

Funeral You can draw £10 towards the cost of the funeral of an age or invalid pensioner. The Registrar of Deaths or any Social Services Department office will supply claim forms. You send the forms to the Commonwealth Director of Social Services in the capital city of the State in which the death occurred.

You can obtain information about social services from the Commonwealth Director of Social Services in each State. Addresses of offices in the capitals are:

Sydney: Australia House, 52 Carrington Street.

Melbourne: The A.C.A. Building, 118-126 Queen Street.

Brisbane: Commonwealth Offices, Adelaide Street.

Adelaide: C.M.L. Building, King William Street.

Perth: 5th Floor, G.P.O.

Hobart: 71 Murray Street.

Canberra: The Regional Registrar of Social Services, Canberra, A.C.T.

MARYPORT REHABILITATION CENTRE, Mt. Martha (Vic.), accommodates about 50 men and women residents. It has 30 acres of grounds. Courses include metal trades, pottery, many handcrafts, and horticulture.

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TESTS FOR *Teenagers*

Three of these six pictures show how a teenage girl behaves when she has poise and three show what happens when she lacks it. Teenagers can test their poise by comparing their own behaviour with that shown.

GOT HER MAN, and letting the world know it. Possessive clinging to a boy's arm in the street is bad form socially, and marks girl as a huntress.

SHOW-OFF. Poised teenagers don't try to capture attention by extrovert behaviour in public. It only embarrasses and annoys people they are with.

☆

GRACEFUL acceptance of offer to have fare paid by acquaintance is expected of poised young woman (below). Dithering and protests are unnecessary and childish.

SCHOOLGIRL behaviour of reading to friend a letter written to her by a boy is cheap and unadult. No teenager with any claim to possessing poise would act in this ungrown-up way.

MATURE teenagers are sure enough of themselves to suggest it's time to go. Staying at party often means missing last tram home and the expense of a taxi to another suburb for escort.

INTRODUCTIONS are tests of poise. The boy is first presented to the girl. "Nora, I don't think you know Peter Smith," is informal and friendly. Then to Peter, "And this is Nora Jones."

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Namatjira paints his first seascape . . .

ALBERT NAMATJIRA, aboriginal artist.

● For Albert Namatjira, the aboriginal artist, to paint his first seascape took courage of a sort that white Australians might find difficult to understand.

When Namatjira visited Darwin recently he went into what was, for him, a foreign country. To a full-blood aboriginal, his country is the place where the spirits of his ancestors dwell. It is the place where he must live and die.

When he left the Arunta country of Central Australia, Namatjira told Rex Batterbee, the artist who is one of the trust controlling the exhibiting and marketing of his paintings, that he did not intend to paint in Darwin.

By ROBERT FREEDEN, in Darwin

He was going merely to see officials about a grazing licence for an area near Hermannsburg Mission.

His wife warned him: "Albert, you be careful in Darwin. You be stranger there. Might be that Darwin boy make trouble."

But nobody, not even Namatjira, realised what his reaction to the sea would be. He saw it first in the morning light, the glittering, blue-green Arafura Sea.

For a whole day Namatjira stared at the sea. Next morning he completed his first seascape.

It was subdued, timid. I realised Namatjira was afraid of Darwin. For two days he painted no more.

But he kept coming back to look at the sea.

One day, without a word to anyone, he walked along the beach and painted the two pictures in this issue.

When I asked if I could have them for The Australian Women's Weekly, I mentioned his first one.

"That is it," he said, pointing to one he had given me.

"No," I said, "The quiet one."

"Oh, that," he said, "It got burnt."

Namatjira had destroyed it, and with it his tribal fears.

BELOW: Namatjira's painting of the Arafura Sea at Darwin. RIGHT: Bloodwood trees at Rapid Creek, Darwin.

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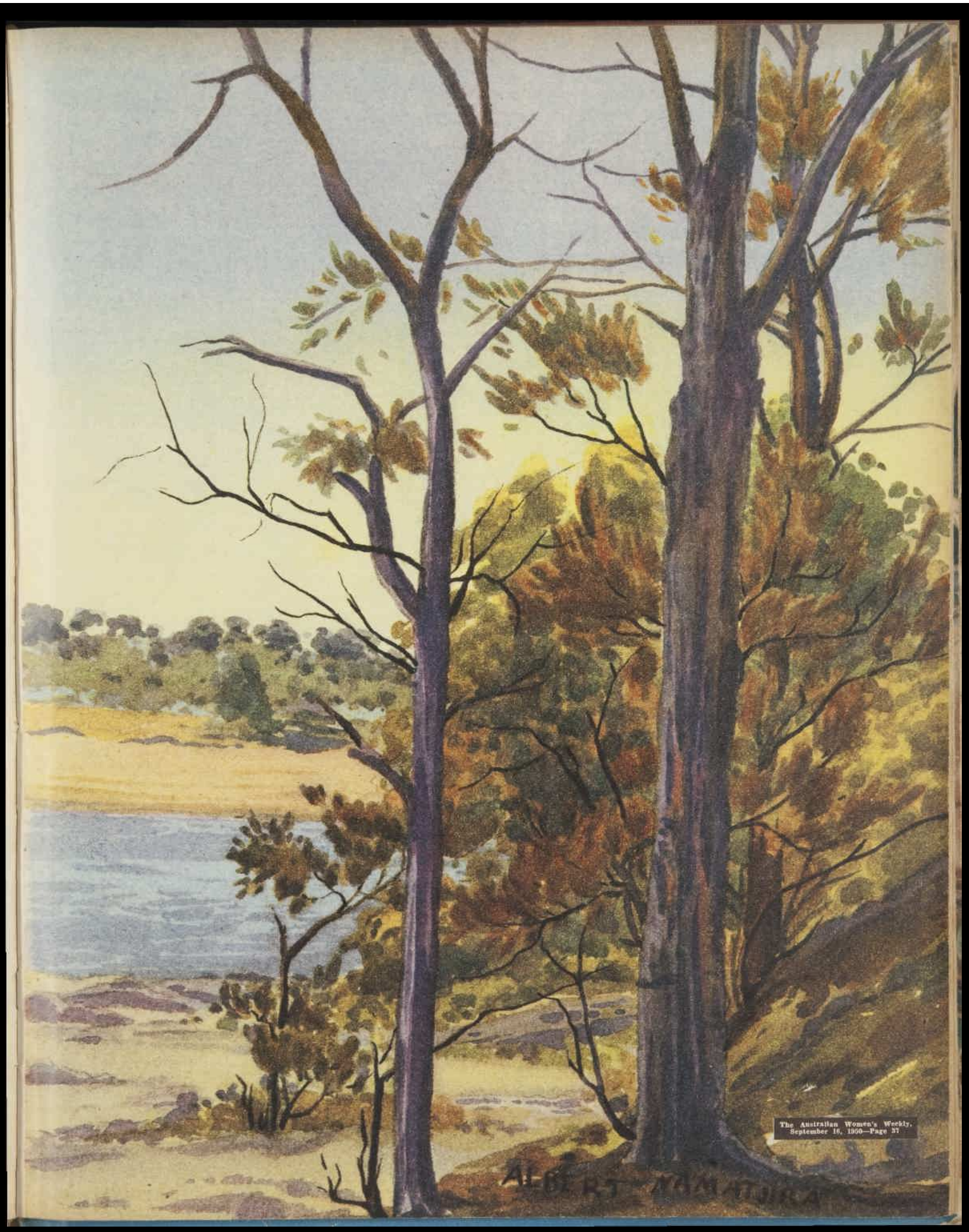

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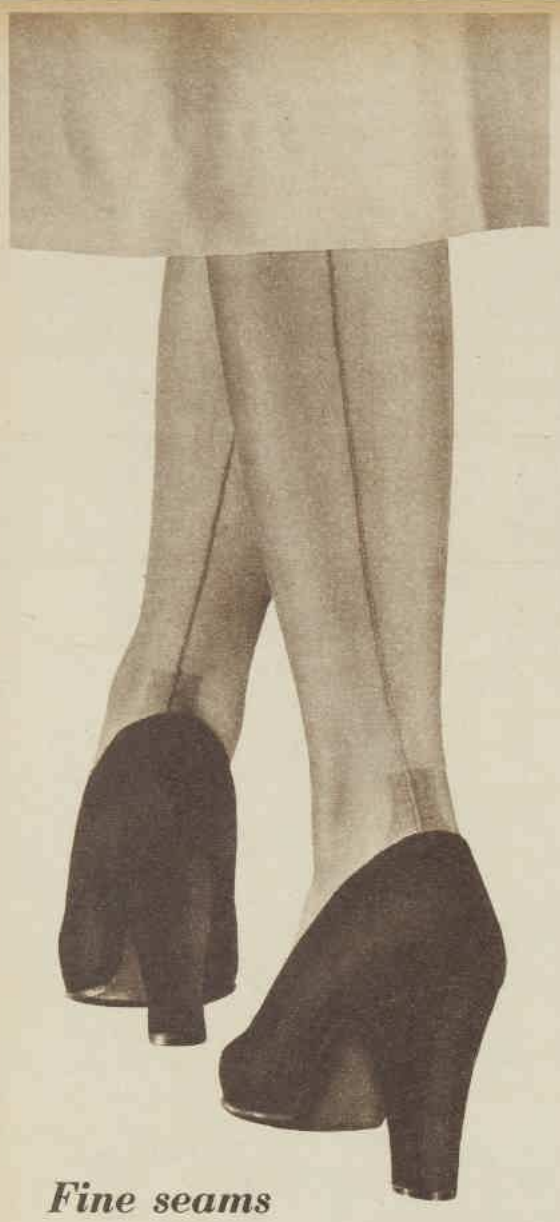

Fine seams

Heel-slimming panels

Full sandal feet!

BOND'S

gossamer fine

NYLONS

Misty soft colours. Our machinery is the newest from the United States . . . that means extra wear as well as extra smartness.

12/3

AT ALL HOSIERY COUNTERS

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 7

IT had been Jean's intention to go back to Singapore and wait there for a boat to England; if she had to wait long for a cheap passage she intended to try to find a job for a few weeks or months. A plane called at Kota Bharu next day, and landed at Kuantan on the way down to Singapore. She spoke to Wilson-Hays again that evening after dinner.

"Do you think there would be a hotel or anything at Kuantan if I stopped there for a day?" she asked.

"Do you want to go back there?" he asked.

"I think I do," she said. "I'd like to go and see the people at the hospital and find out what I can."

He said, "You'd better stay with David and Joyce Bowen. Bowen is the District Commissioner; he'd be glad to put you up."

She flew down to Kuantan next day.

The Bowens met her at the air-strip, ten miles from the town of Kuantan. They were a friendly, unsophisticated couple, and she had no difficulty in telling them about the Australian soldier.

They said that Sister Frost was now in charge of the hospital, but it was doubtful if there was anybody now on the staff who was there in 1942.

They drove down after tea to see Sister Frost, an Englishwoman about forty years of age.

"There's nobody here now who was on the staff then," she said. "Nurses in a place like this—they're always leaving to get married. We never seem to keep them longer than about two years. I don't know what to suggest."

Bowen said, "What about Phyllis Williams? She was a nurse here, wasn't she?"

"Oh, her," the sister said disparagingly. "She was here for the first part of the war until she married that man. She might know something about it."

They left the hospital, and as they drove to find Phyllis Williams Mrs. Bowen enlightened Jean.

"She's a Eurasian," she said. "Very dark, almost as dark as a Malay. She married a Chinese, a man called Bun Tai Lin, who runs the cinema. What you'd call a mixed marriage, but they seem to get along all right."

The Bun Tai Lins lived in a rickety wooden house up the hill overlooking the harbor. They could not get the car to the house, but left it in the road and walked up a short lane littered with garbage. They found Phyllis Williams at home, a merry faced, brown woman with four children around her.

She spoke very good English.

"Oh, yes, I remember that poor boy," she said. "Joe Harman, that was his name. I nursed him for three or four months—he was in a state when he came in. We none of us thought he'd live. But he got over it. He must have led a very healthy life, because his flesh healed wonderfully. He said that he was like a dog, he healed so well."

She turned to Jean.

"Are you the lady that was leading the party of women and children from Panong?" she asked. "I thought you must be. Fancy you coming here again! You know, he was always wanting to know about you and your party, if anybody knew the way you'd gone. And, of course, we didn't know, and with that Captain Sugamo in the mood he was nobody was going to go round asking questions to find out."

She turned to Jean. "I forget your name?"

"Paget. Jean Paget."

The Eurasian looked puzzled. "That wasn't it. I wonder now, was he talking about someone different? I can't remember now what he called her, but it wasn't that. I thought it would have been you."

"Mrs. Frith?"

She shook her head. "I'll remember presently."

She could not tell them very much more than Jean knew already. The Australian had been sent down to a prison camp in Singapore as soon as he was fit to travel; they heard no more of him. They thought that he would make a good recovery in the end, though it would be years before the muscles of his back got back their strength if, indeed, they ever would. She knew no more than that.

They left presently, and went down the garbage-strewn lane towards the car. When they were nearly at the bottom the woman called to them from the verandah. "I just remembered that name. Mrs. Boong. That's what he was always talking about, Mrs. Boong. Was that one of your party?"

Jean laughed, and called back to her, "That's what he used to call me!"

The woman was satisfied. "I thought it must have been you that he was always talking about."

On the way back in the car, they passed the recreation ground. There were tennis nets rigged and one or two couples playing. The tree still stood overlooking the courts, and underneath it a couple of Malay women sat and gossiped while their children played around. It all looked very peaceful in the evening light.

Jean spent that night with the Bowens, and went on to Singapore next day in the plane.

SOME days later Jean wrote me from her hotel in Singapore. It was a long letter, about eight pages long. First she told me what had happened in Kuala Telang; she told me about the well-diggers and that Joe Harman was still alive.

The letter went on:

I've been puzzling over what I could do to get in touch with him again. I can't believe that he can be able to work after having been so terribly injured, and I can't bear the thought that he might be still in hospital, perhaps, and likely to stay there for ever with his injuries.

I did think of writing to him at this place Wollara that he told me about, the cattle station that he worked on, somewhere near Alice Springs. But thinking it over, if he can't work he can't be there, and I don't suppose I'd ever get an answer to a letter from a place like that, or not for ages, anyway.

I thought of writing to Canberra to try to find out something, but that's almost as bad. And this brings me to what I wanted to tell you when I started this letter, Noel, and I hope it won't be too much of a shock. I'm going on to Australia from here.

Don't think me absolutely crazy for doing this. The fare from here to Darwin costs sixty pounds, and you can get a bus from Darwin to Alice Springs; it takes two or three days but it ought to be much cheaper than flying.

After paying the hotel bill here I shall still have about a hundred and seven pounds, not counting next month's money. I thought I'd go to Alice Springs and get to this place Wollara and find out about him there; someone in that district is bound to know what happened to him, and where he is now.

I'm leaving here on Thursday, so I'll be in Australia somewhere by the time you get this letter. I have a feeling that I'm being a terrible nuisance to you, Noel, but I'll have an awful lot to tell you when I get back home.

Please turn to page 46

Interesting People

MR. RUDI WURTH

. . . skis like a weasel

SWISS ski instructor Rudi Wurth, who came to Australia this winter, is declared by experts to be prettiest and fastest skier to visit this country. Teaches at The Chalet, Mt. Kosciusko, tells his pupils to "Follow me, ski naturally, easy and happy" as he skims over a precipitous slope. Belongs to the famous White Weasel of Pontresina Ski Club, which has a weasel as its emblem because the members come through the slalom (tricky downhill race through flags) weaving like weasels. Rudi works as a bricklayer at Liverpool (N.S.W.) in summer.

MATRON FLORENCE PETERSON

. . . new job for matron

EX-ARMY Matron Florence Peterson, who for 3½ years was Matron of Repatriation General Hospital, Concord, has been appointed Principal of Commonwealth Health Department's new Nursing Division. Six years in the Army, Matron Peterson went through Battle of Britain and Middle East campaign with 2/2 Australian General Hospital. Was matron of many Army hospitals in Australia until 1945. A trainee of Glen Innes District Hospital, she lives at Camp Hill, Brisbane, when off duty. She enjoys gardening and a game of golf.

DR. RADAN OETOYO

. . . first Indonesian Ambassador

CHARMING lawyer, Dr. Radan Oetoyo, is first Indonesian to be appointed Ambassador to Australia. Graduated in Law from Leyden University, Holland. Practised as a solicitor and on proclamation of Indonesian independence joined Foreign Office Ministry. Served three years as political representative in Singapore before taking Australian appointment. Has three children. Hopes to breed cocker spaniels when family get a house of their own.

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Showing your SHOULDERS, ARMS, NECK

● The uncovered look is enjoying a vogue this season, so shoulders, throat, arms, and even ears are more than ever subjects for strict beauty care.

By . . .
CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

FOUNDATION and a light coat of powder keep arms, back, and shoulders in the right color class.

SELF-MASSAGE (right). Gently pinch the skin as circulation boost.

PERFECTION in the bare-shoulder look — smooth curves, continuity of color, and relaxed but upright posture.

THOSE who join the spring fashion parade this year will need to budget for extra time and attention to skin care, with the thought well to the forefront that half-way habits of grooming and conditioning will not get by.

Arms must be smooth and rounded to wear the new fashions successfully.

Special defluffing of superfluous arm hair becomes a must. There are several easy methods that can be used right in your own home, and these must be repeated regularly.

Eagle eyes will also turn towards the upper arms and elbows to inspect the skin condition there.

Start scrubbing them with a brush or cloth in the daily bath, and follow through with the shoulders and back.

You can usually control goose pimples with the soap-and-soft-brush scrubbing treatment, followed by a coat of hand lotion. If results are tardy, try rubbing salt on the skin (it doesn't take much) while it is still wet.

SOAP-AND-BRUSH work to smooth off the curve of the elbow.

Check your neckline

TROUBLESOME spots will respond to special cleansing bi-weekly, followed with a skin freshener to offset the chance of friction irritation.

Most make-up users are sufficiently adept in the use of foundation to carry the color right down to the lowest neckline.

We do not always remember the importance of the back view when peering into magnifying mirrors to ensure that the full-face is perfect.

It is probably better to get the arms, back, and shoulders groomed before starting in on the complexion. A helping hand from one of the family is a good idea, not forgetting that a film of foundation right up behind the ears is needed to put them in the make-up picture.

Hats, hair-dos, necklines, and jewellery can flatter the face and fool the eye.

It all depends what sort of line the neck in question can afford to take.

For instance, the popular V-neck doesn't do a thing for either a long, too-slender neck or the person whose face is long and narrow.

A higher neckline—the slit type—is the ticket. Or soft, close-fitting little round collars, crisp jabots, throat-hugging roll collars.

It is easy to see how such styles would tend to minimise length and slenderness of face and throat and create an illusion of fullness.

Where the jawline is angular, it is best to avoid square necklines, and so break up the square pattern.

Short, thick throats, of course, gain form under the V-neck and away-from-neck treatments. Close necklines over-emphasise size and lack of length, giving the impression of a head resting solidly on the shoulders.

If the neck is of this group, don't ever wear choker necklets — a jewellery design which attracts attention to an already obvious fault.

Under the heading of what to do about a neck that is too thin, outside of camouflage, a daily five-minute exercise stint is recommended.

Thrust the chin far forward, and stretch the corners of the mouth hard to exercise tendons and muscles. Draw the chin in and back as the next step, and repeat both movements again and again to fill out those hollow places and stave off early wrinkles.

For those with heavy chinlines, follow a pattern of moulding movements, muscle strapping, and constant care that is so vital to reinstate the under-chin curves.

Care in the choice of clothing colors and materials can be helpful.

Hard, white materials, such as satin, reflect the light and will throw glare on to the neck and chin above and accentuate the obvious.

Select soft materials and soft colors, never white worn under the face.

Men Never Have Enough

of these wonderful POTTER'S Anti-shrink Shirts* by Pelaco

Look at that well-cut collar, those well-fitting sleeves and cuffs. These Potter's Anti-shrink shirts certainly look good. They *are* good—they're Pelaco.

Not expensive, either. You'll get the surprise of your life when you find that these Potter's Anti-shrink shirts by Pelaco are keenly priced and well in your budget.

See that label? As soon as you see these words, "Potter's Anti-shrink" and "Pelaco," you *know* this shirt cannot shrink or fade. It's guaranteed!

She knows that Potter's Anti-shrink shirts made by Pelaco are the easiest to wash, dry and iron. And, what's more, these shirts really stand up to laundering — always come up looking new!

POTTER'S ANTI-SHRINK REG'D. SHIRTS

STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

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From Leroy's

SPRING BOUQUET

Leroy's garden grows with Sweet Spring Styles . . . created by master designers from fresh ideas sent post-haste by Leroy's observers in the centres of world fashion. Ask **particularly** at your favourite store, to see Leroy's Spring range.

- Paris says "Pleats, pleats and again pleats!" This dusty pink "Tricotina" crepe goes to town with half-inch wide pleating all round. Eleven pastel colours and black.
- A late afternoon frock in Glen green "Tricotina" crepe . . . floating side wing . . . spray of snowy lace at neck and in the jet pocket.

Leroy

THAT LOVELY LINE

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● White silk faille theatre blouse designed by Pauline Trigere is smart addition to an after-five wardrobe. Blouse has crushed sleeves and collar cut in one, buttons with pear-shaped rhinestones.

● Above: Essence of femininity in this transparent embroidered organdie blouse with perky little collar and cuffed sleeves. Five sheer blouses are by Blauners, of Philadelphia.

● White pique yoke with broad front panel edged with white eyelet-ruffles is used on a mauve cotton blouse and is finished with a little black velvet bow at the neckline.

Cool as They Come

Five little blouses to wear either with a skirt or under the coat of your suit, and one blouse for the gala date of the week, are in keeping with the lilt of spring. Let the crisp, crisp look of freshness be the keynote of your wardrobe.

● Sheer nylon makes a fragile-appearing blouse which wears like rough cotton. It requires just a swish through suds, coming up clean and fresh.

● Snow-white sheer cotton blouse with a yoke of alternate rows of embroidered organdie and lace ruffles.

● A ladder of horizontal tucks stripes the front of an embroidered white lawn blouse with lace edging on the collar and sleeves.

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Spring and Summer simplicity

● Touches of black velvet on the cuffs, collar, and buttons are the newest note in Jane Derby's muted blue silk shantung spring suit, above. She makes it with fitting jacket, loose sleeves, and a straight narrow skirt pleated in well-spaced groups.

● Fire-engine red, which has a lot of orange in it and is one of the gayest of the new spring colors, is chosen by Pauline Trigere for the poplin suit, at right. Stitched capelet sleeves are good fashion on the short jacket.

● The cute version of the Dutch cap, top centre, can be done in fine straw or pique. The top of the bonnet is cut away leaving two little flattering side flaps. A self cord and cotton pompons are the only trimming.

● Green linen makes the bare-top dress, far right, with a matching bolero. The two-piece is still a firm favorite for this summer. With its jacket it goes to town, and without it is perfect informal dress for house or beach.

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● The printed silk surah afternoon frock, at right, comes from Jo Copeland's collection. Its cleverest trick is the addition of panels in the front of the skirt to give plenty of ease of movement. Neckline and bodice are swathed in soft flattering folds.

● Yellow shantung is used for the simple, cool suit, below. The skirt is straight and slim as a reed. The two-button jacket has a deep, collarless U-neckline, is belted into the waist. A white silk shirt is worn beneath.

● The sailor hat is all-important for spring to wear with everything. Top right is one with a tiny rolled brim and a crown swathed with finely spotted check silk. It can be worn forward or straight on the head, or back as shown here.

● Herbert Sondheim's narrow sheath frock, at right, is of navy sheer crepe and the skirt is slit from the waist to show a white sheer crepe pleated petticoat piped in red. The round neckline is trimmed with red and white to match the petticoat.

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Smooth smart styling by

Adelyn

in TOOTAL'S

Namrit... a wonderful washable fabric in really lovely patterns. It's on Adelyn with a charming casual air—at a thrifty Adelyn price.

FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 38

I SAT there reading and re-reading this, bitterly disappointed. I had been making plans for entertainments for her when she came back, I suppose—in fact, I know I had been. Old men who lead a somewhat empty life get rather stupid over things like that.

I went on with my work, but the black mood persisted and it was still with me when I reached the club that night.

It must have been a week after that that Derek Harris came into my room as the client went out. Derek is one of our two articled clerks, and one day I expect to make him a partner; a pleasant, fresh-faced lad.

He said, "Could you spare a few minutes for a stranger, sir?"

"What sort of stranger?" I inquired.

He said, "A man called Harman. He came about an hour ago without any appointment and asked to see you. I understand that it's something to do with Miss Paget."

I knew now where I had heard that name before, but it was quite incredible. I asked, "What sort of a man is he?"

He grinned broadly. "Some sort of a colonial, I should think. Probably Australian. He's an outdoor type, anyway."

It was all beginning to fit in, and yet it was incredible that an Australian stockrider should have found his way to my office in Chancery Lane. "Is his name Joseph, by any chance?" I asked.

"You know him, do you, sir? Joe Harman. Shall I ask him to come up?"

I nodded, and a few minutes later Harris showed him in.

He was a fair-haired man, about five feet ten in height. His face was deeply tanned and he had very bright blue eyes. He walked towards me with a curious, stiff gait.

I shook hands with him. "Mr. Harman?" I said. "My name is Strachan. Do you want to see me?" And as I spoke I was unable to resist the temptation to look down at his hand. There was a huge scar on the back of it.

He said a little awkwardly, "I don't want to keep you long."

"Not at all," I said. "Sit down, Mr. Harman, and tell me what I can do for you." I put him in the client's chair before my desk and gave him a cigarette. He was wearing a very ready-made suit, quite new, and an unusually ornamental tie.

"I was wondering if you could tell me about Miss Jean Paget," he said. "Where she lives, or anything like that."

I smiled. "Miss Paget is a client of mine, Mr. Harman," I said. "You evidently know that. But a client's business is entirely confidential, you know. Are you a friend of hers?"

The question seemed to embarrass him still further.

"Sort of," he replied. "We met once in the war, in Malaya that was. I'll have to tell you who I am, of course. I'm a Queenslander. I run a station in the Gulf country, about twenty miles from Willstown." He spoke very slowly and deliberately, not from embarrassment but because that seemed to be his way. "Midhurst, that's the name of my station. Midhurst, Willstown, is the address."

I made a note upon my pad, and smiled at him again. "You're a long way from home, Mr. Harman."

"Too right," he replied. "I don't know nobody in England except Miss Paget and a cobber I met in the prison camp who lives at a place called Gateshead in the north of England. I came here for a holiday, you might say, and I thought perhaps Miss Paget might be glad to know I'm in England."

"Rather a long way to come for a holiday?" I observed.

He smiled a little sheepishly. "I struck it lucky in the Casket."

"The Casket?"

"The Golden Casket."

"I'm afraid I've never heard of it," I said.

He said: "It's a State lottery. It gets money for the hospitals."

"I see," I said. "Did you win a prize in the lottery?"

"Did I win a prize?" he said. "I won a thousand pounds."

"Tell me, Mr. Harman," I said, "how did you get to know that I was Miss Paget's solicitor?"

"She told me in Malaya, when we met, she lived in Southampton," he said. "I didn't know any address, so I went there and stayed in a hotel. Then I looked in the telephone book and asked a lot of people, but I couldn't find out anything except she had an aunt that lived in Wales at a place called Colwyn Bay. So then I went to Colwyn Bay."

"You went right up there, did you?"

He nodded. "I think her aunt thought I was up to some crook game or other," he said simply. "She wouldn't tell me where she lived or anything. All she said was that you were her trustee. So I came here."

"When did you arrive in England?" I asked.

"Last Thursday. Five days ago."

"You landed at Southampton, did you?"

He shook his head. "I flew from Australia. I got a good stockman, Jim Lennon, looking after Midhurst for me. This is a slack time in the Gulf country. But I must be back by the end of October. So I thought I'd better fly."

FLYING to England, I thought, must have made a considerable hole in the young man's thousand pounds. I looked him in the eyes and said, "You must want to see Miss Paget very much."

He met my gaze. "I do."

I leaned back in my chair. "I've got a disappointment for you, I'm afraid, Mr. Harman. Miss Paget is abroad."

He stared down at his hat for a moment. Then he raised his head. "Is she far away?" he asked. "I mean, is it France or anything like that, where I could get to see her?"

I shook my head. "She's travelling in the East."

He said quietly: "I see."

I couldn't help liking and respecting this man. It was perfectly obvious that he had come twelve thousand miles or so mainly to find Jean Paget, and now he wasn't going to find her. It was bad luck, to say the least of it, and he was taking it well. I felt that I wanted a little time to consider this affair.

"The most that I can do for you," I said, "is to forward a letter. I can do that, if you care to write one, and I'll send it to her by air mail. But I'm afraid that you may have to wait a month or so before you get an answer."

He brightened. "I'd like to do that. I never thought that after coming all this way I'd find that she'd gone walkabout." He thought for a minute. "What address should I put on the letter?"

"I can't give you my client's address, Mr. Harman," I said. "What I suggest that you should do is to write her a letter and bring it in to me here to-morrow morning. I will send it on with a covering note. Then if she wants to see you she will get in touch with you herself."

"You don't think she'll want to see me?" he said heavily.

I smiled. "I didn't say anything of the sort, Mr. Harman. I'm quite sure that when she hears you've been in England looking for her she will write to you. What I'm saying is that I have her interests to consider, and I'm not going to give her address to anyone who comes into this office and cares to ask for it." I paused.

"There's one thing that you'd better know," I said. "Miss Paget is a fairly wealthy woman. I'm not saying that you're after her money. I am saying that you must write to her first of all, and then let her decide if she wants to meet you. If you're a friend of hers you'll see that that's reasonable."

He stared at me. "I never knew that she had money. She told me she was just a typist in an office."

"That's quite true," I said. "She inherited some money recently."

He was silent.

"Suppose you come back tomorrow morning, Mr. Harman," I said. I glanced at my engagement diary. "Say twelve o'clock tomorrow morning. Write her a letter saying whatever it is you want to say, and bring it here then. I will forward it to her at once."

"All right," he said.

I spent most of that evening wondering if I had done the right thing in refusing Mr. Harman the address. I thought ruefully that Jean would have been very angry if she had known I had done such a thing, especially when she was looking for him all over Australia.

At the same time, what I had done would not delay a letter from him reaching her, and there was no sense in putting all her cards upon the table for him just at present.

One thing that puzzled me a little was, why had he suddenly awoken to the fact that he wanted to meet Jean Paget again, after six years? A question or two upon that point seemed to be in order, and I prepared a small interrogation for him when he came next day.

Twelve o'clock next morning came, and he didn't turn up. I waited in for him till one o'clock, and then I went to lunch.

By three o'clock I was a little bit concerned. The initiative had passed into his hands. If he should vanish into thin air now and never come back to see me again, Jean Paget would be very cross with me, and rightly so.

Between clients I put in a telephone call to Joe Harman's hotel, but was told that he had gone out after breakfast and had left no message at the desk. I left one for him, asking him to ring me as soon as he came in.

He did not ring that day.

At half-past ten that night I rang the hotel again, but I was told that Mr. Harman was not in.

At eight o'clock next morning I rang again. They told me that Mr. Harman had not checked out and his luggage was still in his room, but that he had not slept in the room that night.

As soon as I got in to the office I sent for Derek Harris.

"Harris," I said, "I want you to try to find that man Harman." I told him briefly what had happened. "I should try the hotel again, and if you draw a blank, ring round the various police courts. I think I may have given him some rather unwelcome news, and it's quite possible he's been out drinking."

He came back in a quarter of an hour. "You must have second sight, sir," he said. "He's coming up at Bow Street this morning, drunk and disorderly. They had him in the cells for the night."

I said: "Get along down to Bow Street, Harris, and make yourself known to him. Stay and pay the fine if he hasn't any money. Then give me a ring, and if it's all in order take him in a taxi to my flat. I'll meet you there."

Please turn to page 48

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A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 46

I HAD nothing on my desk that day that could not be postponed or handled by Lester. I got back to my flat in time to catch my charwoman at work and tell her to make up the spare room bed.

I told her I should want food in the flat for three or four meals, and sent her out to buy whatever she could get off the ration.

Harris arrived with Harman half an hour later, and the Australian looked a little bit the worse for wear. He was cheerful and sober after his night in the cells, but he had lost one shoe and his collar stud and his hat. I met him in the hall.

"Morning, Mr. Harman," I said. "I thought perhaps you'd rather come round here and clean up. You'd better not go back to the hotel looking like that."

He was smiling sheepishly. "I've been on the grog," he stated.

"So I see. The water's hot for a bath if you want one, and there's a razor in the bathroom." I took him and showed him the geography of the house.

"You can use this room." I looked him up and down, smiling. "I'll get you a clean shirt and collar. You can try a pair of my shoes; if they're too small I'll send out for a pair."

He wagged his head. "I dunno why you want to do this for me. I'll be all right."

"You'll be righter when you've had a bath and a shave," I said. "Miss Paget would never forgive me if I let a friend of hers go wandering about the streets like that."

He looked at me curiously, but I left him and went back to the sitting-room. Harris was waiting for me there. "Thanks, Derek," I said. "There was a fine, I suppose?"

"Forty shillings," he said.

I gave him the money. "He was cleaned out?"

"He's got four and fourpence halfpenny," he replied. "He thinks he had about seventy pounds, but he's not sure."

"It doesn't seem to worry him," I said.

He laughed. "I don't think it does. He seems quite cheerful over it."

I sent Harris back to the office and settled down to write a few letters while Harman was in the bath. He came into the sitting-room presently and again I noticed the curious, stiff gait with which he walked.

"I dunno what to say," he said in his slow way. "Those jokers I was with got all the money I had on me, so Mr. Harris had to pay the fine. But I got some more. I got a letter of credit that the bank in Brisbane gave me. I can get some money on that and pay him back."

"That's all right," I said. And then I added, "You didn't come back to me with that letter yesterday."

"I changed my mind," he said. "I'm going to give it away."

"Give it away?"

"That's right," he said. "I won't be writing any letter."

"That seems rather a pity," I said quietly.

"Maybe. I had a good long think about it, and I won't be writing any letter. I decided that. That's why I didn't come back at the time you said."

"As you like," I said. "Perhaps you'd like to tell me a bit more about it when you've had some breakfast."

My woman had cooked him a breakfast, and I left him to it and went on with my letters. A quarter of an hour later he came back to me in the sitting-room.

"I'd better be getting along now," he said awkwardly. "Will it be all right if I come round later in the day and leave these shoes with the woman?"

I got up and offered him a cigarette. "Will you tell me a bit more about yourself before you go?" I asked. "You see, I shall be writing to Miss Paget in a day or two, and she's sure to want to know all about you."

He stood silent for a moment, and then said, "It would be better to forget about it, Mr. Strachan. Just don't say anything at all."

"Is this because I told you about her inheritance?"

He grinned. "I wouldn't mind about her having money, same as any man. No, it's not that."

I said, "Look, Joe, it won't hurt you to sit down for a few minutes and tell me one or two things." I called him Joe because I thought that it might make him loosen up.

"I dunno as as there's much to tell," he said sheepishly.

"Sit down, anyway." I thought for a moment, and then I said, "I'm right in thinking that you met Miss Paget first in the war, in Malaya when you were both prisoners?"

"That's right."

"And you've never met her since, nor written to her?"

"That's right."

"Well, what I don't understand is this," I said. "Why do you want to meet her now so badly? Why the sudden urge to get in touch with her now?" It was still vaguely in my mind that he had somehow heard about her money.

He looked up at me, grinning. "I thought she was a married woman."

I stared at him. "I see. When did you find out that she wasn't married?"

"I only found out that this May. I met the pilot that had flown her out from some place in Malaya called Kota Bharu. At Julia Creek, that was."

JOE went on to tell me that he had driven fourteen hundred cattle a distance of about three hundred miles from Midhurst station to Julia Creek with Jim Lennon and two aboriginal stockriders to help. The beasts were corralled in the stockyards of the railway, and they set to work to load them into trains. This took about three days.

During this time Jim and Joe stayed at the Post Office Hotel at Julia Creek, and in the bar one day they fell in with the two pilots of an airliner, which had stopped there.

They fell into conversation about the war, and Joe and the chief pilot soon discovered they had both served in Malaya. Joe showed the scars upon his hands, and told the story behind them, and the airmen shouted a round of drinks for him.

"The funniest do I ever struck," said the chief pilot presently, "was a party of women and children that never got into a prison camp at all. They spent most of the war in a Malay village working in the paddy fields."

Joe said quickly, "Where was that in Malaya? I met that party."

The pilot said, "It was somewhere between Kuantan and Kota Bharu. When we got back they were taken in trucks to Kota Bharu, and I flew them down to Singapore. All English, they were, but they looked just like Malays. All the women were in native clothes, and brown as anything."

Joe said, "Was there a Mrs. Paget with them then?"

The pilot said, "There was a Miss Paget. Fine girl. She was their leader."

Joe said "Mrs. A dark-haired girl, with a baby."

The pilot said, "That's right—a dark-haired girl. She had a little boy about four years old that she was looking after, but it wasn't hers. It belonged to one of the other women, one who died. I know that, because she was the only unmarried girl among the lot of them. Miss Jean Paget."

Joe stared at him. "I thought she was a married woman."

"She wasn't married. I know she wasn't, because the Japs had taken all their wedding rings so they had to be sorted out. They were all Mrs. So-and-So except this one girl, and she was Miss Jean Paget."

"That's right," Joe Harman said slowly. "Jean was her name."

Now Joe said to me simply, "She was a bonza girl. If ever I got married it would have to be to somebody like her."

I smiled. "I see," I said. "That's why you came to England?"

"That's right," he said simply.

I sat smoking for a time in silence, and I couldn't help being sorry for this man. At last I said to him, "I still don't quite understand why you've given up the idea of writing to Miss Paget."

There was another pause, and then he said in his slow way, "I thought a lot about things after I left you, Mr. Strachan. Maybe I'd have done better to have done some thinking before ever I left Midhurst. I told you, I got none of them high falutin ideas about not marrying a girl with money. But there's more to it than that."

He paused again.

"I come from the outback," he said slowly. "Running a cattle station is the only work I know, and it's where I like to be. I couldn't make out in any of the big cities, Brisbane or Sydney. I couldn't make out even in Cairns for very long, and anyway, there'd be no work there I could do.

"I don't say I won't make money. I hope to get a station of my own one day, and there's plenty of station owners finish up rich men. But if I get that far, it'll be by staying in the outback and doing what I'm cut out for. And I tell you, Mr. Strachan, the outback is a crook place for a woman."

"In what way?" I asked quietly. We were really getting down to something now.

He smiled a little wryly. "Well, for a start, it's so lonely right out there for a woman. There's no other young women anywhere about. Why, I don't believe there's more'n five women in the whole district between the age of seventeen and forty."

"But," I said, "what about this town you mentioned. Willstown, wasn't it?"

He smiled his wry smile again.

"That's just it," he said. "It's twenty miles away, anyway, and when you do get there, there's nothing for a woman. There's no dress shop, only what she can get in Bill Duncan's store along with the dried peas and disinfectants and that. There's no shop where you can buy fruit or fresh vegetables. There's no fresh milk. There's nowhere a woman can buy a magazine or a book."

"I see," I said. "Are all the towns like that?"

"Most of them," he said. "You get the bigger ones like the 'Curry, they're better, of course. But Camooweal and Normanton and Burketown and Croydon and Georgetown—they're all just the same as Willstown."

He paused for a moment in thought.

"There's only one good one for a woman," he said. "Alice Springs. Alice is a bonza place, oh, my word. A girl's got everything in Alice—picture houses, shops for everything, fruit, ice-cream, fresh milk, a swimming pool, plenty of girls and young married women in the place, and nice houses to live in. Alice is a bonza town."

Please turn to page 59

After 25

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As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Energy and ambitions are now on the increase, especially during September 17 and 18, although September 16 could be a trying day if you undertake too much work. Everything adds up to a progressive week.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): A fortunate week from September 15 to 18. These days favor all major activity, with emphasis on new ventures. Careful planning on Saturday will aid activities on Sunday and Monday.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): A good week to concentrate on home, housing, property, or long-term investments, especially from September 16 to 18. Guard against chills.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): The three days from September 16 could be a little difficult and depressing in some ways, and yet progressive in others. Your mind and nervous system may be overworked, but you will be pleased with your progress after Monday.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): A favorable week on the whole. The only adverse day is September 16, which tends to restrict and delay. Following this you have important aspects to do with money matters.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): An important week is ahead, although it may warrant a certain amount of anxiety, hard work, or responsibility. You will find events building up for your future. Watch September 16, 17, and 18.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Although there are helpful aspects this week, you must expect some disappointments. A certain amount of hindrance seems likely, but Sunday brings surprise.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): If things don't quite go your way on Saturday, don't despair, as you have interesting aspects on September 17, and even better on September 18 for friendships and wishes.

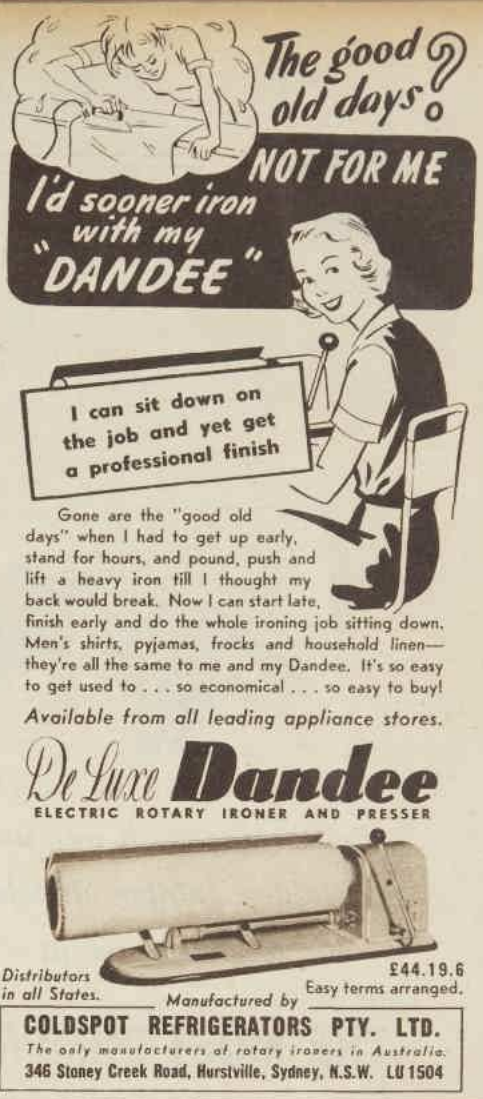
SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): September 15 to 19 may be tough in spots, with some responsibility, but those days could bring important progress in your work, career, ambitions, and destiny.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Your ruling planet, Saturn, is emphasised this week, favoring activities of a steady and solid nature. Use September 16 and 17 for serious and practical affairs and permanent objectives; September 18 for more active doings.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Take things steadily until September 17. After this, push forward with new plans, especially those that deal with finance, settlements, or your share of a partner's assets, for you could arrange matters on stable lines.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Quite an active few days ahead for all matters involving partnerships, marriage, or interests shared. If you wish to consolidate old friendships, September 16 and 17 are the days to do so.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]



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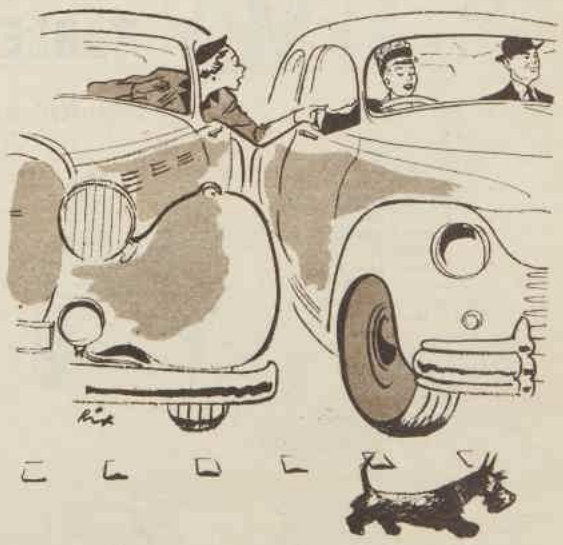

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OSCAR NATZKA (Bass) (With Orchestra conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE)

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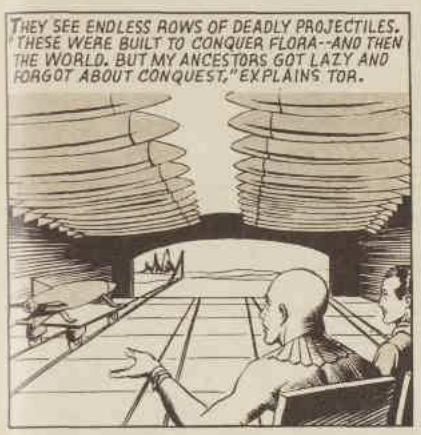
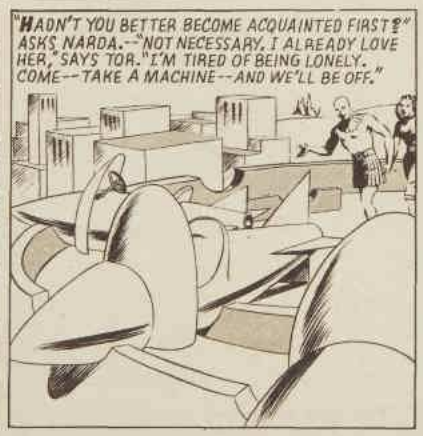
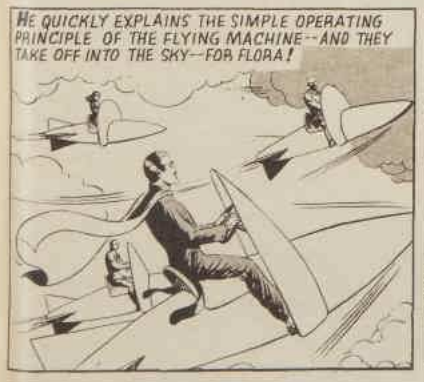
Mandrake the Magician

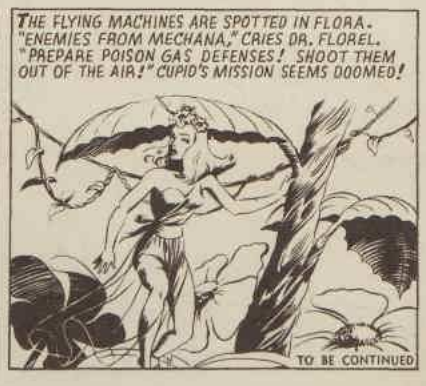
MANDRAKE: Master magician and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Meet
TOR: The King and only surviving man in Mechana. He takes the three on a tour of Mechana. They see huge bakeries, a chemical milk factory, and machines distributing food on doorsteps of homes where no one lives. Later the machines collect the food and take it to incinerators. Riding in "personal-servant" machines, they go with Tor to see the armory.

NOW READ ON:









HOLIDAY AHOY!

As the last streamers part and the ship heads for the open sea, will **you** be looking forward to the trip; to sunny days and moonlight nights; to gay companionship; to comfort and carefree happiness; to a really perfect holiday?

Or will your name be missing from the passenger list while you fill in time at home?

Happy holidays depend largely on money. The people who go away each year are those who plan ahead.

A few shillings put each week into a Commonwealth Savings Bank Account will supply the money necessary for your annual vacation. A few more shillings saved each payday will help provide for any opportunity or emergency.

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Colorful stars of new films

• *VIVECA LINDFORS will shortly be seen in a series of films for Warners, including "This Side of the Law," with Kent Smith, Robert Douglas, and Janis Paige.*

• *LUCILLE BALL (left), who is regarded by many filmgoers as the screen's leading comedienne, co-stars with box-office favorite Bob Hope in Paramount's "Fancy Pants."*

• *PATRICIA NEAL (right) has Gary Cooper for her leading man in Warners' "Bright Leaf," an unusual story of early days of tobacco growing in America's southern States.*

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THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR 'HYPOL'

1 GIRL-FRIEND Mary Bristol (Gene Tierney) is tolerant about money-making schemes of Harry Fabian (Richard Widmark), glib tout for Silver Fox nightclub where girl also works.

2 SCULPTOR Adam Dunn (Hugh Marlowe), living in same flat building as Mary, is patiently and, seemingly, hopelessly in love with Mary, whose whole purpose is to save enough to marry Fabian.

3 DOMINEERING Phil Nosseross (Francis L. Sullivan) owns Silver Fox and worships money. He is possessively fond of flighty wife Helen (Googie Withers), who has secret passion for Fabian.

4 WRESTLING promotion deal is fixed by Fabian with ageing ex-champion Gregorius (S. Zbyszko). Mary refuses to finance deal, but Nosseross puts up half of funds needed.

NIGHT AND THE CITY

5 GIFT of money from Helen to Fabian is seen by angry husband. He plans revenge, says he will back only going concern.

THIS Twentieth Century-Fox film, produced entirely in London by Samuel C. Engel, is a suspense melodrama with an underworld background.

London's seamy side, with professional beggars, forgers, blackmarket-dealers, and spivs, is realistically depicted in interesting locations.

Apart from the starkness of the action, excitement is added to the film by the wrestling bout between Stanislaus Zbyszko, former wrestling champion, and Mike Mazurki, which is said to be one of the most remarkable bouts ever glimpsed on the screen.

A strong performance comes from Herbert Lom, in the role of a promoter who controls London's wrestling and is the son of the old-time wrestler who loses his life in an unequal bout.

6 AGREEMENT for match between Gregorius and "Strangler" (Mike Mazurki) is signed. Gregorius dies after bout.

7 INEBRIATED old flower-seller Molly (Ada Reeve), a character who hangs around club, inherits Silver Fox and other belongings from furious Helen when Nosseross commits suicide after she threatens to leave him for Fabian.

8 CAUGHT after long chase following offer of large reward by son of Gregorius, distraught Fabian screams as retribution overtakes him.

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Curves Go Where They Belong

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Farrar for America

From **BILL STRUTTON** of our London office

DAVID FARRAR is the latest top box-office British star to respond to the lure of Hollywood.

Ever since the war U.S. studios have been making him tempting offers. He turned down previous contracts because he thought the films offered weren't good enough.

But now Farrar has taken up Universal-International on their offer to star him opposite Maureen O'Hara in a mammoth technicolor spectacle, "Samarkand." He sails in December.

The film is set in the 13th century in the empire of the fabulous Genghiz Khan.

Farrar will be back. It took, in addition to a good script, a lot of dollars to get him to cross the Atlantic even for one picture.

The figure, ladies and gentlemen, is 46,000 dollars for one picture, plus all travelling and accommodation expenses for himself, wife, and daughter.

For, in addition to possessing acting intelligence, a strong screen personality, and a fanmail big enough to turn the head of an anchorite, Mr. David Lone-Wolf Farrar is one of the shrewdest fellows who ever climbed to stardom in Britain.

Freelancing pays

DURING the recent British film crisis he was one of the elite few who had to keep turning offers of starring film roles away, where others were scrambling for fill-in spots on stage, television, and radio to keep the wolf from the door.

If you can turn down jobs in a depression you know you've more than made it.

So you may shortly expect a David Farrar avalanche.

Here they are:

"Gone to Earth." In this he co-starred with Jennifer Jones, who came to Britain to make it for Archers' Films. David stars as the brutal squire who persecutes the heroine with his attentions. This is tipped as the next Royal Film Performance.

"Cage of Gold." Another villainous vehicle, this time opposite Jean Simmons. Farrar is a demobbed Air Force officer who turns into a cad in search of an easy living. He leaves his wife on their wedding day and returns to blackmail her.

"The Late Edwina Black," opposite Irish-American Geraldine Fitzgerald, who came from New York to star with him. It is an Edwardian drama of a love-affair poisoned by suspicion aroused after the death of Farrar's wife.

"Night Without Stars," shortly to be made in Nice, with a lovely Rumanian newcomer to British films, Nadia Gray, who looks like settling in Britain. The rest of the cast are French. This time Farrar has a romantic lead in the story, which is about blackmarketing in France.

"Final Night"—the one he is making now.

In this I have a personal interest. So have many other newspapermen. For David Farrar is cast in this as a news editor of a national newspaper.

If cowboys are the toughest critics of Western films, and if the Fourteenth Army cast a somewhat severe eye on Errol Flynn in Burma, you may imagine what Fleet Street will write about David Farrar if he does not turn in an accurate picture.

The screen play is based on the newsroom diary for a single day of a big paper. Through news editor Farrar, it will trace the day's news items, which include a murder trial, a child eviction case, and a story about an atomic scientist.

CHARACTERISTICALLY serious, David Farrar ponders the next move in a game of chess. The actor is currently starring as the news editor of "Final Night," which follows a day's work in a national British newspaper.

David is better equipped for this job than most others. He spent ten years in Fleet Street himself, starting as a messenger boy at 14.

He was reporting for a national paper when he transferred his ambitious to the stage, and films finally claimed him.

And before him, David Farrar's father—real name, Charlie Syme, one of Fleet Street's great identities—put in fifty years of news gathering. Perhaps "news gathering" describes old Charlie's functions a little grandly. David has a story to tell about how father got his news.

"Charlie became a journalist this way," Farrar said. "He came down from Yorkshire to break into the London papers. By luck one day he was on the spot when a big fire broke out. He wrote a story about it and popped it into a national paper.

Fire chaser

"THEY liked it very much, and wrote inviting him to cover any other fires he might chance upon.

"From then on Charlie became their fire specialist. In all those years he was never put on the staff of the paper, but he has always rolled up for his weekly wages as fire correspondent. Where there was smoke, there was usually fire, and where there was fire, there was Charlie.

"He's 75 now, and they still pay him—out of habit, I guess. For his part, Charlie still puts in an occasional appearance at the office. And if he's feeling especially spry, he still chases a fire or two."

David laughed. He smiles as rarely in real life as he does before the cameras. Though his face will be one of the most frequently seen on the screens of the world when this avalanche—five films in 1950—starts its slide to the cinemas, he is the most seldom seen of any British star in the recognised film night spots.

David Farrar is a stay-at-home. He spends all his spare time about the house or in the garden, weeding, patching, mending, painting.

His wife, former actress Irene Elliott, has entirely given up her stage career for their home, is rarely photographed and never seen out in the smart places. Their home in Dulwich was left a mere shell by a V-bomb, which also destroyed the theatre David had built in the basement. All this they have rebuilt.

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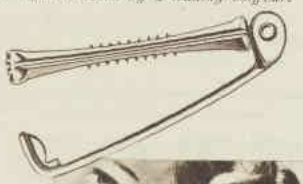

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A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 48

I SAID quietly, "What you mean, Joe, is that if you got Miss Paget to agree to marry you, she wouldn't have a very happy life out in Australia."

He nodded. "That's right," he said, and there was pain in his eyes. "It all seemed sort of different when I met her in Malaya. Then when I got to know there was a chance she wouldn't be married I was so much in a hurry to get over here I didn't stop to think about the outback. See what I mean?"

He looked at me appealingly. "But then I come to England and I see Southampton and the sort of way people live there. Then when you told me she'd come into money I got thinking about how she would be living and the sort of things that she'd be used to, and then I thought I'd acted a bit hasty. I never know it to work, for a girl to come straight out from England to the outback. And for a girl with money of her own, it'd be worse still."

He paused and grinned at me. "So I went out on the grog."

In all the circumstances, it now seemed to me that he had taken a very reasonable line of action, but it was a pity it had cost him seventy pounds.

"Look, Joe," I said. "We want to think about this thing a bit. I think I'll have to write and tell Miss Paget that I've met you. You see, she thought you were dead."

He stared at me. "You knew about me, then?"

"Not very much," I said. "I know that you stole chickens for her, and the Japs nailed you up and beat you. She thought you died."

"I nearly did," he said, grinning. "She told you that, did she?"

I nodded. "It's been a very deep grief to her," I said quietly. "You wouldn't want her to go on like that? You see, she thinks it was her fault."

"It wasn't her fault at all," he said in his slow way. "She told me not to stick my neck out, and I went and bought it. It wasn't her fault at all."

"I think you ought to write to her," I repeated.

There was a long pause.

"I dunno what I'd say to her if I did," he muttered.

There was no point in going on agonising about it. I got up. "Look, Joe," I said. "Take a bit of time to think it over. When have you got to be back in Australia?"

"I wouldn't be doing right by Mrs. Spears—she's the owner of Midhurst—unless I get back on the station by the end of October," he said.

"That gives you two and a half months," I said. "Do you want to go back by air, or would you rather go by sea? I could find out about sea passages for you, if you like. I think it would cost about eighty pounds on a tramp steamer, but you'd have to leave pretty soon—within a fortnight, say."

"There don't seem to be much point in staying here," he said a little wearily. "There wouldn't be no chance that she'll be coming back to England?"

"Not in that time, I'm afraid."

"I'd better go back by sea and save what's left of the money."

"I think that's wise," I said. "I'll get my office on to finding out about the passages. In the meantime, why don't you move in here? You're welcome to use that spare room till you go, and it will be cheaper for you than living in the hotel."

"Wouldn't I be in your way?"

"Not in the least," I said. "I'm out most of the day, and I'd be very glad for you to stay here if you'd like to."

He agreed to that, and I asked him what he wanted most to see in England in his brief visit. He wanted to see No. 19 Acacia Road, Hammersmith, where his father had been born, and all he could of thoroughbred horses and cattle.

I put him in a Hammersmith bus that afternoon, and went in to my office to deal with my neglected work. Apart from the clients who came to see me, I had plenty to think about. Whether Jean Paget chose to marry this man when she met him was entirely her own affair, but it was quite a possibility that she would do so.

Whatever one might think about the suitability of such a match, there was no denying that Joe Harman had some very solid virtues; he seemed to be hard working, thrifty if one excepts the great extravagance of flying half across the world to look for the girl he loved, and likely to make a success of his life.

Quite certainly he was a kind man who would make a good husband.

There was another aspect of the matter which was worth investigation. Whether she knew it or not, Jean Paget had Australia in her ancestry. She had never mentioned her grandfather, James Macfadden, to me, and yet he was the original source of her money, and apparently he had made it in Australia before coming home to England to break

his neck while riding in a point-to-point in Yorkshire. It would be interesting, I thought, to find out a little more about James Macfadden.

Had he made his money on an outback cattle station, too? Had he been just such another as Joe Harman?

I sent my girl that afternoon to bring me the Macfadden box, and I sat looking through the old deeds and wills after my last client had gone. The only clue I found was in the Will of James Macfadden, dated September 18, 1903, which began, "I, James Nelson Macfadden, of Lowdale Manor, Kirkby Moorside, in the County of Yorkshire, and of Hall's Creek, in Western Australia, do hereby revoke all former wills . . ."

I knew nothing of Hall's Creek at that time, but I noted the name.

Then I got on to old Sir Dennis Frampton, who has a herd of pedigree Herefords at his place down by Taunton, and told him about Joe Harman, and he invited him down for a couple of nights.

I got back to my flat at about seven o'clock; I had arranged for dinner there. Joe Harman was there, and he had been to the bank and the hotel, and he had brought his suitcase round to my spare room. I asked if he had found his father's house at Hammersmith.

"I found it," he said. "Oh, my word, I did."

"Pretty bad?"

He grinned. "That's putting it mild. We got some slums in Australia, but nothing like that."

I offered him a glass of sherry, but he preferred a beer; I went and got him a bottle. "When did your father leave this country?" I inquired.

"In 1904," he said. "He went out to the 'Curry, to Cobb and Co. They used to run the stage coaches, before motors came. He must have been about fifteen then. He fought in the first war with the Aussies at Gallipoli."

"He's dead now, is he?"

"Yes," he said. "He died in 1940, soon after I joined the Army." He paused. "Mother's still alive. She lives with my sister Amy at the 'Curry."

"Tell me," I said, "do you know a place called Hall's Creek?"

"Where the gold was? Over by Wyndham, in Western Australia?"

"That will be the place," I said. "There are gold mines there, are there?"

"I don't think they work it now," he said. "There was a lot of gold there in the 'nineties, like in Queensland, in the Gulf country."

"You never heard of anybody called Macfadden over at Hall's Creek, did you?"

He shook his head. "I never heard the name."

I put him on the train on Sunday down to Taunton to see Sir Dennis Frampton's cattle. He came back on the Wednesday full of what he had seen.

"He's got a bonza herd there," he said. "I learned more about raising up the quality of stock there in two days than I'd have learned in ten years in the Gulf country. Of course, you couldn't do the things that he does on a station like Midhurst, but I got plenty to think about."

After dinner I had a word with him about Miss Paget.

"I shall write to her in a day or two and give her your address," I said. "I know that she'll be very sorry to have missed you, and I should think you'd find a letter from her waiting for you at Midhurst when you get there. In fact, I know you will, because I shall write airmail, and she's certain to write airmail to you."

He brightened considerably at the thought. "I don't think I'll write to her from here," he said. "If you're going to do that I'll wait and write when I hear from her. I'm glad I didn't meet her over there, in a way. It's probably all turning out for the best."

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him then that she was in Australia, but I refrained. I had written to her in Alice Springs the day before Joe Harman had come to me, and I was expecting a letter from her any day now, because she used to write once a week, very regularly.

If necessary, I could cable her to tell her his address in order that she might not leave Australia without seeing him, but there was no reason to lay all her cards before him at this stage.

I saw him off at the Docks two days later, as I had seen Jean Paget a few months before.

As I turned to go down the gangway he said gruffly, "Thank you for doing so much for me, Mr. Strachan. I'll be writing from Midhurst." And he shook my hand with a grip that made me wince, for all the injury his hand had suffered.

I turned to go down the gangway. "That's all right, Joe. You'll find a letter from Miss Paget when you get back home. You might even find more than that."

I had a reason for that last remark, because I had a letter from her in my pocket that had come by that day's post, and it was postmarked Willstown.

To be continued

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NEW SOUTH WALES

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Tales of the South Pacific

By JAMES A. MICHENER

First instalment of the great stories of World War II that won the Pulitzer Prize for their author. This book, to be completed in three instalments, is one of the finest human documents to emerge from the war.

I WISH I could tell you about the South Pacific. The way it actually was. The endless ocean. The infinite specks of coral we called islands. Coconut palms nodding gracefully toward the ocean. Reefs upon which waves broke into spray, and inner lagoons, lovely beyond description. I wish I could tell you about the sweating jungle, the full moon rising behind the volcanoes, and the waiting. The waiting. The timeless, repetitive waiting.

But whenever I start to talk about the South Pacific, people intervene. I try to tell somebody what the steaming Hebrides were like, and first thing you know I'm telling about the old Tonkinese woman who used to sell human heads. As souvenirs. For fifty dollars!

Or somebody asks me, "What was Guadalcanal actually like?" And before I can describe that godforsaken backwash of the world, I'm rambling on about the Remittance Man, who lived among the Japs and sent us radio news of their movements. That is, he sent the news until one day.

The people intervene. The old savage who wanted more than anything else in the world to jump from an airplane and float down to earth in a parachute.

"Alla same big fella bird!" he used to shout ecstatically, until one day we took him up and shoved him out. Ever afterward he walked in silence among the black men, a soul apart, like one who had discovered things best hidden from humanity.

Or I get started on the mad commander who used to get up at two o'clock in the morning and scuff barefooted over the floors of his new hut.

"Carpenter! Carpenter!" he would shout into the jungle night. "There's a rough spot over here!" And some drowsy enlisted man would shuffle from his sweating bunk and appear with sanding blocks. "See if you can get those splinters out, son," the commander would say softly.

Take the other night up in Detroit. Some of us were waiting for a train. The air in the saloon was heavy. For more than an hour a major told us about his experiences with Patton in Africa, in Sicily, and in France.

He used great phrases such as "vast deployment to the east," "four crushing days into Palermo," "a sweeping thrust toward the open land south of Paris," "a gigantic pincers movement toward the heart of Von Rundstedt's position."

When he had won the war, he turned to me and asked, "What was it like in the Pacific?"

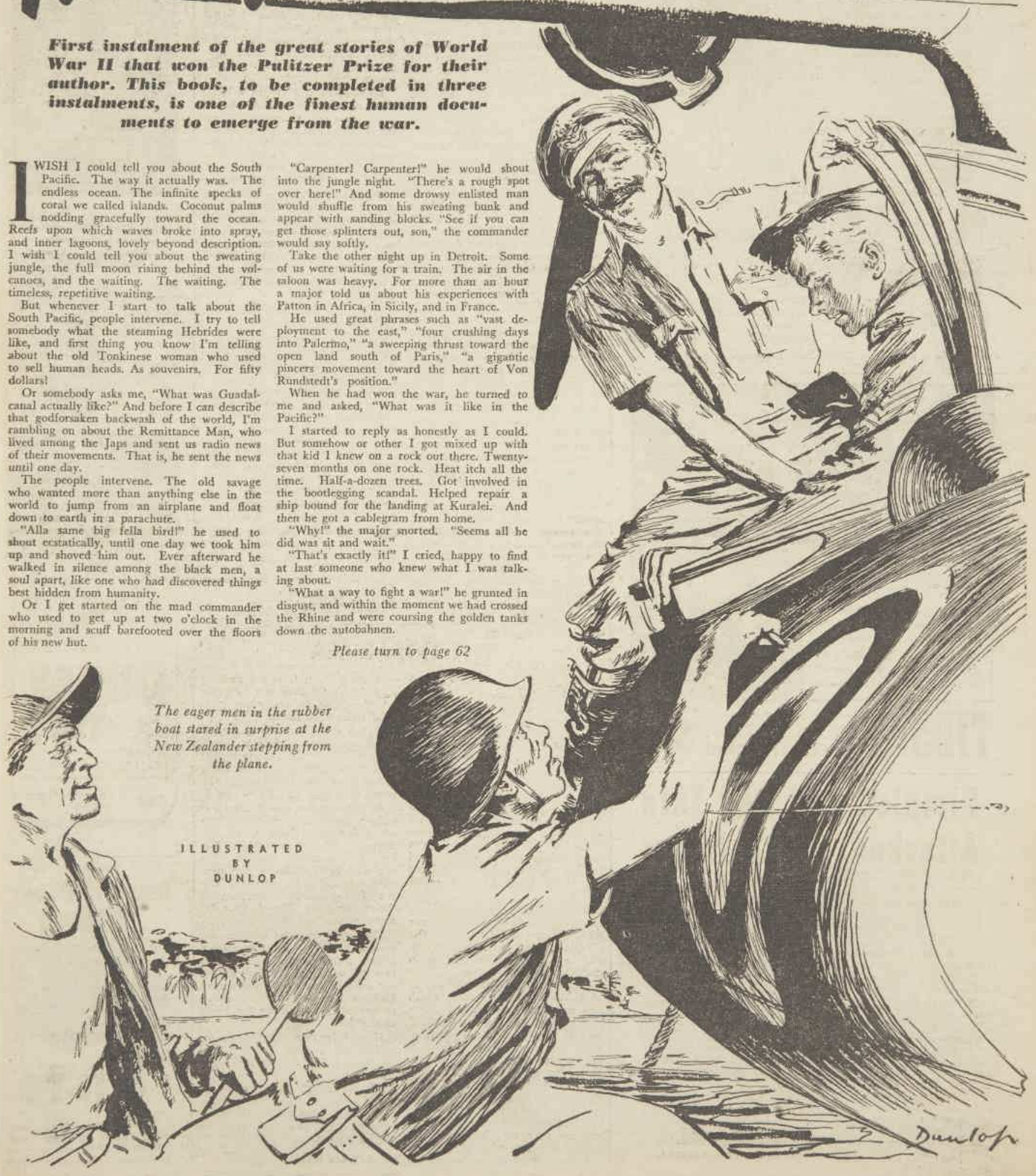
I started to reply as honestly as I could. But somehow or other I got mixed up with that kid I knew on a rock out there. Twenty-seven months on one rock. Heat itch all the time. Half-a-dozen trees. Got involved in the bootlegging scandal. Helped repair a ship bound for the landing at Kuralei. And then he got a cablegram from home.

"Why!" the major snorted. "Seems all he did was sit and wait."

"That's exactly it!" I cried, happy to find at last someone who knew what I was talking about.

"What a way to fight a war!" he grunted in disgust, and within the moment we had crossed the Rhine and were coursing the golden tanks down the autobahnen.

Please turn to page 62



The eager men in the rubber boat stared in surprise at the New Zealander stepping from the plane.

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NEW SOUTH WALES

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Nixoderm

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 61

OUR war was waiting. You rotted on New Caledonia waiting for Guadalcanal. Then you sweated twenty pounds away in Guadal waiting for Bougainville.

There were battles, of course. But they were flaming things of the bitter moment. A blinding flash at Tulagi. A day of horror at Tarawa. An evening of terror on Kuralei. Then you relaxed and waited. And pretty soon you hated the man next to you, and you dreaded the look of a coconut tree.

I served in the South Pacific during the bitter days of '41 through '43. I was only a paper-work sailor, travelling from island to island, but I did get to know some of the men who actually directed the battles. There was Old Bull Halsey who had the guts to grunt out, when we were taking a pasting, "We'll be in Tokio by Christmas!" None of us believed him, but we felt better that we were led by men like him.

I also knew Admiral McCain in a very minor way. He was an ugly old aviator. One day he flew over Santo and pointed down at that island wilderness and said, "That's where we'll build our base."

And the base was built there, and millions of dollars were spent there, and everyone agrees that Santo was the best base the Navy ever built in the region. I was always mighty proud of McCain, for he was in aviation, too.

Then there was little Aubrey Fitch, who fought his planes in all the battles and banged away until the Japs just had to stop coming. I knew him later. I saw Vandegrift, of the Marines, who made the landing at Guadal, and bulldog General Patch, who cleaned up that island and then went on to take Southern France.

Seeing these men in their dirty clothes after long hours of work knocked out any ideas I had of heroes. None of them was ever a hero to me. It was somewhat like my introduction to Admiral Millard Kester, who led the great strike at Kuralei.

He was swearing furiously because he had got the zipper of his pants caught in his underwear. "Never wanted to buy them anyway. Sold me a bill of goods."

I laughed at his predicament.

"Don't stand there gawking. Get someone who can fix these zippers," he snapped, only he had a lot of adjectives before the infuriating zippers. I went into the bar.

"Anybody in here fix a zipper?" I asked, and a chief machinist said he thought he could, but he was drunk and all he did was to rip the admiral's underwear, which made me laugh again. And finally my laughing made Admiral Kester so mad that he tore off both his pants and his underwear and ripped the cloth out of the offending zipper and threw it away. Even then the zipper wouldn't work.

So there he was in just a khaki shirt, swearing. But finally we got a machinist who wasn't drunk, and the zipper was fixed. Then Admiral Kester put his pants back on and went into the bar. Fortunately for me, he didn't know my name then.

There were the men from the lesser ranks, too. Luther Billis, with doves tattooed on his breasts. And good Dr. Benoway, a worried, friendly man. Tony Fry, of course, was known by everybody in the area after his brush with Admiral Kester. The old man saw Fry's TBF with twelve beer bottles painted on the side.

"What are those beer bottles for, Fry?" the admiral asked.

"Well, sir. This is an old job. I use it to ferry beer in," Tony replied without batting an eyelash. "Been on twelve missions, sir!"

"Take those beer bottles off," the admiral ordered. Tony kept the old TBF, of course, and continued to haul beer in it. He was a really lovely guy.

They will live a long time, these men of the South Pacific. They had an American quality. They, like their victories, will be remembered as long as our generation lives.

After that, like the men of the Confederacy, they will become strangers. Longer and longer shadows will obscure them, until their Guadalcanal sounds distant on the ear like Shiloh and Valley Forge.

THE CORAL SEA

I AM always astonished when an American says, "The Coral Sea? Where is that? I never heard of the Coral Sea." Believe me, Australians and New Zealanders know all about it. The battle we fought there will be in their history books for some time. Perhaps I can explain why.

In mid-April of 1942 I was one of a small group of officers who went ashore on the extreme eastern tip of Vanicoro Island, in the New Hebrides. We carried with us a broadcasting station, enough food for two months, and twelve enlisted men who knew how to repair PBY's.

It was our intention to make daily reports on the weather and whatever other information we obtained. The aeroplane repair men were to service any flying-boats forced down in our large bay.

Admiral Kester personally saw us off in the tiny tramp steamer which took us north from Noumea.

"We can't go back any farther," he told us. "Take along plenty of small arms and ammunition. If the worst should come, destroy everything and head for the high hills of Vanicoro. I don't think they can track you down there. And you can depend on it, men. You can absolutely depend on it. If you can stay alive, we'll be back to get you. No matter what happens!"

Ensign Aberforce, our radio expert, hurried out from the meeting with Admiral Kester and somehow or other stole an emergency pint-sized radio transmitter.

"If we go up into the hills we'll be of some use. We'll broadcast from up there." Each of us strapped a revolver in his belt. We were a rather grim crew that boarded the tough little ship.

At Vanicoro we were thrown out upon a desolate, jungle-ridden bay where mosquitoes filled the air like incense. Of those who landed that day, all contracted malaria. No one died from it, but eleven men ultimately had to be evacuated. The rest of us shivered and burned with the racking fever. Not till later did we hear about atabrine.

We built lean-tos of bamboo and coconut fronds. A few venturesome natives came down from the hills to watch us. In silence they studied our rude efforts and then departed. Centuries ago they had learned that no one could live among the fevers of that bay.

Nevertheless, our shacks went up, and on the evening of our arrival Aberforce broadcast weather reports to the fleet.

Six times a day thereafter he would repair to the steaming shack, where jungle heat was already eating away at the radio's vitals, and send out his reports.

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Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 62

WHEN the eighth day came, Aberforce informed Noumea that we had withstood our initial Jap bombing. A Betty came over at seven thousand feet, encountered no anti-aircraft fire, dropped to two thousand feet, and made four runs at us. Radio and personnel escaped damage. Two shacks were blown up. At least the Japs knew where we were.

After that we were bombed several more times, and still no lives were lost. By now we had dug a considerable cave into the side of a hill. There we kept our precious radio. We felt secure. Only a landing party could wipe out the station now. The second, smaller set we buried in ten feet of earth. A direct hit might destroy it. Nothing less would.

As men do when they have been frequently bombed, we became suspicious of every plane. So we ducked for foxholes that afternoon when our lookout cried, "Betty at four thousand feet." We huddled in the sweating earth and waited for the "garummmph" of the bombs. Instead, none fell, and the Betty slowly descended toward the bay.

Then a fine shout went up! It wasn't a Betty at all. It was a PBY! It was coming in for a water landing! It was a PBY!

The lookout who had mistaken this grand old American plane for a Betty was roundly booed. He said it was better to be safe than sorry, but none of us could believe that anyone in the American Navy had failed to recognise the ugly, wonderful PBY.

Slowly the plane taxied into the lagoon formed by coral reefs. Since none of us had experience with the lagoon, we could not advise the pilot where to anchor. Soon, however, he had decided for himself, and ropes went swirling into the placid waters.

Our eager men had a rubber boat already launched and went out to pick up the crew. They stared in surprise as a New Zealand Air Force officer stepped out. We watched in silence as he was rowed ashore. He jumped from the rubber boat, walked stiffly up the beach and presented himself.

"Flight-Lieutenant Grant," he said. Our men laughed at the way he said "leftenant," but he took no notice of the fact.

His crew was an amazing improvisation. One Australian, three New Zealanders, four Americans. The Allies were usually what was available in those days. Our officers showed the crew to their mud-floored quarters.

"I'm reporting for patrol," Grant said briefly when he had deposited his gear. "The Jap fleet's on the move."

"We heard something about that," I said. "Are they really out?"

"We think the entire southern fleet is on the way."

"Where?" we asked in silence that was deep even for a jungle.

"Here," Grant said briefly. "Here, and New Zealand. They have eighty transports, we think."

We all breathed rather deeply. Grant betrayed no emotion, and we decided to follow his example.

"I should like to speak to all of my crew and all of your ground crew, if you please." We assembled the men in a clearing by the shore.

"Men," Grant said, "I can't add anything which will explain the gravity of our situation. That PBY must be kept in the air. Every one of you take thought now. How will you repair any possible damage to that plane? Find your answers now. Have the materials ready." He turned to his quarters.

We did not see much of Grant for several days. His PBY was in the air nine and ten hours at a stretch. He searched the water constantly between the New Hebrides and Guadalcanal.

One night he took off at 0200 and searched until noon the next day. He and his men came back tired, red-eyed, and stiff. They had done nothing but fly endlessly above the great waters. They had seen no Japs.

In the last few days of April, however, action started. We were heavily bombed one night, and some fragments punctured the PBY. Early the next morning men were swarming over the flying boat as she rode at anchor in the lagoon.

That afternoon she went up on patrol. As luck would have it, she ran into three Jap planes. The starboard rear-gunner, a fresh kid from Alabama, claimed a hit on the after Jap plane. The Japs shot up the PBY pretty badly. The radio man, a youngster from Auckland, died that night of his wounds.

Grant came to our quarters. "The Japs are out. Something big is stirring. I must go out again tomorrow. Mr. Aberforce, will you ride along as radio man?"

"Sure," our expert laughed. "I thing I can figure out the system."

"I'll help you," Grant said stiffly.

There was no mention of the radio man's death, but in the early morning Grant read the Church of England service over a dismal mound on the edge of the jungle. Some native boys who now lived near us were directed to cover the grave with flowers. There the radio man from New Zealand, a little blond fellow with bad teeth, there he rests.

That afternoon there was further action. Grant sighted a collection of Jap ships. They were about 150 miles north-west of the canal, and were coming our way. All transports and destroyers. The heavy stuff must be somewhere in The Slot, waiting for the propitious moment.

ABERFORCE blurted the news into his microphone. He added that Jap fighters were rising from a field on some nearby island to attack the PBY. We heard no more. There was anxiety about the bay until we heard a distant drone of motors. The PBY limped in. It had received no additional bullets, but it was a tired old lady.

Grant called the ground force to attention as soon as he landed.

"It is imperative," he said in the clipped accents which annoyed our men, "that this plane be ready to fly to-morrow. And you must show no lights to-night. The Nips will be gunning for us. Hop to it, lads!" He turned and left.

The men mimicked his pronunciation, his walk, his manner. All that night our men urged one another, "Hop to it, lad! Come, now, there! Hop to it!"

It was difficult to like Grant. He was the type of New Zealander who repels rather than attracts. He was a short man, about five feet eight. He was spare, wore a bushy moustache, and had rather reddish features. He affected an air of austere superiority, and among a group of excitable Americans he alone never raised his voice, never displayed emotions.

Unpleasant as he sometimes was, we had to respect him. That evening Aberforce, for example, told us three times of how Grant had insisted upon going closer, closer to the Jap vessels.

"The man's an iceberg!" Aberforce insisted. "But it's grand to ride with him. You have a feeling he'll get you back."

Grant, in the meantime, sat apart and studied the map. With a thin forefinger he charted the course of the gathering Jap fleet. Inevitably the lines converged on the New Hebrides . . . and on New Zealand. Saying nothing, the flight-lieutenant went out along the beach.

"Throw a line, there!" he called. "I'll have a look at how you're doing." It was after midnight before he returned.

Early next mroning there was a droning sound in the sky, and this time our watch spotted the plane correctly as another PBY. It circled the bay and landed down wind, splashing heavily into the sea. We were accustomed to Grant's impeccable landings, in which the plane actually felt for the waves, then slowly, easily, let itself into the trough. We smiled at the newcomer's sloppy landing.

The plane taxied about and pulled into the lagoon.

"Tell them to watch where they anchor!" Grant shouted to the men on his plane. "Not there! Not there!" He looked away in disgust and went into his quarters.

A moment later, however, he was out in the early morning sunrise once more. A youthful voice was hailing him from the beach.

"I say! Grant!" A young flight officer, a New Zealander, had come ashore.

"Well, Colbourne! How are you?" The friends shook hands. We were glad to see that Colbourne was at least young and excitable. He was quite agitated as he took a drink of coffee in our mess hut.

"We won't come ashore," he said. "We must both go out at once. There is wretched news. The entire Jap southern fleet is bearing down upon us. You and I must go out for the last-minute look-see. This may be the day, Grant. We've got to find where the carriers are. I have orders here. They didn't send them by wireless. But, fellows! There's a chance! There really is! I understand Fitch and Kester are on the move. I don't know with what, but we're going to fight!"

The young fellow's eyes sparkled. After the long wait we would fight. After Pearl Harbor and Manila and Macassar and the Java Sea, we would go after them. After one string of crushing defeats upon another, the American fleet, such as it was, would have a crack at the Japs!

"What is happening at home?" Grant asked, apparently not moved by the news.

Colbourne swallowed once or twice.

"They are waiting," he said grimly. "It has been pretty well worked out. The old men—well, your wife's father and mine, for example. They are stationed at the beaches. They know they dare not retreat. They have taken their positions now." He paused a moment and took a drink of our warm water. We waited.

"The home guard is next. They've been digging in furiously. They occupy prepared positions near the cities and the best beaches. The regular army will be thrown in as the fighting develops. Everyone has decided to fight until the end. The cities and villages will be destroyed." He paused and tapped his fingers nervously against his cup.

"Many families have already gone to the hills. Cars are waiting to take others at the first sign of the Jap fleet. My wife and the kiddies have gone. Your wife, Grant, said to tell you that she would stay until the last."

Grant nodded his head slowly and said nothing. Colbourne continued, his voice sounding strange and excited in the hot, shadowy hut. We leaned forward, thinking of Seattle, and San Diego, and Woonsocket.

"The spirit of the people is very determined," Colbourne reported. "A frightful Japanese broadcast has steeled us for the worst. It came through two nights before I left. A Japanese professor was describing New Zealand and how it would be developed by the Japs. North Island will be a commercial centre where Japanese ships will call regularly. South Island will be agricultural. Wool and mutton will be sent to Japan."

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Joan Fontaine as she co-stars with Joseph Cotten in the Paramount-Hal Wallis production, "September Affair."

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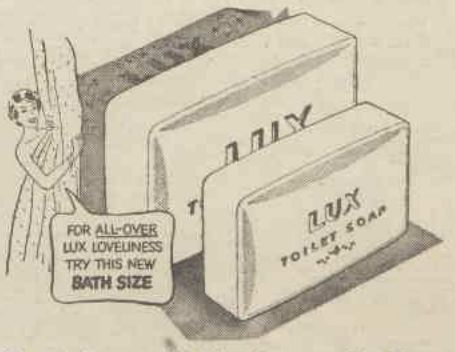

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Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 63

JUST for a moment Colbourne paused, then his even voice went on: "Maoris, as true members of the Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere, will be allowed special privileges. White men will be used on the farms." The professor closed with a frenzied peroration. He said that the lush fields, the wealth, the cities were in their grasp at last.

"The day of reckoning with insolent New Zealanders was at hand. Immortal Japanese troops would know what to do!"

No one said anything. Grant looked at his wrist watch. "It's 0630," he said. "We'll be off." He started from the hut, but stopped. "Aberforce," he asked, "will you handle the radio again?"

Aberforce, somewhat subdued, left the hut. Colbourne and Grant went down to the rubber rafts and were rowed to their planes. The newcomer was first to take off. He headed directly for the Canal.

Then Grant taxied into free water. His propellers roared. Slowly the plane started along the smooth water. Then it raised to the step, like a duck scudding across a still pond. It poised on the step for a moment and became airborne. It did not circle the bay, but set out directly for the vast Coral Sea.

All day we waited for news. I helped to code and transmit the weather reports Aberforce should have been sending. About noon a cryptic message came through the radio. It was apparently Grant, using a new code. Later a plain-word message came from the south. It was true. The Jap fleet was heading for our islands!

I issued the last rounds of ammunition. We dug up the tiny transmitter and drew rough maps of the region we would head for. Reluctantly we decided that there would be no defence of the beach. Each of us studied the native boys suspiciously. What would they do when the Japs came? Would they help track us down?

At about four o'clock in the afternoon Colbourne's PBY came back. His radio was gone, so he rushed to our set and relayed a plain-code message to the fleet: "The Jap fleet has apparently formed. What looked like BB's steamed from Guadalcanal. Going westward. No carriers sighted. Little air cover over the BB's. But the fleet is forming!

He then continued with a coded description of exactly what he had seen. Before he finished, Grant's plane came in. It was smoking badly. The entire rear section seemed to be aflame.

At first it seemed that Grant might make his landing all right. But at the last minute the crippled plane crashed into the sea. It stayed afloat for several minutes, at the mouth of the lagoon. In that time Grant, Aberforce, and four of the men escaped. The co-pilot was already dead from Jap fire. Two men drowned in the after compartments.

We pulled the survivors from the sea. Aberforce was pale with cold and fear, cold even in the tropics. Grant was silent and walked directly in to consult with Colbourne, who stopped broadcasting. They consulted their notes, compared probabilities, and started all over again.

It was now dusk. When the message was finished, Grant went down to the seaside with his crew and read once more the burial service. Aberforce stood beside him, terribly white.

That night we had a wretched scene at dinner. We didn't serve the meal until late, and as soon as we sat at table, Grant announced that to-morrow he would fly Colbourne's plane. To this Colbourne would not agree. Grant insisted primly that it was his right and duty, as senior officer.

In the end Colbourne told him to go to hell. Grant had crashed his plane and wrecked it and now he wouldn't get the other one. The younger man stamped from the room. Grant started to appeal to us for a decision but thought better of it.

In the morning Colbourne and his crew set out. We never saw them again. They submitted only one report. "Entire Jap fleet heading south."

All day we sat by the radio. There was news, but we could make nothing of it. That some kind of action was taking place, we were sure. We posted extra lookouts in the trees. In mid-afternoon an American plane, an SBD, lost from its carrier, went wildly past our island. It crashed into the sea and sank immediately.

Two torpedo planes, also American, flashed past. Night came on. We did not eat a regular meal. The cook brought in sandwiches, and we munched them. No one was hungry, but we were terribly nervous.

As night wore on, we gave up trying to work the radio. We had long since surrendered it to Grant, who sat hunched by it, his hands covering his face, listening to whatever station he could get.

Finally, he found a strong New Zealand Government transmitter. We stood by silently waiting for the news period. A musical programme was interrupted.

A VOICE said: "It can now be stated that a great fleet action is in progress in the Coral Sea, between forces of the American Navy and the Japanese fleet. Elements of the Royal Australian Navy are also participating. Word of the impending action came this morning when monitors picked up a message from a New Zealand Catalina which had sighted the enemy fleet."

The broadcast droned on. "The nation has been placed on full alert. Men have taken their places. In this fateful hour New Zealanders pray for victory."

At this last Grant impatiently snapped off the radio and left the hut. Soon, however, he was back, hunched up as before. He stayed there all night and most of the next day.

By this time we had fabricated another receiver. A wonderfully skilled enlisted man and I sat by it throughout the day. Heat was intense, and a heavy sickness assailed us every time we moved. Once I looked up and saw Grant down by the shore, watching the empty sky. He walked back and forth.

I stopped watching him when I heard the first real news we had so far received. American fleet headquarters officially announced that the full weight of the Jap fleet had been intercepted. A battle was in progress. Our chances appeared to be satisfactory.

A wild shout from the other radio indicated that they had heard the broadcast, too. Immediately, fantastic conjecture started through the camp. At the noise Grant walked calmly into my hut.

"What is the news?" he asked.

I told him, and he left. But in a few minutes he was back and elbowed me away from the set. For the rest of that day and night he was there. Once or twice he drowsed off, but no one else touched the radio for sixteen hours.

At about 1900, after the sun had set, we heard two pilots talking back and forth. They were over the Coral Sea. They had lost their ship. Or their ship had been sunk. They encouraged each other for many minutes, and then we heard them no more.

At 0500 the next morning a coded message came through calling on all aircraft to be on the alert for Jap ships. This message goaded Grant furiously. He stomped from the hut and walked along the beach, looking at the spot where his PBY had gone down.

By now no one could talk or think. We had been three days in this state of oppressive excitement. Three of our men lay dead in the bay; an entire plane crew was lost. And we were perched on the end of an island, in the dark. We were not even doing our minimum duty, for our planes were gone. All we could do was sit and wonder.

There was much discussion as to what the cryptic message about Jap ships meant. Could it be that the Japanese fleet had broken through? In anxiety we waited, and all about the silent jungle bore down upon us with heat, flies, sickness, and ominous silence.

WE intercepted a flash from Tokio at 1500, announcing our loss of the Lexington, two battleships, and numerous destroyers. So frantic were we for news that we believed. After all, we had heard those pilots. Their carrier could have been sunk. The news flashed through our camp and disheartened us further.

It was at 1735 that Grant finally picked up a strong New Zealand station. An organ was playing. But something in the air, some desperation of thought, kept everyone at Grant's elbow, crowding in upon him.

Then came the fateful news: "Profound relief has been felt throughout New Zealand. Admiral Nimitz has announced that the Jap fleet has been met, extensively engaged, and routed." A fiery shout filled the hut. Men jumped and clapped their hands.

The radio droned on: ". . . losses not authenticated. Our own losses were not negligible. Carrier aircraft played a dominant role. At a late hour to-day the Prime Minister announced that for the moment invasion of New Zealand has been prevented."

Three Americans cheered wildly at this. The New Zealand men stood fast and listened. ". . . so we have taken the privilege of asking a chaplain of the Royal New Zealand Air Force to express our gratitude . . ."

Grant was drumming on the radio with his fingers. He rose as the chaplain began to intone his prayer. Others who were seated followed his example. There, in the silence of the jungle, with heat dripping from the walls of the improvised hut, we stood at attention. ". . . and for these divine blessings our nation and its free people . . ."

One by one men left the hut. Then it began to dawn upon them that the waiting was over. Someone began to shout to a sentry up in the tree.

In disbelief he shouted back. Soon the land about the bay was echoing with wild shouts. One young officer whipped out his revolver and fired six salutes in violent order.

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Tales of the South Pacific

NATIVES ran up, and the cook grabbed one by the shoulders. He danced up and down, and the native looked at him in wonderment. In similar bewilderment, two New Zealand enlisted men—beardless boys—who had escaped from Grant's wrecked plane, looked over the waters and wept.

Grant himself disappeared right after the broadcast. Others hung about the radio and picked up further wonderful news.

Commentators were already naming it the Battle of the Coral Sea. From Australia one man threw caution far aside and claimed, "For us it will be one of the decisive battles of the world. It proves that Japan can be stopped. It proves that we shall be saved."

Grant was late coming in to chow. When he appeared he was neatly washed and shaved. His hair was combed. In his right hand he held, half hidden behind his leg, a bottle.

"Gentlemen," he said courteously, "I have been saving this for such an occasion. Will you do me the honor?" With courtly grace he presented the bottle to me and took his seat.

I looked at the label and whistled. "It's Scotch, fellows!" I reported. "It's a fine thing for a night like to-night!" I opened the bottle and passed it to the man on my right.

"After you, sir," that officer said, so I poured myself a drink. Then the bottle passed and ended up with Grant. He poured himself a stiff portion.

"I believe a toast is in order," an American officer said. We stood and he proposed, "To an Allied victory." Americans and New Zealanders congratulated him on the felicity of his thought. Another American jumped to his feet immediately.

"To the men who won the victory!" he said in a voice filled with emotion. No one could censure his extremely bad taste. We knew it was unseemly to be drinking when Colbourne, Grant's fellow pilot, and so many men were missing, but we had to excuse the speaker. It was Ensign Aberforce. After that display no more toasts were given.

Instead we sat round the hut and talked about what we thought had happened, and what would happen next. It might be months before we were taken off Vanicoro. Through all our discussions Grant sat silent. He was, however, drinking vigorously.

From time to time someone would report upon late radio news, but since it was favorable news, and since one doesn't get whisky very often on Vanicoro, we stayed about the table.

At about 2300 the radio operator got a Jap broadcast which he turned up loud. "The American fleet is in utter flight. The American Navy has now been reduced to a fifth-rate naval power. Our forces are regrouping." At that last admission everyone in the room cheered.

It was then that Grant rose to his feet. He started to speak. Surprised, we stopped to listen. We knew he was drunk, but not how drunk.

"To-day," he began in a thick voice. "To-day will undoubtedly be remembered for years to come. As the gentleman from Australia so properly observed, this was one of the decis—— . . ." He stumbled badly over the word and dropped his sentence there.

"If you have not been to New Zealand," he began, and then lost that sentence, too. "If you were a New Zealander," he started over with a rush, "you would know what this means." He took a deep breath and began speaking very slowly, emphasising each word.

"We were ready to protect the land with all our energy . . ." His voice trailed off. We looked at one another uneasily.

"From the oldest man to the youngest boy we would have fought. It was my humble duty to assist in preparing the defences of Auckland. I issued several thousand picks, crowbars, and axes. There were no other weapons." He reached for his whisky and took a long, slow drink.

"My own wife," he resumed, "was given the job of mobilising the

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women. I urged her to go to the hills . . ." He fumbled with his glass. "In fact, I ordered her to go, but she said that our two children . . ." He paused. It seemed as if his voice might break. A fellow New Zealander interrupted.

"I say, Grant!"

Lieutenant Grant stared at his countryman coldly and continued: "There are some of us in New Zealand who know the Japs. We know their cold and cunning ways. We know their thirst for what they call revenge." His voice grew louder, and he beat the table. "I tell you, we know what we have escaped. A heel of tyranny worse than any English nation has known!"

He shouted this and upset his glass. Two officers tried to make him sit down, but he refused. He upset another glass defending himself from his friends. We wanted to look aside but were fascinated by the scene. Grant continued his speech.

"Gentlemen!" he said with a gravity one might use in addressing Parliament. "Especially you gentlemen from our wonderful ally. I pray to God that never in your history will you have an enemy . . . will you have an enemy so near your shores!"

He paused, and his voice took on a solemn ring as if he were in church. His drunkenness made the combined effect ridiculous. "I pray you may never have to rely upon a shield like this." He surveyed the tiny shack and our inadequate materials.

We followed his eyes about the wretched place. The radio that was pieced together. The improvised table. The thin pile of ammunition. Grant's voice raised to a shout. "A shield like this!" he cried.

He exploded the word "this" and swept his right arm about to indicate all of Vanicoro. As he did so, he lost his balance. He grabbed at a fellow officer. Missing that support, he fell upon the table and slipped off on to the floor. He was unconscious. Dead drunk.

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

IT was too bad that Ensign Bill Harbison joined the Navy. He was tall and slim. He wore his uniform superbly, had a small black moustache, a slow deep voice, and a fine manner. He had a sharp mind. In almost any group he was outstanding.

But in the Navy he was merely another ensign. And no matter how good he was, he would stay an ensign for about a year. Then he, and every other ensign, would be promoted. The ill-kempt, stupid, lazy officers would be promoted, just like him. It was too bad.

In the Army Bill would surely have been a lieutenant-colonel. In the Air Corps he might even have become a full colonel.

Of course, Bill would never remotely consider shifting to the Army; that would be little better than being an enlisted man. He might grouch about the fact that he could progress no faster than farm boys from Iowa and plodding clerks from East St. Louis. But he loved the Navy.

Inwardly, Bill admitted that he was good. He had ample reason to think so. In college he had been a master athlete. Had played basketball in the Mountain States, where the game is rough and fast. His height and grace made him a star.

In the six times he appeared in Madison Square Garden he outshone the competition. He was a crack tennis player, a bit of a golfer, a wizard at table tennis, and a good first baseman. In his studies he was also quite a man. Not an honor student, but he got far more A's than C's. He was a member of the best fraternity, a welcomed guest at the sororities, and a popular man among the younger set in Denver, Salt Lake, and Albuquerque.

He was, in short, the kind of man the Navy sought. He was an officer and a gentleman.

In Albuquerque Harbison married the daughter of a wealthy family. She was a Vassar graduate, and found Bill a fine combination of dashing Western manhood and modest cultural attainment. And he could write the sweetest letter.

Bill was working for her father when the war started. Two evenings a week he ran a boys' club, where the roughest kids in Albuquerque met and worshipped the lithe athlete who taught them how to play basketball and keep out of trouble. When he volunteered for a commission, these tough kids collected more than 35 dollars and bought Bill a watch.

Lenore was pleased when Bill got his commission. She thought he deserved to be more than an ensign. But she liked being able to say to her friends, "My husband, who is in the Navy . . ." or "Bill finds Navy life . . ." She had to admit that even though her brother did get a higher rank in the Army, it was rather nice to be a Navy wife.

Lenore followed Bill to Dartmouth, where he took his indoctrination in freezing weather, and then on to Princeton, where she knew dozens of other young Vassar graduates. Her father gave her money for rooms at the Princeton Inn. There she kept open house for hundreds of young married women whose husbands were taking the Princeton course in small boats and diesel engines.

Lenore Harbison graced Princeton in the way that Bill had graced Denver and Albuquerque. She was doubly sorry to find Bill's stay at Princeton drawing to an end. It meant that her man was on his way to sea. It meant their wonderful days were over.

Sadly she packed her things and waited in her sunny rooms for Bill to come back after the end-of-term review.

Please turn to page 66

"Serve it all year round"

says BETTY KING

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DESSERT

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No. 11

EXTERIOR DULUX "HOLDS THE FORT"
'GAINST SUN AND TEMPEST'S WORST ONSLAUGHT,
ITS GLOSS AND COLOUR LAST SO LONG,
.....(Missing Line).....

NOTE: Copy out these three lines and add your own last line, sending in the WHOLE FOUR LINES, with your name and address in block letters, on the same sheet.

The award for this jingle will be announced over 51 Radio Stations in The "DULUX" Show, with "Jack Davey Star-maker." Send your entry to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service not later than September 27, and listen for the weekly winner's name and the winning jingle on your local or nearest participating station from THAT DATE and afterwards weekly. Judges' decision will be final. The staffs and their families of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. and associated companies are excluded from this competition.

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R.U.R.

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 65

BILL hurried across the campus to take her to the train. He was solemn, but he was handsome in his blue uniform and white-covered cap. The gold on his sleeve, the brilliant buttons, and the carefully tied black tie graced his thin, sharp body. Lenore doubted if ever again he would appear so handsome.

Bill was quiet when he kissed her. He liked her flattering comments on his appearance. He had his orders! They took him to the South Pacific! Together they traced out the long Navy sentences. "To whatever port ComSoPac may be located in."

"The sentence dangles!" Lenore said, half crying.

"I wonder what it means?" Bill said, half aloud. "I wonder what kind of small boats they have out there?"

And so, like millions of others, Bill and Lenore trekked across continent to San Francisco, waited there in the steam and flurry of the grand old city, and went their separate ways. Lenore returned to an empty Albuquerque. Bill reported in at Noumea.

All the way across the Pacific he hoped that ComSoPac "had something good for him." He thought of what he might do in a staff job. Travel about and check up on units that were slacking off. Might be flag secretary to an admiral. Might get on some pretty important committee. Might help to draft orders and sit on flag courts-martial.

There was practically nothing available to an ensign that Bill overlooked, and to play safe he also considered jobs usually assigned to full lieutenants and even commanders.

He was not, therefore, prepared when he was assigned as recreation officer in a small unit in Efate. In fact, he was astonished, and asked frankly if some mistake had not been made.

"No, there's no mistake." He heard the words in complete disbelief. It was not until he went aboard an ugly Dutch freighter heading north from Noumea that he accepted his temporary fate.

The freighter was slow and dirty. It had a roll that kept him seasick. Harbison hated every minute of his trip to Efate. He was even more disgusted when he found that he was stationed, not at Vila, the capital town of the New Hebrides, but miles away. He was stuck off in a remote corner of a remote island with a useless job to do.

Ensign Bill Harbison, U.S.N.R., had found his Navy niche. And he did not like it.

He could do his work with one hand tied behind his back. He had some enlisted men to keep happy. He had two assistants to help him. In addition he did some censoring and once a month he had to audit the accounts of the Wine Mess.

After he got his job organised he found that he had to work about half a day and censor letters for about twenty minutes. The rest of the time was his own.

Land-based Aircraft Repair Unit Eight, his unit was called. In Navy style it was LARU-8. It had no clear-cut duties, no job. It was waiting.

One of Bill's friends ran a crash boat, in case an aeroplane should go down at sea. Another sat for hours each day in a tower, in case an aeroplane should need to establish radio communication. Another officer with eighty men waited in case certain types of planes should land and need overhaul. A friend waited with another eighty men to service another kind of plane, in case it should land.

A doctor was present in case sickness should break out. A skipper and his exec. kept things on an even keel and filled out reports that everything was in readiness, in case . . .

At the the end of three weeks Harbison applied for transfer. "To what?" his skipper, a fat, bald, easy-going duck hunter from Louisiana, asked.

"Some activity that needs a man like me," Harbison said frankly.

"What can you do?" the skipper asked.

"Small boats. Landing craft. Anything."

The skipper looked at the handsome young man before him. "Better relax, son!" he said. "You're doing a fine job here. Boys all like you. Better relax!"

"But I came out here to fight a war, sir!" Bill insisted.

He wasn't afraid to press a point with the Old Man. The skipper was mighty easy-going.

"You'll never get anywhere in the Navy that way, son," the Old Man said quietly. "Most young men find you get along much better taking things as they come. If they want you to pilot a battleship into Truk, they'll come and get you!"

The Old Man chuckled to himself. "They'll know right where you are! As a matter of fact, Bill, you'll be right here on Efate! Taking care of LARU-8."

Such manner of doing business appalled Harbison. Again, in five weeks, he applied for transfer, and again he was advised to take it easy.

"You can write out the letter if you wish," the Old Man suggested. "But I'll tell you frankly what I'll do. I'll write at the bottom, 'First Endorsement: Forwarded but not approved.' Don't you see that we can't have every young feller deciding what he can do and can't do? You're needed where you are. You're a good influence in LARU-8. Everything's going along smoothly. Now don't upset the apple cart. By the way, you ought to come hunting with me one of these days. We're going up to Vanicoro!"

UNFORTUNATELY, Bill had no taste for hunting. And especially he had no taste for the Old Man. As a matter of fact, in all the complement of his unit, officers and enlisted men alike, he found no one with whom he could be truly congenial.

Day after day he read the stupid letters of his men and listened to the stupid conversations of his fellow officers. He got so that he dreaded the pile of letters that appeared on his desk each morning:

Dear Bessie,

Just like you said your getting fat but I don't mind because if your fat there will be more of you to love. Goodness nos somebody must be getting the food we aint.

He could shuffle through a dozen of them and not find one intelligent letter. Of course, when he did find one, he ignored it and refused to think, "Here is a human being like me. He thinks and feels and hates to be here. He reacts the way I do. Strange, he must be a lot like me."

Bill never saw human dignity in the letters he read. They all fell into the slightly ridiculous, largely naive classification:

Dear Mom,

You tell Joe that if he wants to go through with it and join the Navy he had better get used to handling his temper cause the first time he lets go at a chief or an officer he's going to learn what for and it ain't going to be like flying off the handle at me because in this man's Navy they play for keeps. You tell Joe that and it will save him a lot of trouble.

The officers were no better. The crash boat skipper was a moron. Thank heavens no pilot lost at sea had to depend on him! The operations officer came from some hick town in Kentucky, and the engineering officer was an apple-knocker from upstate New York. Only Dr. Benoway was of any interest, and he was largely ineffectual.

Harbison thought of Benoway as a mild-mannered, unsuccessful small town doctor who had joined the Navy as the easy way out of financial difficulties.

"Probably makes more now than he ever did before!" Bill reasoned.

If it were not for sports Bill might have lost his sanity. But on the diamond or basketball court he was superb. Enlisted men loved to watch him play or to play with him. They put two men on him in basketball, and still he scored almost at will.

They played on an open concrete court which Bill helped them to build. Even on its rough surface Bill could dribble and pivot so easily that he got away for one basket after another. In a way, it pleased the men to see him score against their own team mates.

"Boy," they would write home. "Have we got a smoothie on our staff? He was All-American and set Long Island U on its ear last year in the Garden!"

Unlike most naval officers in the South Pacific, Bill kept in fine condition. There was no fat on his stomach muscles. He kicked a football half an hour a day, played an hour of basketball, went swimming for two hours in the morning, and usually found time for some badminton in the afternoon. But it was volleyball that captured his enthusiasm!

At first Harbison ridiculed the game. Wouldn't play it. But that was before he was inveigled into a match against the old hands. He played on a green team. Against him were the Old Man and Benoway plus four other officers.

Bill smashed the round ball furiously, but he found to his surprise that the fat Old Man usually popped it into the air right where Dr. Benoway would tap it out of reach. This went on all afternoon, and Bill said to himself, "Say, there's something to this game!"

From then on he studied it in earnest. He found a place on the Old Man's team. He played on one side of the skipper and Benoway played on the other. Patiently and with great skill the Old Man would push the ball high and near the net. Bill would smash it for a point.

He thought he was getting pretty good until one day the Old Man couldn't play. A stranger took his place, and that afternoon Bill missed most of his shots. He thought at first he was off his game. Then he realised with astonishment that the Old Man was unbelievably good as a "setter-upper." From then on he, Benoway, and the Old Man formed an invincible team.

"Have we got a fine volleyball team?" the men wrote home. "Usually we play the officers, and mostly they win. But when we get a game with some other team, we have a mixed team. We haven't lost yet!"

Shortly after Bill learned to play volleyball, he made junior grade lieutenant, automatically. He was chagrined at the promotion, especially when he read in a letter from home that Lenore's brother Eddie was already a captain!

The news made Bill restless. He wanted to be doing something. There was great activity in the air. Things were happening in the world, and he was sitting on Efate, sunning himself, becoming a volleyball champion.

He went impatiently to the Old Man. "Won't you reconsider now?" he asked. "I'd like to get farther north."

"But, Bill, we need you here," the skipper replied. "If you went, we'd only have to find somebody else. Our unit specifies a recreation officer."

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Pure, Safe

Vaseline

PETROLEUM JELLY

For chapped hands and lips

There is only **one** "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly — *the one pictured above.*
It is the scientifically refined and purified petroleum jelly — *which never varies in odour, colour and purity.* Be certain you get safe, pure "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. *Ask for it by its full name — it's available everywhere.* Keep it in your home for 101 daily uses.

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Colloseptic clears away Human Rust by first loosening then smoothly removing this food waste by normal evacuation and keeps you in good health and strength.

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Tales of the South Pacific

FROM then on Bill Harbison started to relax in earnest. He missed breakfast because he wanted to stay slim. Appearing at his recreation shack about nine o'clock, he would eat a papaya with a bit of lime juice. His admiring assistants supplied them from the nearby jungle.

By ten he was through with censoring and ordinary routine. He would then have a catch with any men who might be around. At ten-thirty he would head for the beach four miles away, and there he would lie in the sun, perhaps swim a little, perhaps dive with the deep-sea mask his men had made him.

At eleven-thirty he would return to his hut, shower, rub his feet with talcum, and lie on his sack until twelve-thirty. After lunch he would sleep until two, when he might play some badminton or read. At four sharp he would appear at the volley-ball court and warm up for the afternoon game.

In the evenings he would attend the movies and after that have a beer in the Officers' Club. He usually went to bed at ten o'clock.

Each week he read various magazines and at least two good books. He listened to news broadcasts four times a day from Australia on a radio set his men had built for him, and once or twice a week he tried to get Tokio Rose, whom he found most amusing.

He wrote a long letter to his wife every other day, and received one from her every day.

Bill's main contributions to LARU-8 were his splendid personal appearance, which everyone envied and some tried to copy, his neatness and bearing as an officer, and the fact that he found a French plantation owner who would butcher steers at regular intervals.

Thanks to Bill, his fellow officers ate some of the finest food in the South Pacific. They had fresh papaya, those excellent pepsin melons, fresh limes and lemons, fresh oranges, fresh pineapple, fresh corn on the cob, and steak at least once a week.

As a matter of principle Bill insisted that the Officers' Mess must never have steak more than twice before the enlisted men had it once. They got the tougher cuts, it was true, but a steer gave only so many fillets.

In nine more months Bill would be a full lieutenant. In ten more months he would be eligible to return to the States. Everything would have turned out all right for Bill if a slight accident hadn't intervened. Nurses came to Efate!

They came late one afternoon, on the other side of the island. They were Navy nurses and were attached to a hospital that was temporarily established on Efate. They arrived with inadequate provisions, and among the would-be gallants on the island a great rush developed as to who would help them first and most.

An Army unit provided cots and blankets. One of the airfields found a refrigerator. Eight electric fans, valuable as rubies, were given the nurses outright as a gift. But Bill Harbison topped them all. He got a small truck, butchered a steer, got twelve bushels of fresh vegetables, and set out for the hospital.

He drove up to the locked gate of the nurses' quarters and started to shout, "Here's the butcher boy! Come and get it!"

From their windows the nurses looked down at the strange sight below. "Isn't he cute?" several of them whispered to one another.

"Here it is, girls!" Bill shouted, and soon his truck was surrounded by the nurses. They were hungry. Their stores had not yet been unpacked. They had been living on meagre rations.

"Where's the kitchen?" he cried. Suddenly, after all the indifferent months on Efate, he felt good. He was smiling and almost excited. The girls led him off to a big, empty

Continued from page 66

wooden structure that would one day be the mess hall.

"Light up the stoves!" he cried merrily. "We'll have a steak *fry* right here. See if you have any salt." The nurses made a quick survey and provided salt, a few onions, some bread, some potatoes, and a surly mess attendant.

"You can't fool around in here," he whined.

"The lieutenant brought us some food!" one of the older nurses said.

"He ain't got no right in here," the attendant replied.

"Look, Oscar," Harbison said. Some girls giggled. "How do you suppose I could start that fire? 'Cause listen, Oscar. If I get it started you get a steak!"

The attendant snarled something. He was a thin, small man and disliked everybody. "Mess hall won't be opened for two more days," he said. "And you better quit fooling around here, too." He stood defiantly by the stoves as he spoke.

"All right, Oscar!" Harbison cried. "You keep the stoves! We'll keep the steaks. Grab some of this stuff, girls!" With that he started throwing pots and pans to nurses who caught them. "We'll have a barbecue outside!" he announced.

"You'll get into trouble for this," the attendant said dolefully.

"It's our funeral!" Harbison replied. All his lethargy was gone. Here was something to do, and it was fun!

He led the nurses out of the forbidden mess hall and into the edge of the jungle beneath some large trees. Acting as general manager, he directed them to build a fire and cut long sticks. Then, with some rocks, he built several grills, and before long steaks and onions and dehydrated potatoes were cooking. Bill showed the girls where to find papayas and how to select the ripe ones.

IN a little while, the smell of sizzling steaks, expertly cut by Harbison, filled the air. A fat doctor, catching a whiff of the delectable odor, waddled out to see what was going on. Pretty soon another followed, and before long a collection of doctors and nurses stood around the four fires.

Harbison acted as toastmaster, chef, and fireman. He was a delightful man for such an affair, and he bore himself with distinction. The steaks were good. One doctor had three. Bill ate sparingly of one choice fillet. A young nurse prepared it for *him*, and he thanked her graciously.

There were, among the nurses, several attractive girls. They looked lovelier, perhaps, than they were, for Bill had seen no white women for some time. They were witty and neat, two wonderful attributes for any girl; and they were exotic, standing as they did at the very edge of the jungle.

Bill watched them as they ate. Some wore slacks becomingly; others wore seersucker dresses; and one or two wore mixed clothes. Three were in white uniform, for they had official duties. Bill particularly liked the manner in which many of the girls wore bandanas to control their hair. They looked doubtly colorful against the dull green of the jungle.

But being already married, Bill had no wish to set up illicit amours of any kind on the side. He smiled at the girls, showed courtesies to the women, and was the very spirit of a naval officer to all. When the party was over he helped pack the remaining steaks in the ice-box. Then, smiling and waving, he drove off back over the hill to his camp.

When the hospital was established Bill became a frequent visitor. He would bring the nurses things, take them swimming in large groups, show them how to build equipment they needed, and introduce them to his circle of acquaintances.

He became a familiar sight on the hospital grounds, but never in the manner of other officers who came, gaped at the pretty nurses, and started a flirtation immediately. Harbison, it might be said, flirted with the entire hospital staff. He never told any of the girls that he was married, but he conducted himself as if he were. That made him doubly intriguing.

In time Bill naturally gravitated toward two or three nurses in particular, and after the first month of mass gallantry he had selected for himself one nurse to whom he paid special attention. It was she who first ate at Bill's mess; it was she who accompanied him on the boat trip to Vanicoro.

She was, it might have seemed, the least likely of all candidates for the honor. Her name was Dinah Culbert, a woman about 42 years old. She was taller than the average nurse, quiet, not good-looking. She had minor intellectual pretensions, and she worshipped Bill.

Thus, in one deft manoeuvre, Bill accomplished what would have eluded many a lesser man. He had a feminine cheering section without danger of emotional complications.

There was much for an officer and a nurse to do on Efate. There were boat trips to nearby islands, trips inland toward the volcanoes of Vanicoro, pig roasts, fishing for tuna and barracuda, visits to native villages, work in carpentry shops, and swimming.

Sometimes in the evenings there were informal dances, and every night there was some officers' club to visit for light conversation and cokes, or beer, or whisky. But most of all, over your entire life there hung the great Pacific tropics.

At night you would be aimlessly driving home and suddenly, around a bend, you would come upon a vista of the ocean, framed in palm trees, under a moon so large and brilliant that the night seemed day. Or again, driving along the shore your jeep would reach a point where ocean spray spumed across the road and engulfed you in a million rainbows. Or hiking into the jungles for ivory nuts you might meet a naked native with his naked wives and children, walking somewhere, going to do some unimportant thing.

The tropics never left you, and in time you accustomed yourself to them. They were a vast relaxation, nature growing free and wild. An officer and a nurse in such surroundings usually fell in love.

It is not certain whether Bill and Dinah ever kissed. There was some speculation on this point, but no one knew anything definitely. Had not Lenore Harbison's brother Eddie been promoted to a major in the Army, Bill and Dinah might have gone on for many more months in their fine aimless manner.

But when Bill heard that Eddie, who was his own age, had been jumped to a major, he could not restrain himself.

"Why is it," he asked himself over and over again, "that a guy can go up so fast in one service and not in another? Eddie's a good boy, but he hasn't half my stuff. This is a raw deal!"

He brooded over the situation for several days and called Dinah to tell her he wouldn't be able to take her to the beach. He stayed in his shack for the better part of two days, reading "War and Peace." He didn't even get up for his meals. Just ate some papayas and canned soup his men provided. He played no volleyball and did not go swimming. He was disgusted with everything. He wrote to his wife every day for six days and tried to get the poison out of his system.

But when he was done two facts remained: He was getting nowhere, and he had given up a good life in Albuquerque to do so.

Please turn to page 69

Who says a suntan takes time?

With Nyal **KWIK TAN**, anyone can have a smooth, even tan in next to no time. Always apply **KWIK TAN** before sunbathing — it contains a scientific sun screen which filters the sun's rays, promoting a really good tan. For those unlucky enough to be burnt beforehand, its mild anæsthetic action helps to bring soothing relief. Choose between Oil or Cream — *both* are easy to apply. *Either* will give you the best tan you've ever had.

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At last I'm free to look after my little family— thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.

A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.

Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.

Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.

This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health.

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment.

Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on . . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family.

Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, if you suffer backache, rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or headaches

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this young Australian mother and her family. For theirs is the story of thousands of other people in the Commonwealth to-day. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that it has been estimated that these, and kindred ailments, cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year. Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no harmful drugs.

They are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thiamine. They are a tried and proven family treatment that has brought relief from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment cleanses your body of the germs and poisons that rob you of your natural health and energy and which so often cause **Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatics, Kidney and Bladder trouble, Backache,** and similar aches and pains. In these times of stress, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment will restore you to normal good health and keep you fit and well to enjoy your life as you should. Start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment to-day and see how your aches and pains and tiredness vanish, leaving you filled with new energy and cheerfulness.

Start a course to-day

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS 6/6 AND 3/6 EVERYWHERE

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

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Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

M97

Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.

More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.

Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.

Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

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Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 67

ALL at once then, the thought of Dinah Culbert infuriated Bill. He had been playing a game, that was all. He closed "War and Peace," which he could not follow anyway, and thought of good old Aunt Dinah. He was ashamed of himself, a young man of twenty-three escorting a woman of forty.

From that moment in his own mind he never referred to Dinah as anything but Grandmom. He even used the word aloud once or twice, and soon it was common gossip at the hospital that Bill Harbison, the fine naval lieutenant, had joked about Aunt Dinah as his Grandmom.

Otherwise Bill let Dinah down easily. He took her to lunch at the restaurant in Vila once more, took her to dinner at his own mess, had drinks with her at the hospital club, and that was all.

Dinah was not dismayed. When rumor first reached her that he had called her his grandmother, there was a sharp pang of unbelief. Then she laughed. She was a nurse and no dumb cluck.

"I pity the next girl he goes with," she said to herself.

The next girl was Nellie Forbush. She was a slender, pretty nurse of twenty-two. She came from a small town in Arkansas and loved being in the Navy. Never in a hundred years would Bill Harbison have noticed her in the States. She wouldn't have moved in his crowd at all.

In Denver she would have lived somewhere in the indiscriminate northern part of the city, by the viaduct. In Albuquerque she would have lived near the Mexican quarter. But on the island of Efate, where white women were the exception and pretty white women rarities, Nellie Forbush was a queen. She suffered no social distinctions.

Bill took her swimming and gasped when he saw her for the first time in a swimming suit. She wore a gingham halter and a pair of tight trunks with only a suggestion of a flared ballet skirt. She did not bathe. She dived into the ocean and swam with long easy strokes to the raft. Perched upon the boards, she shook her bobbed hair free of water and laughed.

"Some difference," Bill thought. "Not much like Grandmom!"

Nor was she much like Grandmom driving home along the narrow road through the coconut plantation. It was still daylight, but shadows were so thick it seemed like evening. Bill pulled the jeep to one side of the road and kissed his beautiful nurse. It was no chivalrous kiss. It was a kiss born of seeing her the most lovely person on the beach.

After there were many more swims and even more kisses. Bill wasn't around LARU-8 much after that. If Nellie had any free time, he was sure to be somewhere with her. Since he ate no breakfast he might be absent from meals several days in a row. His men found no difficulty in doing the work he was supposed to do.

Late at night he would censor his mail, so that fellow officers came to expect a thin light from his bunk at two or three in the morning. He rarely rose before ten. He was still slim, browner than before, and fastidious in dress. He played no basketball, and volleyball only occasionally. Long hours at the beach kept him in shape.

Twice after he started going with Nellie he went to his skipper and asked for a transfer to some unit farther north. The first time the Old Man simply said no! On Bill's second visit, however, the skipper asked him to sit down.

"I know how you feel, Bill," the chubby, jovial Old Man said. "You want to get out and win the war. We all do, and maybe we'll get a chance . . . later. There's some talk that LARU-8 may be in on the next big strike. But the point is this, Bill. Even if LARU-8 sits right here for the duration, that's not your problem. You're in the Navy now. You'll be called to action when you're needed."

The Old Man looked hard at Bill. "If you don't mind my butting in, young feller, don't mix your Navy life and your private life. Don't expect to use LARU-8 to help you settle personal problems!" He half smiled at Bill and returned to fixing his fishing rod.

It was after this second defeat that Bill scared Nurse Forbush. They were driving home from a wienie roast on the beach, and he took a back road through the coconuts. Nellie was not unhappy about this, for she had grown to love the handsome lieutenant. She was surprised, however, when he insisted that she leave the jeep.

He had a blanket with him, and before Nellie knew what had happened she wound herself wrestling with him on the ground.

"Bill!" she cried softly. "Bill! Stop!"

He paid no attention to her entreaties, and in desperation she grabbed a coconut and swung it with all her strength against his head. She did not knock him out, but she did stun him. He staggered around for a minute and then realised what had happened.

Nellie was neither crying nor nervously hysterical. She was merely shocked beyond words.

They drove home in silence. Bill tried to say something once or twice, but couldn't. Besides, his head ached where the coconut had crashed. At the armed gate to the nurses' quarters Bill said a stiff good-night.

"I'm sorry," he added. Nellie said nothing, and disappeared between the guns of the two guards.

NELLIE tried to go to sleep in the long corridor used as a dormitory by the younger nurses. She couldn't. While she lay there wondering what she ought to do, she saw a light coming from Dinah Culbert's room. Instinctively, and without much forethought, Nellie went in to see Dinah.

"Hello," the latter said pleasantly. "Been up late?"

"Yes," Nellie answered. "I see you are, too."

"It is rather late for me," Dinah replied. "I'm trying to plough through 'War and Peace'."

"Lots of people read that book out here," Nellie said naively.

"Yes," Dinah said sweetly. "At least they start it. I'm going to be the one that finishes it."

"Dinah," Nellie said hesitantly. "May I bother you a minute?"

"Of course, my dear. What is it?"

"It's about Bill," Nellie said. "Bill Harbison."

"What about Bill?" Dinah asked, pulling her long lounging gown about her knees.

"I'm in love with him, Dinah. Very much."

"That's nothing to worry about, Nellie. Bill's a fine young man."

"I wondered if you could help me, Dinah?"

The older woman instinctively went on the defensive. "I wonder what's happened," she thought. Aloud she said, "Of course, my dear. What's up?"

"Is Bill married?"

Dinah thought, "It is serious, isn't it?" She answered, "I don't know, Nellie."

"I thought you might," the lovely girl in the soft nightgown replied.

"No, Nellie," the older woman explained. "You see, when I went with Bill, whether or not he was married was of no consequence. How could it possibly have interested me? I never deluded myself with even the faintest suspicion that we might fall in love."

She paused and then added, "Of course, if you really want to know, all you have to do is call his commanding officer."

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" Nellie gasped.

Dinah smiled and thought, "You couldn't do that! No! But you could take a chance on your whole life. That's all right! Girls, girls! No wonder I never got married. I guess God made a mistake and gave me a brain!"

Nellie persisted. "Dinah," she asked, "what do you think?"

"Darling, I told you. I don't think anything. But I will tell you something that I thought a couple of months ago. You might not like it, but here it is. When Bill stopped taking me places he was in a foul mood. I thought, 'I'm sorry for the next girl he goes with.' If I'm not mistaken, you're the next girl."

"What did you mean?" Nellie asked, half shuddering at Dinah's cold statements.

"I don't know, Nellie. I think it was something like this. Bill Harbison went with me only to fill a need in himself. It was unnatural, and I knew it. But it was fun. I now go with several older men whom I met through Bill. I bear him no grudges at all. But I never deceived myself for a moment that Bill was the handsome, winsome, gallant boy he played at being. He's just like you and me, Nellie—a huge bundle of neuroses which this climate makes worse."

"I know that, Dinah," Nellie said. "I feel it in myself, sometimes. But what did you mean about being sorry for me? That's what I've got to know."

"I meant that it is just as unnatural for Bill to go with you as it was for him to go with me. Bill is a snob. Nellie, you may not like this, but it would be as impossible for Bill to marry you as it would be for him to marry me. That's why it doesn't make any difference whether or not he's married. But if you want to know, I can make some discreet inquiries among my friends. Although, of course, it wouldn't be exactly easy for me to do so." She smiled.

"I know what you mean, Dinah. I think I know all of what you mean. Thanks for talking." The handsomely built young girl folded her nightgown about her thin waist and left. Dinah watched her go.

"She thinks I'm jealous of her," the older woman mused. "I wonder what happened to-night." She sighed, from what cause she did not know, and returned to "War and Peace."

Next morning Bill was at the hospital. Before she went to sleep Nellie had decided not to see him if he called, but when she looked down from the window and saw him standing penitently by his jeep, she hurried down. They went for a drive and Bill apologised.

"Seeing you so beautiful on the beach made me lose my head," he said.

She was on the point of asking him if he were married. But she didn't. All over the world at that moment men torn from their homes were meeting strange girls and falling in love with them. On every girl's tongue was the question she almost never asked: "Are you married?"

At first she reasoned, "Well, we're not in love, so it doesn't matter." Later she reasoned, "We love one another, so it doesn't really matter."

In strange ways they discovered that their lovers were married men, or in jubilation they found they were not. But rarely did they ask the simple question: "Are you married?" For they knew that most men would tell them the truth, and they did not wish to know the truth.

So Nellie did not ask. Instead, she did a very foolish thing. She told him about Charlie Benedict back home who worked in a store and wanted to marry her. He was 4-F and miserable about it. He wrote her the funniest letters. Poor Charlie!

Please turn to page 70

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Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 69

INSTEAD of her plan working as Nellie thought it might, Bill said nothing about marriage. Instead, he pulled her to him in a delirium of love, and almost crushed her with kisses. "My darling!" he whispered.

Her world was in turmoil. Then, suddenly, she knew what she should do.

"Bill," she said simply. "I love you very much. Desperately. You know that. I want you, and I'm not afraid of you."

Harbison leaned back against his jeep seat, his eyes filled with the lovely girl. He hardly knew what was happening, the blood was pounding in his ears so strongly. She put her hand on his cheek.

"Bill," she asked directly. "Do you love me?" In reply he clutched her to him in a long kiss.

"Bill," she insisted. "Tell me. Is there any chance that we might one day get married? When the war's over?"

The words knocked Bill's head back. The wretched girl was proposing to him! What was happening here? He swallowed hard and looked at her, a common little girl from some hick town. What did she think was going on? This was a furious turn of events!

Nellie saw that Bill was dumbfounded. "I'm sorry, Bill," she said, keeping her hand against his cheek. Nellie was his for the asking, but, hang it all, she was nothing but a little country girl. He wouldn't look at her twice in the States.

"And besides," he said to himself with great resolution. "After all, I am an officer!" That decided it. He pushed Nellie's hand away from his cheek.

"I'm married," he said. "I thought you knew."

Nellie heard the words like hammers upon her brain. "I'm married!" That was it, but so much was ended with those words. She looked at Bill, and, in her heart, thanked him for telling her the truth. She leaned over and kissed him.

"Thanks, Bill," she said. "Now let's go back."

On his way home from the hospital Lieut. Bill Harbison, U.S.N.R., who would soon be a full lieutenant if he didn't drop dead, felt pretty pleased with himself. The silly girl was obviously in love with him, and he had turned her down. He could have had her for a whistle. He slapped himself in the stomach. He was disturbed. He could feel a thin line of fat attacking him.

"All this party business and nurses," he said to himself. "Soft living. I'll get back to kicking the football in the afternoon."

ALLIGATOR

ONE day in November, 1942, a group of admirals met in the Navy Building in Washington. They discussed the limited victory at Coral Sea. They estimated our chances on Guadalcanal. They progressed to other considerations, and towards the end of the meeting the officer who was serving as improvised chairman said, "We will take Kuralei!"

It was a preposterous decision. Our forces at that moment were more than a thousand enemy-held miles from Kuralei. We barely had enough planes in the Pacific to protect the Marines on Guadalcanal.

Our ability to hold what we had grabbed and to digest what we held was uncertain. The outcome in the Pacific was undecided when the men in Washington agreed that next they would take Kuralei.

Equally fantastic men in Russia made equally fantastic decisions. They forgot that Von Paulus was at the gates of Stalingrad. They were saying, "And when we have captured Warsaw we will sweep on directly to Posnan. If necessary, we will bypass that city and strike for the Oder. That is what we will do."

And in London, Americans and British ignored Rommel at the threshold of Alexandria, and reasoned calmly, "When we drive Rommel out of Tunisia and when you Americans succeed in your African venture, we will land upon Sicily in this manner."

That each of these three grandiose dreams came true is a miracle of our age. I happened to see why the Kuralei adventure succeeded. It was because of Alligator. I doubt if anything I shall ever participate in again will have quite the same meaning to me.

Alligator was a triumph of mind first, and then of muscle. It was a rousing victory of the spirit, consummated in the flesh. It was to me, who saw it imperfectly and in part, a lasting proof that democratic men will ever be the equals of those who deride the system; for it was an average group of hard-working Americans who devised Alligator.

First the admirals in Washington conveyed their decision to their subordinates. "We will take Kuralei!" One of the subordinates told me that his head felt like a basket of lead when the words were spoken.

"Take Kuralei!" he laughed in retrospect. "It was as silly as suggesting that we sail right in and take Rabaul, or Truk, or Palau. At that time it was a preposterous imagination."

But he and perhaps sixty other high-ranking officers set out to take Kuralei. Specialists of all branches of the Service studied Kuralei day and night, to the exclusion of all else. Map-makers were called in to make complete maps of Kuralei . . . and four other islands so that no one could say for sure, "Kuralei is next."

It was soon discovered that there were no maps of the island that could be trusted. Months later, lonely aircraft stole over Kuralei at great speed, and unarmed. They photographed the island — and four oth. islands — and some were never seen again.

A submarine one night put six men ashore to reconnoitre a Kuralei beach. They returned. The men who crept ashore on another island did not return, but even in the moments of their darkest torture those men could not imperil the operation, for they knew nothing.

In five months the first maps of Kuralei were drawn. They proved to be sixty per cent. accurate. Hundreds of lives paid for each error in those maps; hundreds more live today because the maps contained so much accurate information.

The admiral in charge of providing the necessary number of destroyers for the operation studied eighteen or twenty contingencies.

If the submarine menace abates within four months; if we could draw twelve destroyers from the Aleutians; if we had only eight carriers to protect; if we can insist upon using only those transports that make sixteen knots; if we can rely upon complete outfitting in Brisbane; if Camden and Seattle can finish outfitting the cruisers we need . . .

If we could draw heavily upon MacArthur's fleet for the time being; if reports from Korea four weeks previous to D-day continue favorable as to the disposition of the Jap fleet; if we decide to knock out most of the shore batteries by aerial bombardment; if we have a margin of safety at Midway; if we have an air cover as powerful as we plan; if we can suspend all convoys south of Pearl Harbor . . . .

Please turn to page 71

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Tales of the South Pacific

BY the time the admiral had completed his study, a truly perplexing number of possibilities had been considered. But when a man whose life has been planned to the sea, whose whole purpose for living is meeting an emergency like this, spends four months on the problem of destroyers at Kuralei, one has a right to expect a judicious decision.

The medical corps attacked their problem somewhat differently. They made a study of all amphibious landings of which there was any history.

Landings by a large force, by a small force. Landings with a ground swell and in calm water. Landings with air cover and without. Landings with fierce air opposition and with moderate. Landings with no air opposition. Landings in the tropics, in the Arctic, and in temperate climate. Landings with hospital ships available and with hospital ships sunk.

In fact, where no experience was available to draw upon, the doctors spent hours imagining what might conceivably happen. Slowly and with much revision they proceeded to draw up tables. "Against a beach protected by a coral reef, with a landing made at high tide against effective but harassed enemy opposition, casualties may be expected as follows . . ."

Specialists went to work upon the tentative assumptions. "Of any 100 casualties suffered in this operation, it is safe to predict that the following distribution of type will be encountered." Next, research doctors computed the probable percentages of the various types of wounds.

Then the hospital men took over. "It can be seen from the accompanying table that xx hospital ships with xx beds must be provided for this operation. Of the xx beds, no less than xx per cent. must be adjustable beds to care for wounds in categories k through r."

Next the number of surgeons required was determined, the number of corpsmen, the number of nurses and their desired distribution according to rank, the number and variety of specialists. The number of operating tables available was determined, as were all items of equipment. A survey was made of every available hospital and medical facility from Pearl Harbor to Perth.

"By the time this operation commences, it is reasonable to assume that we shall have naval hospitals on Guadalcanal, the Russells, Munda; that we shall have increased facilities in the New Hebrides and Noumea; and that projects already under way in New Zealand and Australia will be completed. This means that at the minimum we shall have . . ."

Four medical warehouses were completely checked to see that adequate supplies of all medicines, plasma, bandages, instruments, and every conceivable medical device would be available.

"If, as is reasonable to suppose, we have by that time secured an effective airstrip, say at some point like Konora, we will have available fourteen hospital planes which should be able to evacuate critically wounded men at the rate of . . ." At this point a senior naval doctor interrupted all proceedings.

"Let us now assume," he said, "that this operation is a fiasco. Let us imagine for the moment that we have twenty-five per cent. casualties. That our schedule for operations is doubled. That head wounds are increased two hundred per cent. What will we do then?" So the doctors revised their tables and studied new shreds of past experience.

About this time a doctor who had commanded a medical unit for the Marines on Guadalcanal returned to Washington. Eagerly, his fellow physicians shot questions at him for three days. Then they revised their estimates.

A British doctor who was passing

Continued from page 70

through Washington on a medical commission that would shortly go to Russia was queried for two days. He had been on Crete.

Slowly, with infinite pains, ever cautiously, but with hope, the doctors built up their tables of expectancy. Long before the first ship set sail for Kuralei, almost before the long-range bombers started softening it up, the medical history of the battle was written. Like all such predictions, it was bloody and cruel and remorseless.

In so far as our casualties fell short of the doctors' fearful expectations, we would achieve a great victory. And if our losses amounted to only one-half or one-third of the predictions, hundreds upon hundreds of homes in the United States would know less tragedy than now they could expect to know. In such an event Admiral Kester would be able to report on the battle in those magic words: "Our losses were unexpectedly light."

It was strange. The men who would make up the difference between the expected dead and the actual dead would never know that they were the lucky ones. But all the world would be richer for their having lived.

About this time it was necessary to take more and more men into the secret of Kuralei. Seven months had passed. An inspiring whisper was sweeping the Navy: "A big strike is on." Everyone heard the whisper. Stewards' mates in Australia, serving aboard some harbor tug, knew "something was up."

Little Japanese boys who shined shoes in Pearl Harbor knew it, and so did the French girls who waited store in Noumea. But where was the strike directed? When was it timed to hit?

More than half a year had passed since the decision had been reached. Evidences of the decision were everywhere, but the ultimate secert was still protected. A manner of referring to the secret without betraying it was now needed.

Alligator was the code word decided upon. It was the Alligator operation. Now the actual printing of schedules could proceed. Wherever possible, names were omitted.

Phrases such as this appeared: "Alligator can be depended upon to suck the Japanese fleet . . ." "Alligator will need not less than twenty personnel planes during the period . . ." "Two weeks before Alligator D-day, hospitals in the area south of . . ."

The compilation of specific instructions had begun. Mimeograph machines were working, and over certain offices an armed guard watched night and day. Alligator was committed.

The day upon which the Kuralei operation was named, Captain Samuel Kelley, S.C., U.S.N., left Washington for the island of Efate, in the New Hebrides. He was instructed to assume full command of all supply facilities in that area and to be prepared to service a major strike.

"Nothing," he was told, "must interfere with the effective handling of this job. Our entire position in the Pacific depends upon the operation."

At the same time a captain close to Admiral King was despatched with verbal instructions to Admiral Kester, to the top-flight officers at Pearl Harbor, and to General MacArthur. This captain did not know of Captain Kelley's commission, and the two men flew out to the South Pacific in the same plane, each wondering what the other was going to do there.

Meanwhile, in Washington, plans had gone as far as they could. In minutely guarded parcels they were flown to Pearl Harbor, where Admiral Nimitz and his staff continued the work and transmuted it into their own.

No commitments had been made as to when D-day should be, but by the time the project was turned over to Admiral Nimitz, it did not look half so foolish as when it was hatched in Washington.

By the time I heard of it, much later, it seemed like a logical and almost inevitable move. The subtle difference is that when I saw how reasonable it was, the plan was already so far progressed that only a major catastrophe could have disrupted it. I think that therein lies the secret of modern amphibious warfare.

In Pearl Harbor the mimeograph machines worked harder and longer than they had in Washington. Day by day new chapters were added to the pre-history of Alligator. Old ones were revised or destroyed, and yet there was no printed hint as to where Alligator would strike.

All that could be told for certain was that a tremendous number of ships was involved. The super-secret opening sections of Alligator had not yet been printed, nor would they be until the last few weeks before the inevitable day.

At this stage of developments I was sent to Pearl Harbor on uncertain orders. I had a suspicion that I might be travelling there in some connection or other with the impending strike. I thought it was going to be against some small island near Bougainville.

For a few electric moments I thought it might even be against Kavieng. Kuralei never entered my head.

I landed at the airfield and went directly to Ford Island, where I bunked with an old friend, a Lt. English. Sometime later Tony Fry flew up on business, and the two of us lay in the sun, or waited in one dreary office after another.

Since I was a qualified messenger and had nothing to do, I was sent out to Midway with some papers connected with Alligator. The island made no impression on me. It was merely a handful of sand and rock in the dreary wastes of the Pacific.

I have since thought that millions of Americans now and in the future will look upon Guadalcanal, New Georgia, and Kuralei as I looked upon Midway that very hot day. The islands which are cut upon my mind will be to others mere stretches of jungle or bits of sand. For those other men cannot be expected to know. They were not there.

Finally Tony Fry left for Segi Point, an infinitesimal spot in the Solomons. English had to go on a trip somewhere, and I was alone in the rooms on Ford Island. Young officers reported in by the hundreds in those exciting days prior to the big strike, and after brief interviews, hurried on to islands they had never heard of, to ships they had never known.

Please turn to page 72

Shakespeare and Sam Taylor

OVER the past 42 years Shakespeare has had a pretty tough spin from film producers.

Sir Laurence Olivier, admittedly, handled Shakespearian texts with skill and good taste in his famous films, "Henry V" and "Hamlet."

But not all producers of films based on Shakespeare's plays have done the same.

There was a celebrated version of "The Taming of the Shrew," starring Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, which carried an historic credit line: "'The Taming of the Shrew,' by William Shakespeare, with additional dialogue by Sam Taylor."

You can read of some odd sidelights on Shakespearian films in the September issue of A.M., the Australian Monthly, now on sale.

The pictures include color shots from Orson Welles' new and controversial production of "Macbeth."

A.M., the magazine for men and women, is still only 1/-.

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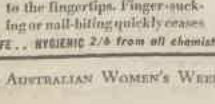

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she is 39 . . . but looks 23 !

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"Thanks, darling. I haven't been drinking a witches' potion, but I have found the secret of perennial youthfulness of face and feature."

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NOTE: Fibrositis is a disease related to Rheumatism, but is usually much more painful and requires a special treatment such as Romind.

Romind

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 71

I STAYED, and stayed, and stayed. I did the usual things one did in Pearl Harbor, but somehow the crowds appalled me, and an evil taste never left my mouth. Other men have had similar experiences, in California, or New York, or Oklahoma. They were home, yet there was an evil taste in their mouths.

For not even Chicago or Fort Worth can solace a man who has been in the islands and who knows another great strike is forming.

It was in this mood that I reported one day to fleet headquarters. That time the call was not in vain. I was given a medium-sized briefcase, unusually heavy. I was told that if our plane went down at sea, I must throw the case into the water. It was guaranteed to sink in eight seconds.

I was given a pistol, and a Marine sergeant as an armed guard. With an armed escort I was taken to a waiting airplane. Seven other officers were in the plane, and I was certain that at least one of them was a guard assigned to watch me, but which officer it was I could not ascertain.

We stopped that night at Funafuti, a speck in the ocean. Two guards were stationed at my quarters, which was shared with no one. In the morning the procedure of the previous day was repeated, and we left Funafuti, a truly dismal island, for sprawling New Caledonia.

When we were about an hour away from Noumea, where Admiral Kester had his headquarters, an unfavorable weather report was received, and we were directed to land at Plaine des Gaiacs, an airstrip some distance from Noumea.

We made what I considered a pretty hazardous landing, for we were well shaken up. We had a difficult decision to make. Should we fly to Noumea in a small plane? Should we go down by jeep? Or should we lay over until morning? It was decided to wait an hour and to try the first alternative.

A TBF took us down, and it was then that I learned which of my fellow officers was my extra guard. It was a jay-gee who looked exactly like a bank clerk. In the crowded TBF we never acknowledged that either knew why the other was there.

At Magenta we made a wretched landing, and both the jay-gee and I were obviously frightened when we left the plane. Bad weather was all about us, and we wondered how the pilot had felt his way through the clouds.

Again a armed car was waiting, and we proceeded directly to Admiral Kester's headquarters. There the admiral was waiting. Three of us, the jay-gee, the Marine, and I, presented the briefcase to him.

Admiral Kester took the case into his room and opened it. It contained a mimeographed book, eight and one half inches by fourteen. The book contained six hundred and twelve pages, plus six mimeographed maps. The most startling thing about the book was the first page.

The first sentence designated the forthcoming operation as Alligator. The second sentence was short. It said simply, "You will proceed to Kuralei and invest the island."

Slowly, like one who had acquired a Shakespeare folio after years of dreaming, Admiral Kester leafed idly through the super-secret first pages. The warships of his task force were named. The points of rendezvous indicated. The location of every ship was shown for 1200 and 2400 hours of each of the five days preceding the landings.

The barrages, the formation of the landing craft, the composition of aerial bombardment, code words for various hours, radio frequencies, location of spotting points, and every other possible detail which might ensure successful operations against the enemy — all were given in the first few pages. Only the time for D-day was missing.

The admiral passed over the opening pages and dipped at random into the massive volume. Page 291: "At this time of year no hurricanes are to be expected. There is, however, record of one that struck three hundred and eighty miles south-west of Kuralei in 1897. Assuming that a hurricane does strike, it will be certain to travel from . . ."

On page 367 Kester read that the natives on Kuralei should be presumed to be unfriendly.

"Long and brutal administration under the Germans was not modified by the Japanese. Instead of finding the natives opposed to Japanese rule, American forces will find them apathetic or even hostile. Under no circumstances should they be used as runners."

ON page 401 the admiral was advised that fruit on Kuralei was much the same as that on islands farther south and that in accordance with the general rule of the South Pacific, "if something looks good, smells good, and tastes good, eat it!"

On page 492, the admiral read that, "Casualties are expected to be high. Every precaution must be made to see that all hospital ships, field hospital units, and base hospitals in the area are adequately staffed."

On page 534 a clear night was predicted from the hours of 0100 on until about 0515. Depending upon D-day, the moon might or might not be bright enough to completely silhouette the fleet.

Admiral Kester closed the book. Alligator, it said on the brown stiff-paper cover. At that moment similar Alligators were being studied by men responsible for submarine patrols, aircraft operations, battleship dispositions, and supply.

Each of the men—and it is easy to understand why—said, as he closed the book after his first cursory study of it, "Well, now it's up to me."

D-day would be selected later, and some officer-messenger like me would fly to various islands and move under heavy guard. He would, like me, be some unlikely candidate for the job, and to each copy of Alligator in circulation he would add one page. It would contain the date of D-day. From that moment on, there would be no turning back.

A truly immense project would be in motion. Ships that sailed four months before from Algiers, or Bath, or San Diego would be committed to a deathless battle. Goods that had piled up on wharves in San Francisco and Sydney would be used at last. Blood plasma from a town in Arkansas would find its merciful destination.

Instruments from London, salt pork from Illinois, Diesel oil from Louisiana, and radio parts from a little town in Pennsylvania converged slowly upon a small island in the remote Pacific.

Men were on the move, too. From Australia, New Zealand, the Aleutians, Pearl Harbor, Port Hueneme, and more than eight hundred other places, men slowly or speedily collected at appointed spots.

Marines who were sweating and cursing in Suva would soon find themselves caught in a gasping swirl which would end only upon the beach at Kuralei, or a mile inland, or, with luck, upon the topmost rock of the topmost hill.

EACH of the remaining bits of gossip in this book took place after the participants were committed to Kuralei. That is why, looking back upon them now, these men do not seem so foolish in their vanities, quarrels, and pretensions. They didn't know what was about to happen to them, and they were happy in their ignorance.

The intensity, the inevitability, the grindingness of Alligator were too great for any one man to comprehend. It changed lives in every country in the world. It exacted a cost from every family in Japan and America.

Babies were born and unborn because of Alligator, and because of Alligator a snub-nosed little girl in Columbia, South Carolina, who never in a hundred years would otherwise have found herself a husband, was proposed to by a Marine corporal she had met only once.

He was on the first wave that hit the beach, and the night before, when he thought of the next day, he cast up in his mind all the good things he had known in life. There was Mom and Pop, and an old car, and Saturday nights in a little Georgia town, and being a Marine, and being a corporal. And there was that little girl in Columbia, South Carolina.

She was plain, but she was nice. She was the kind of a girl that sort of looked up to a fellow. So this Marine borrowed a piece of paper and wrote to that girl: "Dear Florella, Mabe you dont no who i am i am that marine Joe Blight brot over to see you. You was very sweet to me that night Florella and I want to tell you that if i . . ."

But he didn't. Some don't. To Florella, though, who would never be married in a hundred years anyway, that letter, plus the one the chaplain sent with it . . . well, it was almost as good as being married.

To be continued

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F.P.26

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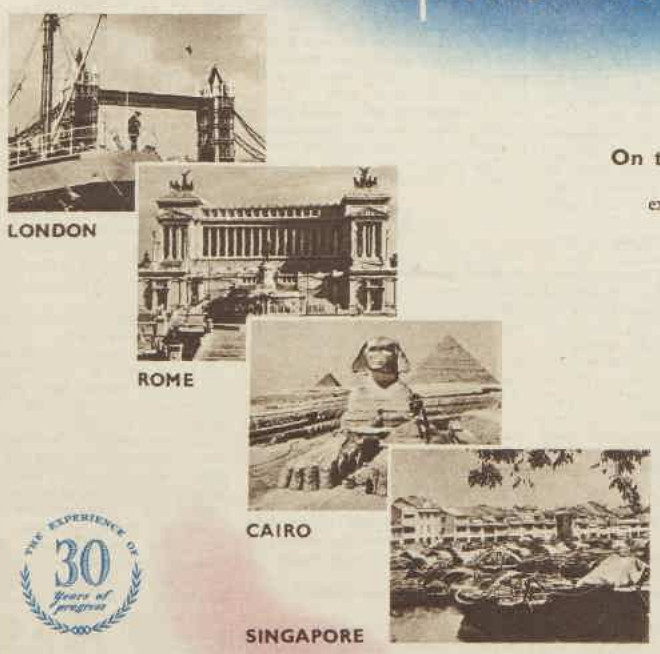

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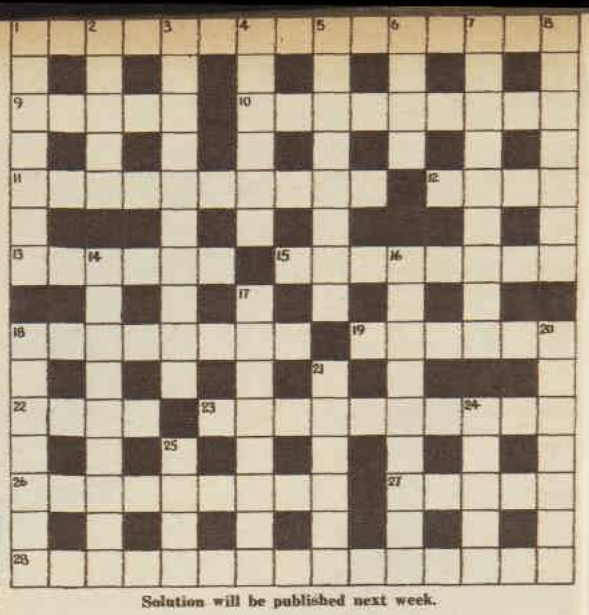
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Dick who was born at Fotheringhay and killed at Bosworth Field (7, 3, 5).
9. Alternative in dull furnishes a drink made of honey flavored with mulberries (5).
10. Essen raid (Anagr. 9).
11. The Bible of 1611 is such a one (10).
12. It's an air and so it is mostly if you reverse it (4).
13. The doctrine is the belief in the existence of God (6).
15. A lazy person resembles a shell-less snail which can drag itself backward (8).
18. Enclosed part of a place or building (8).
19. Prefaces for printer's measures (6).
22. Vivacity which could be lean (4).
23. This fabulous monster was slain by Theseus with the help of Ariadne (10).
26. I lead riot (Anagr. 9).
27. Nigel can make a fire on hearth (5).
28. Divine orders of Exodus 20 (3, 12).

Solution to last week's crossword.

N	O	T	A	D	R	O	P	T	O	D	R	I	N	K
E		U				R				R		N		E
W	E	S	T	E	R	N		F	R	E	E	D	O	M
M		S				A		O		G		I		P
A	I	L	S		S	M	A	R	T		B	A	B	Y
R		E		F		E		T		F				
K		S	E	R	E	N	E		H	E	A	V	E	N
E				I		T		D		N				A
T	A	B	L	E	S		F	O	R	C	E	D		T
				D		L		N		E		E		U
D	O	M	E		M	I	L	A	N		I	S	A	R
U		A		B		S		T				P		A
R	A	D	I	A	N	T		I	N	S	T	A	L	L
S		A		R				O				I		L
T	O	M	D	I	C	K	A	N	D	H	A	R	R	Y



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Male sheep not the whole forms a defensive mound of earth (7).
2. Automobile at small weight (5).
3. Writer on a vessel is the occupation of a writer (10).
4. Greatest exponent of evolution to be found in ward (6).
5. Of superhuman excellence coming from a hen levy (8).
6. Spruce, of a circular object before T (4).
7. I tee Brian to make an habitual drunkard (9).
8. Cast aside Diana's toothed instrument for combing wool (7).
14. Veto in ale may give you dignity (9).
16. A silver-white metallic element discovered by Winkler in 1886 (9).
18. A gift is here (7).
20. Female relatives of the Latin Danube in steamship (7).
21. Russian river in a flash without T forms a mischievous, ugly demon (6).
24. A daughter of King Lear (5).
25. A Yankee sundowner (4).

The Party Spirit

Continued from page 9

WITH a charming smile, the man said, "Here is my card. I am leaving to-night. Follow me within one week. That will give you time to make your arrangements. I will write the address of an inexpensive hotel to which you can go." He scribbled something on the back of the card and handed it to me.

Dazedly I read his name on the card: Jacques Remy, Place Vendome, Paris.

"You do not trust me?" came his voice.

"Of course I do."

"Then you do not have the gamble, the spirit——"

That word again! It was the one thing required to settle my wavering mind.

"Indeed I have. But you don't even know my name."

"It is?"

"Henrietta Shore."

"Good. We will make it famous. Then I will see you in one week. Do not forget." He got up and stood a moment smiling. Then he said, "Au revoir, cherie," and went off, and when his tall figure was out of sight I had to read repeatedly his name on the card and the address written on the back, Hotel de Clichy, Montmartre, before I could convince myself that this had really happened . . .

The Hotel de Clichy had a grey, shabby, somehow hostile exterior. I stood outside it with my two bags, quite certain that the taxi-driver had overcharged me excessively to bring me from the Gare du Nord, but unable to do anything about it. Mother should have warned me that the French don't or won't understand their own language as taught in English girls' schools. (But it wasn't fair to blame mother, who hadn't known I was coming to Paris and who was probably only at this moment reading my letter.)

There was a cold wind blowing down the street and Paris in the dusk looked old and poor and very weary, as if it had lived far too long.

When I pushed open the swing doors and went into the red plush, faintly musty-smelling interior, the only person in sight was a young man with a gloomy face and beetling black brows who was doing something to the lift that hung like an enormous bird-cage a foot off the level of the floor.

He saw me and came over. I had by now completely lost confidence in my French and I stammered as well as possible who I was and that I had been directed to come here by Monsieur Jacques Remy.

The young man put the hotel register in front of me and handed me a pen.

"Sign, please," he said in crisp English.

I stared at him.

"Why didn't you tell me you could speak English?"

"You didn't ask me, mademoiselle." He took a heavy key from a pigeon hole. "Your room is number 303. I will take you up in the lift. Please do not attempt to operate the lift yourself. It has a habit of sticking between floors when operated by an inexperienced person." He walked over, pushed back the lift doors with a clang and I stepped up into a red plush interior which seemed a miniature facsimile of the lobby of the hotel.

"Do you do everything around here?" I murmured.

VERY politely the young man explained. "This is my mother's establishment. She is away on a short holiday. And we have staff difficulties as I believe is also the case in England." The lift creaked and groaned upwards. Then it came to a crashing stop and the young man opened the doors and led me to room 303.

He inserted the heavy key in the lock and swung the door open to display a large shabby room with an iron-framed bed covered with a white tasselled spread, a washbasin, with unfamiliar taps, in one corner, dark green wallpaper ornamented with faded gilt roses on the walls, and on the floor the inevitable red carpet.

"Dinner is at seven," he said. "You will be in?"

"I think so," I answered, and he left me. I was thinking suddenly of my pretty room at home, with its frilled curtains, chintz covers, and view over the Sussex Downs. I remembered the dusk outside and the cold wind, and the sad grey rooftops everywhere. I thought of the stern-browed, unwelcoming young man who was irritated and bored at having to meet guests while his mother was away.

I blinked rapidly and thought of the mushroom-pink negligee Jacques was going to create for me so that I would look like a floating cloud. But that couldn't be true. Pastel colored chiffon negligees had nothing to do with this dreary hotel bedroom.

I sat on the edge of the bed and took out Jacques' card. It had a telephone number on it. I picked up the old-fashioned telephone on the bedside table and waited for the inevitable voice of the young man downstairs to answer me when I asked for the number.

Jacques, luckily, had not left his salon. He was delighted to hear I had arrived. He would get a table at Fouquets and call for me within an hour. We would eat and talk business and see a little Paris night-life all at the same time.

This was something more like. I began to think with equanimity at last of mother and father reading my letter, of Cousin Marion's horror on returning from work to find me gone, of Martin's complete disapproval. I kicked off my shoes and waltzed round the red carpet. This was Paris, this was adventure, this was the party spirit.

Then I couldn't find the bathroom. I had to ring downstairs to ask the solemn young man where it was.

"If you wish to bath, mademoiselle," he answered, "you will have to ascend to the top floor. I will come up in the lift."

Nothing could be more ridiculous than, dangling sponge-bag and towel, being taken daily to my bath by an unamused young man in a temperamental lift. Ten minutes ago it would have made me weep. Now I was going out to dinner on the Champs Elysees and everything was fun, even the deep cavern of a bath and the hot-water tap that spluttered like a choking monster, and the young man saying sepulchrally, "Ring when you are ready to descend, mademoiselle."

Please turn to page 76

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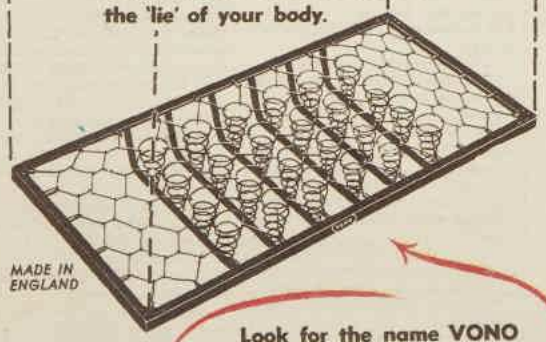

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The Party Spirit

Continued from page 74

EVERYTHING about the dinner was wonderful. I drank a lot of red wine, and Jacques said my very best evening dress was pleasant but uninspired, nothing to what he would make for me.

And afterwards we drove slowly down the Champs Elysees and smelt the spring in the budding chestnuts, and saw the gay windows of the shops and the people at little red tables in the boulevard restaurants sipping their drinks, and the dark, brooding shape of the Arc de Triomphe and the blowing flame over the tomb of the unknown warrior. I was very excited, very glad to be there. I thought even of my room at the Hotel de Clichy and the gloomy face of the proprietor's son with a certain fond amusement.

Then Jacques leaned over in the back of the taxi and kissed me. Maybe I'm too inexperienced, too young, too—too anything. But I didn't like that kiss. Not that kind of one. Martin's polite and careful caresses had done nothing to prepare me for this. I wasn't ready for it. That was all. I froze in my corner.

"Come," whispered Jacques.

I turned my head away stiffly.

After a moment he patted my hand. "Ah," he said amiably, "it will come."

What would come? My being able to kiss like that? Was that what Paris did to one? I began to feel not so sure of anything. I said goodnight to Jacques, promising to be at his salon at nine o'clock the following morning for my first lesson in modelling, and went into the Hotel de Clichy almost as if it were a haven.

The young man was sitting at the desk. He was bent over a book, and when he looked up I saw his eyes were heavy with fatigue.

"Have you waited up for me?" I asked.

"No, mademoiselle. I stay up late to study."

"What are you studying?" I asked, thinking with a faint shiver of the way Jacques had breathed on my cheek.

"Medicine," the young man answered. "I am going to be a doctor. My mother takes her holiday while I am home from the university."

"Oh," I said. "I expect you'll make a very good doctor." He would certainly apply himself with great seriousness to his subject.

I stepped into the lift and he followed me, and we began our creaking way upwards. I was too tired to attempt further conversation, but to my surprise he volunteered a remark himself.

"Did you have a pleasant evening, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Paris is very beautiful in the spring. The flowers, the trees coming into leaf. You ought to go to the Bois de Boulogne for a day, mademoiselle."

"I'll be working," I said shortly.

"Ah, yes. With M'sieu Remy. You will enjoy wearing the clothes he creates."

The sunset-colored negligee, I thought. The evening gown he was already dreaming of . . .

"It is a job," I said repressively. The lift came to a stop and the doors clattered open. "Thank you. Goodnight."

"If you require anything, mademoiselle, please ring."

"What, do you study all night?"

"I am on duty till twelve o'clock, mademoiselle."

I was very tired and I only wanted to sleep. To think of nothing at all but to make my head a beautifully woolly blank like a cloud floating. But the bed was cold. I examined the coverings and found only two thin blankets beneath the white tasselled cover. Good heavens, what were the French made of to think one could sleep warmly that way? I got up and put my coat over the bed and crept back. But still I shivered. I longed to sleep. I had to sleep if I were going to look well and learn my job intelligently tomorrow. Wearily I reached for the telephone.

The young man's voice came sepulchrally from below.

"Yes, mademoiselle?"

"Can I have another blanket, please? It's awfully cold."

"But certainly, mademoiselle. In a matter of two minutes."

I put my dressing-gown on and sat yawning on the edge of the bed. Presently there was the familiar creak and groan of the lift, then the doors crashing open, then a tap on my door.

"Come in," I called, and the door opened and the young man, with a lovely soft feathery eiderdown in his arms, appeared.

"Mademoiselle, I am truly sorry. This should have been in your room. The housekeeper is unreliable. She forgets. I will speak to her in the morning."

"That's all right," I said sleepily. "So long as I get it now. It's nearly half past twelve. Aren't you off duty?"

"Shortly I am. First I am going to make coffee."

"At this time of night?"

"Certainly. It is good for a person feeling chilly. I will bring you some within ten minutes."

"But—"

"Within ten minutes," he repeated firmly. Then he added, "My name is Bernard should you wish to use it."

"Oh," I murmured helplessly. "Thank you, Bernard. I—I should love coffee."

AS good as his word, within ten minutes the lift crashed open and the familiar tap came at the door. I was sitting up in bed in my dressing-gown. I was feeling comforted, not only by the warmth of the eiderdown but by the polite thoughtfulness of the serious young man.

I wondered vaguely if the Hotel de Clichy served all its chilly guests hot coffee at midnight. And also if it would be done if Madame herself were not on holiday. But it didn't matter about that. The feel of Jacques' lips seemed only a dim memory of something that had happened a long time ago now.

Bernard set down the tray by the bed. He said gravely, "I trust coffee does not keep you awake, mademoiselle."

And then all the strain and idiotic happenings of the day seemed to lift from me and I began to laugh.

"Oh, Bernard, you're priceless. You make coffee and bring it up at midnight and then you hope it doesn't keep me awake. Have some with me. Please do. I know this would be quite wrong in England, to invite the hotel manager to drink coffee with one in one's bedroom late at night. But this is France and everything is different here. Or so it seems. And I'm beginning not to care, anyway."

The young man pulled a chair up and sat at a polite distance from the bed.

"It is not a question of England or France, mademoiselle. It is a question of you and me."

"You and me?"

He nodded. There was no suspicion of levity in his voice.

"We are of a type. We understand one another. We know there is nothing implied either by your invitation or my acceptance. We do it naturally."

He poured the hot coffee with meticulous care.

"And why did you come to France, mademoiselle? Because you had a great longing to become a fashion model?"

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The Party Spirit

Continued from page 76

CAREFULLY I considered, because one did not answer Bernard's question at random. I thought of Jacques following me in Regent's Park and of the madness of a spring morning and a new dress and a colossal boredom with Cousin Marion and a secretarial course.

But it wasn't Jacques' dark, keen face that floated before me. It was mother's. I saw the correctness, the unnatural quietness superimposed on her gaiety and recklessness, the wistfulness that looked out of her eyes in unguarded moments, the little-bird-fluffing-its-feathers-in-the-rain look. And I found myself telling Bernard how, in an undivined way, this impulsive flight of mine to Paris was something to do with mother losing the party spirit.

"I don't know what it will accomplish," I said. "Father, of course, will be furious and so will Martin."

"Martin?"

"Oh, he's a man I know," I said dismissingly. "But mother—" I dreamed of the way her face would light up, the mischief come gleaming into her eyes. It would be that way. It had to be that way.

"And yourself?" Bernard prompted. "You get this valued party spirit, too, by coming?"

"Of course," I said. But I suddenly remembered Jacques' kisses very vividly indeed. And I had a small cold doubt. "It's wonderful," I said vivaciously. "It's intoxicating and enthralling. It's like walking on a cloud." I looked at him sympathetically. "But you work too hard. I suppose you wouldn't know."

He picked up the tray.

"You are tired. I will go. Sleep well, mademoiselle."

The next evening at six o'clock the telephone in my room rang. I had been crying and was very miserable, as the day at the salon had followed the pattern of the trip home in the taxi the night before.

Mother's voice came liltingly over the wire. "Henrietta, darling, how are you?" she said. "I've been calling you ever since I arrived."

"Since you arrived! But where—when? Aren't you at home?"

"At home, indeed! As if I could let you run away without running away myself!"

"You've run away!"

"And why not? Oh, not permanently, of course. Just to take a peep at my darling Paris. Your letter did something to me. I had to come. Your father doesn't know, of course." She chuckled deliciously. "He thinks I'm weeping on Cousin Marion's shoulder."

"But where are you, mother?"

"I'm at the Crillon. I'm just going to wear pretty things and enjoy the spring. But, darling, about you? I didn't come to your hotel. You're to have this adventure alone. Are you happy? Are you having a wonderful time?"

"Mother, I'm — I'm having trouble."

"Are you, darling? What about?"

"About Jacques. He—he wants—Well, it seems he has a habit of doing this, finding pretty girls and training them as models. He does do that, as he promised. But as well he expects——"

Mother's chuckling laughs came over the telephone.

"But how like a Frenchman! How like! Darling, you must just handle him. Call me in the morning. Tonight I'm dining—well, you know yourself, now. These Frenchmen!"

And then she was gone on that gasp of delicious laughter and I sat staring gloomily into space as I realised how well I had succeeded in restoring to mother the not lost but only temporarily mislaid party spirit. But what about me?

Twenty minutes later the telephone rang again. In a disillusioned manner I picked up the receiver.

"Hullo," I said.

"Well, Henrietta, how are you? This is your father here."

"Father!" I gasped.

"Yes. That surprises you, doesn't it? I'm having the devil of a time with my French, but I'm making myself understood." He paused a moment. Then he added with reminiscent pleasure, "Very well."

"But, Father——"

"I know, dear, you thought I'd never come to Paris. But I decided I'd have to find out what there is about it that's so fascinating. So when your mother went to Cousin Marion's I just caught a plane. Not a word to your mother, of course."

I was speechless.

"I'm staying at the Crillon. You can get in touch with me there if you need help. But I'm sure——"

STILL surprised, I could only gasp, but then I said, "Oh, Father, I need help now."

"Money, my dear?"

"No, a man."

"My dear child, with your upbringing I can rely on you to get out of that. If it's serious, of course, get in touch with me. But you have to learn to handle your own affairs. As a matter of fact, I'm taking a countess to dinner myself to-night. Charming woman. These French titles, of course—bit phony. But she carries it off. There's nothing in this, of course. The French take these things lightly."

"Oh!" I said. "Well, have a good time," and hung up.

So that was that. Incredible as it seemed, Father had the party spirit, too. All these years it had been buried deep within him, and even Mother had never suspected it. I was the one left out. I was the one who hadn't got it.

In a daze of misery I packed my bags. I had to go home because I had resigned my job at the salon of Jacques Remy that afternoon. I didn't even want to stay. I hated Paris. The Notre Dame was black with grime, and the Seine was dirty. The Eiffel Tower was a monstrosity, and the wind was always cold.

But if I had had the party spirit I wouldn't have noticed any of that I would have been in ecstasies over the budding chestnuts and the beautiful, symmetrical streets, and the old women like gnarled tree trunks among the masses of daffodils and tulips in the flower market.

After a little I collected my thoughts. They had nothing to do with the humor of mother and father inevitably meeting in the Crillon, but with my one remaining prop. Martin.

I got on the telephone and made inquiries about trains and boats. I finished my packing feverishly, flung on my hat and coat, and rang for the lift. Bernard stepped out of it. He saw my bags, and his gloomy brows went right up into his hair.

"You are leaving, mademoiselle?"

"Yes. I have to go back to England."

"But so soon? You don't like Paris?"

"No, I don't," I said flatly. "I want to go home. My train leaves in half an hour."

I stepped into the lift. He put my bags in and clanged the doors shut. The lift creaked and groaned downward, then abruptly stopped. We were between the second and third floors.

"Well, do something," I said impatiently.

Bernard gave his shoulders a small shrug.

"There is nothing to do. The lift is temperamental. When it decides to move it will do so."

"You mean we just sit here?"

"There is nothing else to do, mademoiselle."

"But it might be an hour."

"It might. Once it stopped for two hours. No one can understand it; not even the engineers. They say there is nothing wrong; it is just temperamental."

"But, for goodness sake—I'm going to miss my train. Don't stand there smiling like that! Don't you care?"

"I care if you are upset. For myself——" Were his eyes so gloomy, after all? They seemed to be mocking now, teasing, chiding. "For myself, mademoiselle, I am sorry you do not like Paris. I think you have not seen it properly. I would like to show it to you. The bluebells in the Bois de Boulogne, the goldfish in the Luxembourg Gardens, the tulips at Fontainebleau."

"He said I would be like a little ghost from Fontainebleau," I said bitterly. "But I won't. Not for him." Then I added bleakly, "It's because I haven't got the party spirit."

Bernard said very, very gently, "I don't think it is that at all. I think you have not been made love to the right way in Paris, mademoiselle." And then he put his arms around me, and in the funny red plush lift I was kissed the way—well, the way one never describes afterwards, because there aren't words.

And the next instant the lift began to creak and groan downwards. Bernard stepped back.

"So you will be in time to catch your train, after all, mademoiselle," he said formally.

I looked at him. My voice was quite calm. "But what about the goldfish you wanted to show me? And the bluebells and the trees budding?"

It was quite true. He didn't look gloomy at all, when one really took the trouble to observe him. The lift shuddered to a stop at the ground floor, and he pressed the button firmly and we began to ascend again.

But I must tell you that along the Champs Elysees that night when we were strolling arm in arm among all the other fashionable Parisians I suddenly saw mother and father. They were arm in arm, too, and they were walking very slowly. And father had his head bent in a lover-like way, and mother's face was radiant. They didn't see me. I was glad they didn't. I knew that just then they didn't particularly want to be reminded that they had a daughter—even one who, of course, inherited the party spirit from two such parents!

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Psychology's mixed blessings

By SYLVIA GREENBERG, *student of anthropology and mother of two children*

Along with the real profit parents get from a better understanding of child psychology come two unfortunate attitudes towards parenthood.

One is awe, because they are aware of how important it is to be a good parent, and the other fear, because they know how many mistakes they can make in doing the job.

• Psychology has done 20th century children a great service, but it hasn't always been as kind to their parents.

"AM I handling my child correctly?" "Is Jimmie suffering because of my blunders?" "What should I be doing that I'm not doing?"

These are the questions that plague parents to-day.

Modern psychology has carefully pointed out all parental pitfalls and has laid the responsibility for a child's future mental health squarely on his parents' shoulders.

So far, so good. Parents should be aware of the influence they exert in their children's lives. But what the limitations of this influence are, they have not been told so explicitly.

Another group of scientists, the anthropologists, have a good deal to say about this, but unfortunately their findings do not get as much publicity as modern child psychology.

As a result of getting only partial information most parents have a distorted view of their role. No wonder they suffer from parent-anxiety!

They are attempting to carry alone a burden which should really be shared by society as a whole.

If parents knew that so many of the behaviour problems they see in their children were the result not of parental mishandling but of the stresses and strains in twentieth-century civilisation, they might be able to handle these problems in a more relaxed, and consequently in a more intelligent, manner.

Take the matter of insecurity in children, for instance. Psychologists would have us believe that early environment is responsible for giving or not giving a child assurance. Yet if we stop to think of how general insecurity in children is, we might guess that the phenomenon is more the result of general conditions than of individual treatment.

One of the ways of judging this, of course, would be to examine a different, a foreign, culture. Margaret Mead, an American anthropologist, has made two interesting studies of primitive peoples—the Samoans, a Polynesian tribe who inhabit the South Sea island of Samoa, and the Manus, a group in one of the Admiralty Islands north of New Guinea, now administered by Australia.

In her books, "Coming of Age in Samoa" and "Growing Up in New Guinea," she reports that there is next to no insecurity of the type found in modern American youngsters in these primitive children.

Is that because Samoan or Manus parents are so much more clever than their American counterparts? Not at all.

Rather, it's because the Samoan and Manus cultures, whatever their other limitations may be, are much less rigid in their emotional demands on children.

In Samoa, for instance, the child is one of many children in a large household of relatives that averages about twenty people.

No Samoan child is ever dependent for affection on just two people—mother and father. He is reared by an older brother or sister or cousin, and is as close to the numerous aunts and uncles who share the same roof as he is to his own parents.

Consequently his affections are spread over a wide base, with no one or two individuals carrying too much of the load. He doesn't carry all his eggs in one basket, in other words.

He is never haunted by the fear, "Suppose Mummy or Daddy should die—who would take care of me?"

He is secure in the fact that he will always have ample protection.

Among the Manus, too, although the children are closer to their own parents and particularly to their fathers, the practice of adoption is widespread and accepted. Loss of parents is never the threat to these children that it is to ours.

The fear of losing parents or of being adopted plays a large part in our children's fantasies. It is one of the great causes of insecurity, and a good many behaviour problems—resistance to being left alone, or going to bed at night, or fear of the dark—have roots right there.

TWO PARENT-TWO CHILDREN families, which are almost an average unit to-day, restrict the affection of the children to those within the immediate family circle.

Nor should this seem surprising. With modern tight little "two parents-two children" households, our children's love goes out to just two persons. Parents are their only protection in an adult world, and any threat of loss is a major disaster.

You cannot say to your child, "Don't love Mummy and Daddy so much; don't depend on us so completely," for you have no substitutes to offer him. There was a time when our households were larger, when each home had a Grandma or Aunt Sue on the spot. But to-day, with our increasing emphasis on the individual personality, we choose to regard in-laws as a problem.

Too often we solved that problem by dispossessing the in-laws, but when we did so we also got rid of some very important parent substitutes for the children.

Our ability to reassure our children is limited, but we can use some reassuring for ourselves. Granted Jimmie is insecure and afraid of losing you. Don't feel guilty and immediately assume that you have blundered in handling him. Probably he is paying the price that our civilisation exacts from its children.

If he were a little Samoan boy he wouldn't care whether you stayed home or went out, because he wouldn't care so much about you. Or if he were a Manus boy and you were his father, he would care a great deal about you, but in primitive societies a child knows that if he did lose you he would soon have another father equally adequate.

Much of our children's fear is, of course, closely bound up with our attitudes towards death. The psychologists have warned us that many people become emotional cripples because of poor early experiences with the facts of life—birth, sex, death.

We are advised to give our children adequate and accurate information, and to treat the subjects matter-of-factly. That is sensible advice, but how far do our customs permit us to follow it?

But in our society, parents with the best intentions in the world cannot give their children anything but an academic knowledge of birth, sex, and death. Here again, our families are so small that it is not unusual for a child to grow to maturity *without* having had first-hand experience with a single death.

All he knows is what is spoken in whispers—"Mary's father went away and never came back again" — "he died" — and thus a whole complex of fears is built in his fantasies.

When death finally does touch him, and when it involves the loss of someone very dear to him, he is likely to go to pieces over it.

As for sex, we must remember that we are still living in a Puritan culture. Psychology's insistence on complete frankness notwithstanding, it is next to impossible to present a child with a matter-of-fact explanation of sex.

Even if you do succeed within your own home, your child is sure to meet the giggle-in-the-corner attitude outside.

Your success in giving him a wholesome point of view will necessarily be limited by our society's shortcomings in that direction. That is not to say that you should make no attempt. It is merely a reminder that *no* child is brought up in a vacuum. Your achievement can be no greater than that of the group in which you live.

The anxieties we ourselves have developed are too big and too unnecessary a price to pay for increased knowledge. A little acquaintance with the anthropologist's point of view, a little ability to view our national culture critically and to see our children as the products of both home and group influences, will go a long way towards easing guilty feelings and curing parent-anxiety.

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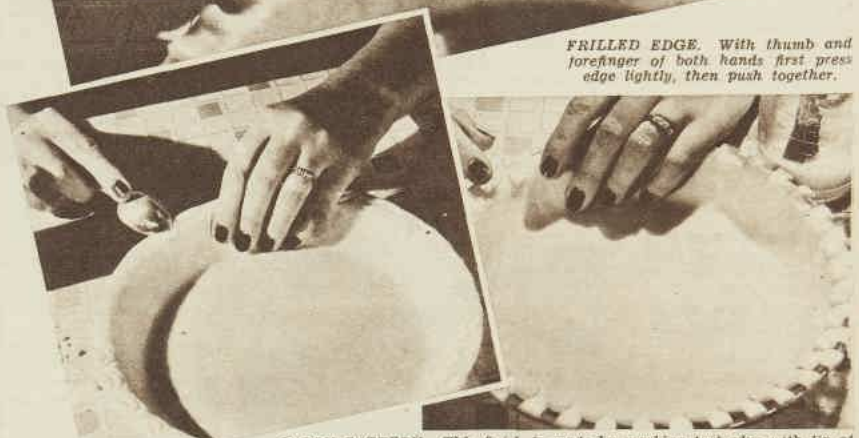
Smart trims for pastry

(See basic recipe opposite page.)

SHORT pastry cracks easily, so avoid damage by using rolling-pin to lift pastry on to tart plate as shown at left.

FRILLED EDGE. With thumb and forefinger of both hands first press edge lightly, then push together.



SPOON PATTERN. This finish is made by marking tart edge with tip of teaspoon, as seen at left. Cut-out effect is obtained by slitting edge of pastry at quarter-inch intervals, and moistening every second piece before folding back and pressing down, as shown above right.

LINING. Slit edges of greaseproof paper to make a lining for tart case. Cover base with dried peas. This prevents the pastry rising in centre.

FILLING. Pile this into cooked, cooled pastry case. Spoon meringue on to cold filling as shown in picture below, taking it right to edge to prevent shrinkage.

CENTRE is piled with balance of meringue when edge is perfectly sealed. Spread meringue with back of spoon or knife-blade until case is covered.

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SMOOTH, rich, fruit-flavored fillings in crisp pastry cases make pies to dream about! Take your choice of banana, pineapple, coconut, and lemon.

● Top sweet pies with cream, meringue, or ice-cream. Serve them very cold and be prepared for return servings.

LUSCIOUS FILLINGS

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

FIRST requirement of a pie is that the pastry case is up to standard in crispness, flavor, and appearance.

Methods of trimming edges and filling (shown on opposite page) are also important.

Here are recipes for superb fillings to make pies that will rival the ones mother used to bake.

LEMON CREAM PIE

One cooked and cooled 8in. pastry case, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, ½ cup lemon juice, grated rind of 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour (both blended smoothly with a little extra water), 2 egg-yolks, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon butter.

Meringue Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Place sugar, water, lemon juice and rind in saucepan. When nearly boiling stir in blended flour and cornflour. Continue stirring while mixture simmers 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat, cool. Fold in butter and then egg-yolks beaten with milk. Fill into pastry case, allow to become quite cold. Prepare meringue. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add sugar, and beat until sugar is dissolved. Flavor with vanilla. Spread over top of tart, taking meringue right to edge of tart. Return to very moderate oven to set and lightly brown meringue.

COCONUT CREAM PIE

One cooked and cooled 8in. pastry case, 3 dessertspoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons plain flour, pinch salt, 2¼ cups milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 egg-yolks, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ¾ cup coconut.

Meringue Topping: Two egg-whites, ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon vanilla, shredded coconut.

Melt butter or margarine, add flour and salt; cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add egg-yolks beaten with sugar. Cook 2 or 3 minutes longer, but do not allow to boil again. When cooled slightly, fold in lemon rind, vanilla, and coconut. Fill into pastry case.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with pinch of salt. Gradually add sugar and beat until sugar is dissolved. Place basin over hot water and continue beating meringue while water comes to boiling point. By this time meringue should be smooth and firm enough to hold its shape. Add flavorings and spread over top of tart. Top with shredded coconut and return to very moderate oven until lightly browned.

PINEAPPLE CREAM PIE

One cooked and cooled 9in. pastry case, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 4 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup shredded pineapple, ¾ cup water, extra ¼ cup sugar; pineapple slices, cherries, and whipped cream to decorate.

Place sugar, water, and gelatine into large saucepan. Boil steadily 10 minutes, allow to cool. Meanwhile cook pineapple with water and extra sugar until pineapple is quite soft. When gelatine mixture is cold, but not set, beat until thick and white. Fold in lemon juice, pineapple pulp, and ½ cup of the pineapple syrup. Continue beating until mixture holds its shape. Fill into pastry case, chill until set. Decorate with pineapple, cherries, and cream.

BASIC RECIPE FOR BISCUIT PASTRY

Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk.

Sift dry ingredients twice. Rub in shortening. Add sugar, mix to a dry dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll very thinly. Cut to fit 8in. or 9in. tart-plate, lift carefully into plate. Decorate edges and fill centre with paper and dried peas, or prick base and sides very thoroughly with a fork. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F., gas, 475deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. See illustrations on page 80 for decorating edges.

BANANA CREAM PIE

One cooked and cooled 9in. pastry case, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons flour, 3 cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 egg-yolks, 4 bananas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, cream.

Melt butter or margarine, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Add sugar, cook 3 or 4 minutes. Cool slightly, fold in egg-yolks, and cook 2 or 3 minutes longer, without allowing to boil. Flavor with vanilla and lemon rind. Allow to cool. When nearly cold slice bananas and drench with lemon juice. Spread nearly all the sliced banana over base of pastry case, reserving some for decorating. Pour cooled custard over. When cold, decorate with whipped cream.

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BUTTERSCOTCH RAISIN-DUFF has a rich butterscotch sauce which forms under the raisin cake mixture during cooking. It must be served fresh from the oven. This sweet rounds off the dinner menu planned from prize-winning recipes.

Prize recipes as dinner menu

● Three of the prize-winning recipes in this week's contest form an excellent menu for dinner. They are Norfolk chowder, veal and pineapple burgers, and butterscotch raisin-duff.

HERE ARE the other prize-winning dishes that form dinner courses: Norfolk chowder and veal and pineapple burgers.

NORFOLK CHOWDER is a quickly made and unusual soup which is almost a meal in itself! Serve it with melba toast, cheesed toast fingers, or rolled bread and butter.

If the remains of the baked veal won't stretch to two cups for the veal and pineapple burgers, a small quantity of any other cold meat may be added.

The butterscotch raisin-duff is an economical recipe. For best results it must be timed to be eaten immediately it comes from the oven.

All spoon measurements are level.

NORFOLK CHOWDER

One large onion, 1 dessertspoon shortening, 1 cup coarsely grated potato, 1½ pints milk, 1½ cups hot water, 6 coffee or arrowroot biscuits, 1 12oz. tin salmon or fish cutlets, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, melba toast.

Finely dice peeled onion and fry in melted shortening until lightly browned and transparent. Add potato and hot water, bring to boiling point, stir in milk. Return to boiling point, place lid on and simmer very gently for 30 minutes. Crush biscuits with rolling pin, stir into chowder. Drain fish, remove bones and dark skin, flake with fork, add to chowder and mix well. Reheat, stirring frequently to prevent burning. When nearly boiling, stir in lemon juice and fill into heated tureen or individual soup coupes. (Do not allow to boil after adding fish and lemon juice.) Sprinkle lightly with parsley and serve with melba toast.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Johns, Glynde Rd., Firle, Payneham, S.A.

PINEAPPLE VEAL BURGERS

Two cups minced cooked veal, 2-3rds cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon dried herbs, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon finely diced onion or ½ clove garlic finely diced, 1 egg, 5 pineapple slices, 1 dessertspoon shortening or bacon fat, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, pinch ground cloves, 2 tablespoons pineapple juice, bacon rolls, parsley, tomato wedges.

Combine veal, crumbs, herbs, salt, and onion or garlic and bind with beaten egg. Allow to stand ½ hour, then shape with floured hands into 5 round burgers the size of each pineapple slice. Place burger on each pineapple slice and arrange in greased baking dish. Heat shortening, sugar, cloves, and pineapple juice together and spoon over burgers. Top each with one or two bacon rolls and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve on heated dish and spoon remaining syrup over each. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. McClaren, c/o P.O., North Perth, W.A.

SAVORY CARROTS WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Two cups mashed cooked carrots, 1 egg, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion or shallot, 1 teaspoon celery salt, dash pepper, parsley sprigs, 4oz. cheese, ½ cup milk, fat for frying.

Combine carrot, onion, egg, and breadcrumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Keeping tips of fingers coated with flour, mould mixture into small carrot shapes and place in frying basket. Plunge into fum ing fat and fry gently until golde brown. Drain on kitchen pape arrange on heated serving dish an place a parsley sprig at broad en of each carrot.

To prepare the cheese sauce, shr cheese and blend with 1 tablespoo of the milk. Heat gently, stirrin until melted and smooth. Gradual add balance of milk, continue stir, and heat until boiling. Po over "carrots" and serve immed ately.

Note: These carrots may be mad miniature size and served witho the sauce as supper savories.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mr E. Clear, 106 Murray St., Wagg N.S.W.

BUTTERSCOTCH RAISIN DUFF

One and 1-3rd cups self-raisi flour, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup sugar, cup seeded raisins or mixed fru good ½ cup milk, 1 cup brown sug 1 tablespoon butter, 2 cups boili water.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar a raisins or fruit. Mix to a stiff dou with milk. Spread evenly over b of large greased casserole. M brown sugar and butter with boili water. Pour gently over cake m ture and cook in moderate ov (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electri 50 to 60 minutes. Serve immedia with or without whipped cream substitute.

Consolation Prize of £1 to M M. Long, 13 Queen St., Goodw Park, S.A.

GET THEM NOW!

NEW and interesting menus for all occasions are offered in The Australian Women's Weekly cookery books "Family Dinners" and "Cookery for Parties."

"Family Dinners" gives varied suggestions for family meals. "Cookery for Parties" will be very helpful in planning any type of home entertainment.

Both books are on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls, price 2/-.

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LOOK

Lemon Chiffon Tart!

LEMON CHIFFON TART

Required:- Maxam Bakeo; ½ cup lemon juice; 1 cup sugar; 3 or 4 eggs; 1 level tablespoon gelatine; ½ cup water; 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Method:- Bake a 9-ins. pastry case according to instructions on Maxam Bakeo packet, and allow to cool. Soak gelatine in ½ cup cold water 5 mins. Place in a double saucepan and add ½ cup of sugar, strained lemon juice, and beaten egg yolks. Cook gently over boiling water, stirring all the while, until mixture is consistency of custard. Add grated lemon rind and allow to cool. Beat egg whites stiffly and gradually fold in other ½ cup sugar. Fold into lemon mixture. Pour into pastry case. Chill thoroughly before serving.

You, too, can make the lightest, crispest, richest pastry, with clever Maxam Bakeo! You simply add water, roll out and bake—no mixing, no mess, no mistakes! Besides pastry you can make cakes, puddings and biscuits, just as easily, just as successfully! So simple, so quick! But make sure you get genuine Maxam Bakeo!

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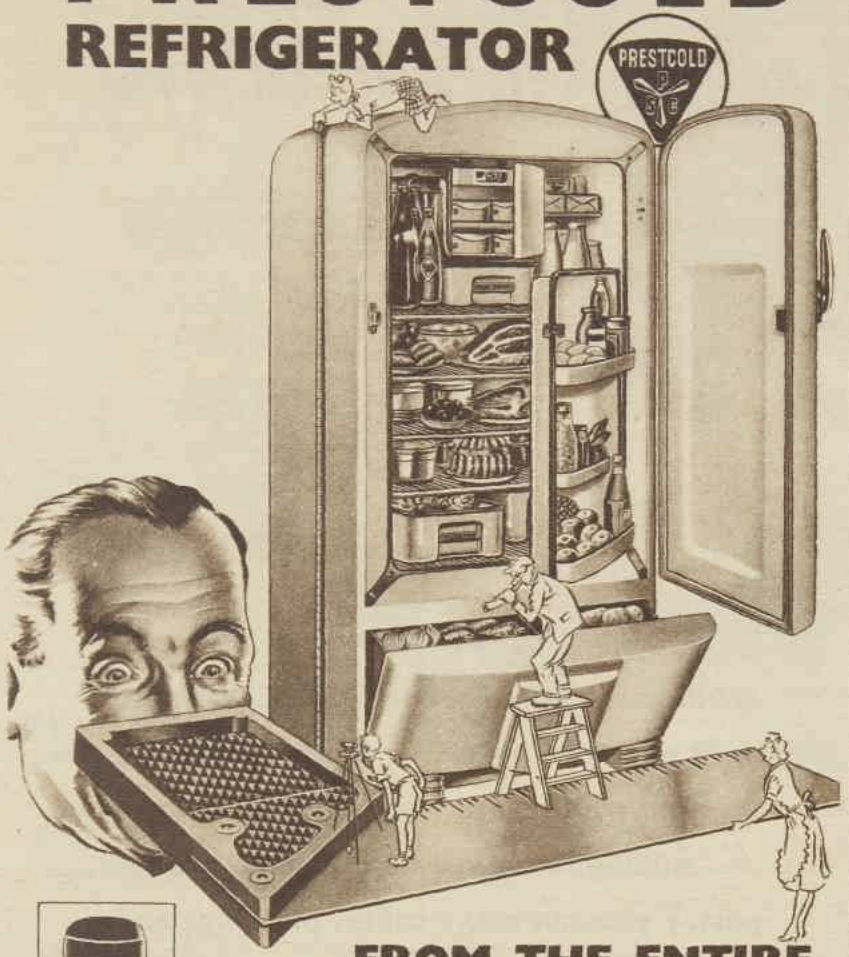

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Prestcold domestic refrigerators are made in 3, 5 and 7 cu. ft. capacities by the Empire's largest manufacturers of refrigeration equipment. Illustrated is model S-772 of 7 cu. ft. See Prestcold units at your local electrical or department store and measure Prestcold's convenience, obvious quality and sound honest value against any other make. For commercial or industrial Prestcold units, consult the State Distributor of the State in which you live.

PRESTCOLD STATE DISTRIBUTORS:

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Geo. Bolton (Refrigerators) Ltd., 101-103 Pirie Street, Adelaide.

QUEENSLAND: Breville Distributors Pty. Ltd., King House, Queen Street, Brisbane.

VICTORIA AND TASMANIA: Stokoe Motors Pty. Ltd., 265 Exhibition Street, Melbourne, C.1.

NEW SOUTH WALES: Breville Radio Pty. Ltd., 67 Missenden Road, Camperdown.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: O. T. Abrahams & Co., 929 Hay Street, Perth.

SUNROOM (above) leads off beautifully appointed sitting room shown at top of page.

THE DEN. An intimate room leading off the entrance hall, and furnished with comfortable leather chairs in sapphire-blue to harmonise with carpet and deep copper curtains in heavy velvet. Delicately carved Oriental fire-screen stands before maple-framed fireplace.

Georgian home in tranquil bush setting

PICTURED on these pages is the Georgian-style home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry York, at Killara, N.S.W.

The Yorks selected the site for their home about fifteen years ago, and a year later the house was built. It is hard to believe now that this tranquil spot lies within three minutes' drive of the busy Pacific Highway.

Rooms are spacious, with polished maple woodwork and mellow tallow-wood floors.

The reception-rooms, including the big entrance hall, provide a background for unusual and lovely pieces as well as antiques, all of which Mr. and Mrs. York have collected here and abroad.

The walnut table in the entrance hall was bought in Berlin in 1939 and delivered only this year, after surviving the blitz.

A magnificent Buhl table commands attention in the centre of the sitting-room, surrounded by stately antique furniture, including a centuries-old signed French cabinet of exquisite workmanship.

Mrs. York says her husband has a passion for unusual clocks. The Buhl clock in the entrance hall can be set to chimes or to 8 or 10 bells.

Sapphire-blue rugs cover floors of entrance hall, den, sitting-room, and sunroom.

Ivory walls reflect a hint of copper, the color used for scatter rugs and window-drapes of den and sunroom. Regency striped drapes in french doors of sitting-room. Ceilings are palest ivory.

All the french doors of the sunroom open to let in summer breezes or the warming winter sun. All overlook the tree-studded lawns and the gardens at the back of the house.

The bedrooms are on the upper floor, including those of Edwin and Tony, schoolboy sons of Mr. and Mrs. York.—**Eve Gye.**

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BACK VIEW of Mr. and Mrs. Henry York's home, Buckingham Road, Killara, N.S.W. Towering gums, palms, and fruit trees grow side by side on the gently sloping lawns.

WIDE CIRCULAR DRIVE leads to the main entrance of the house. At right you see one of the picturesque stone bridges which criss-cross a fern-lined brook running through the grounds. There are vegetable gardens at rear.

SPACIOUS ENTRANCE HALL (below), where sapphire-blue carpet extends to base of winding staircase and is continued up the stairs. Chippendale cabinet houses lovely bric-a-brac.

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"After the Ball is Over"

There's a sharp contrast between the warm ballroom and the biting cold when you come out. But Jack Bosley and Joyce Morris are old hands at the game. Winners of the Australian Ballroom Dancing Championship two years running, and Australian representatives at the Empire Championships in London last year, Jack and Joyce have been delighting dance fans for years. Jack says, "Ballroom dancing is strenuous. You become heated and the cold gets at you afterwards. Joyce and I don't let it worry us. We keep Bonox handy and we find there's nothing to touch it for driving out chills." Bonox is the essence of beef. A teaspoonful dissolved in water makes a delicious, warming drink that helps keep your head above the 'flu line. Eat and drink Bonox for a l-i-f-t!

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Read the enlightening article on gold in September issue of "A.M." now on sale. **A.M.** is the popular color magazine for both men and women.

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FILL vacant flower-beds with beetroots, lettuce, spring onions, beans, silver beet, carrots, or parsnips and make them earn their keep. Cultivate and water regularly.

Work in spring for summer vegetables

TIE UP and stem-prune your tomatoes when tall enough. Take out new growths from the leaf axils, to produce more fruit.

MELONS are a "must" crop wherever there are children. Like lettuce, parsnips, and carrots, they find a useful place in the kitchen.

FRESH, crisp vegetables from the garden give a fillip to any dinner menu—and help the family budget, too.

Just at present the soil is warming up after the winter cold, getting ready again to produce baskets full of beans, tomatoes, spinach, lettuce, and all the good things that go to fill the salad bowl and the saucepan during summer and autumn.

Time is a precious commodity during spring, when one has to finish digging, manuring, fertilising, sowing, planting, watering, or spraying and dusting to combat pests and diseases. September is a busy month in the garden over a wide stretch of country.

Tomato seedlings have to be set out, protected from possible late, blustery westerlies; beans must be sown in neat rows just the right distance apart—which is 2ft. for most varieties; and we must not forget to plant out seedlings of lettuces suitable for the hot weather period—Imperial 847 or 44, Iceberg and Mignonette for the coast, and Imperial D or 615 for tableland and cooler districts.

Cucumbers and marrows, pumpkins and squashes are items of importance in our diet, and can be sown in well-manured hills of good soil now. Melons and rock melons should be left until October—they rarely germinate until the soil really warms up.

Lime the ground well for beans, or dress it with superphosphate and mix in well. The seed should never be allowed to touch the chemicals or trouble may ensue—but they feed on it later, when their roots get down among it.

Brown Beauty, Improved Feltham's Prolific, Canadian and Tweed Wonders, Hawkesbury Wonder, Stringless Greenpod, and Peerless are some of the best dwarf beans, with Epicure, Kentucky Wonder, and Maurice Blackburn the three best pole beans.

Carrots and parsnips should be sown without delay. The spring-sown roots are always the best of the season. Ground that recently grew cabbages, cauliflowers, or broccoli should be used for root crops, which also include beetroots, a late crop of white turnips, and spring swedes.

Leeks are not a very popular crop here, but they take the place of onions during a shortage, and when well grown and well cooked are very tasty, very sweet. Peas can still be sown on the N.S.W. tablelands, but coastal growers should avoid them—they don't like our hot weather.

Sweet corn is another Cinderella crop—usually forgotten and not too popular. But it is brimful of vitamins and good food, and should be grown wherever space allows. Golden Bantam is an old standby variety, but the newer hybrid types are bigger and sweeter. Any good, fertile soil, well primed up with fertiliser, will grow satisfactory corn.—**Our Home Gardener.**

Choosing right foods for your toddler

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IF there are deficiencies in your babies' or toddlers' diets, no amount of good feeding in later life can make up for defects of nourishment in the vital growing years.

Money spent on the right foods then is really an investment, and a sound and very human one, as it should ensure good health and good resistance to disease throughout life for your children.

Leaflets giving valuable hints on diet from six months to five years, and suggestions for balanced meals with some recipes, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 634.—SUMMER FROCK
Pretty neckline with double-breasted effect in bodice and buttons marking hipline of box-pleated skirt are features of this summer frock of checked cotton, cut out ready to make. Colors available are blue and pink on a white background and a pastel-toned check. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, price 25/9; 36 to 38in. bust, price 27/11. Postage, 2/- extra.

No. 635.—CHILD'S SUN SUIT
A sun suit for the tiny tot, cut out ready to make, with the motif traced ready to embroider, comes in a good quality British cotton. Colors obtainable include blue, green, pink, and lemon. Sizes: 2yrs., price 4/11; postage 6½d.; 3yrs., price 5/3; postage 6½d.; 4yrs., price 5/9, postage 7½d.; 5-6-yrs., price 6/3, postage 7½d.

634

635

No. 636—THREE TEA-TOWELS
Set of three tea-towels in Irish linen with red, blue, lemon, and green borders traced ready to embroider. They measure 24 x 32in. Price each 4/11; postage 4½d. Complete set 14/3; postage 1/3.

636

No. 637—PILLOW SHAM
Traced ready to embroider in a good quality British cotton, the pillow sham is available in green, lemon, pink, and blue pastel tonings. It measures 20 x 30in.; lace edging not supplied. Price 5/11 and 6½d. postage.

637

No. 638.—TABLE RUNNER
Attractive table runner, traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen and sheer linen in white, pale blue, pink, lemon, and green. It measures 36 x 11in. The narrow lace to finish edge is not supplied. Price 5/3 and 6½d. postage.

638

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F6140.—Beginner's pattern for low-cut blouse with buttoned front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Special price, 1/3.

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F6068.—Two-piece sun frock and jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/4.

F6142.—One-piece with tucked skirt and fitted sleeveless bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/3.

F6143.—Afternoon frock with fashionable side draping, continuing diagonal line of bodice front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds 36in. material. Price, 2/3.

F6072.—Girl's playsuit. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Sizes 18in., 19in., 20in., and 23in. lengths for 2, 3, 4, and 6 yrs. Price, 1/8.

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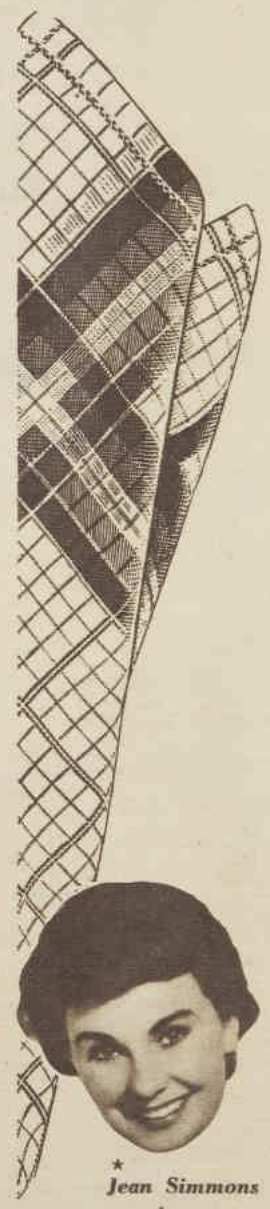

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